The Saturday Evening
POST
July 14-July 21, 1962
20¢

Confessions of a Real Estate Block-Buster

Zany Crisis on the Riviera
De Gaulle vs. Rainier

Also in this issue

Hollywood's Warren Beatty

New Facts on Child Growth

Tax

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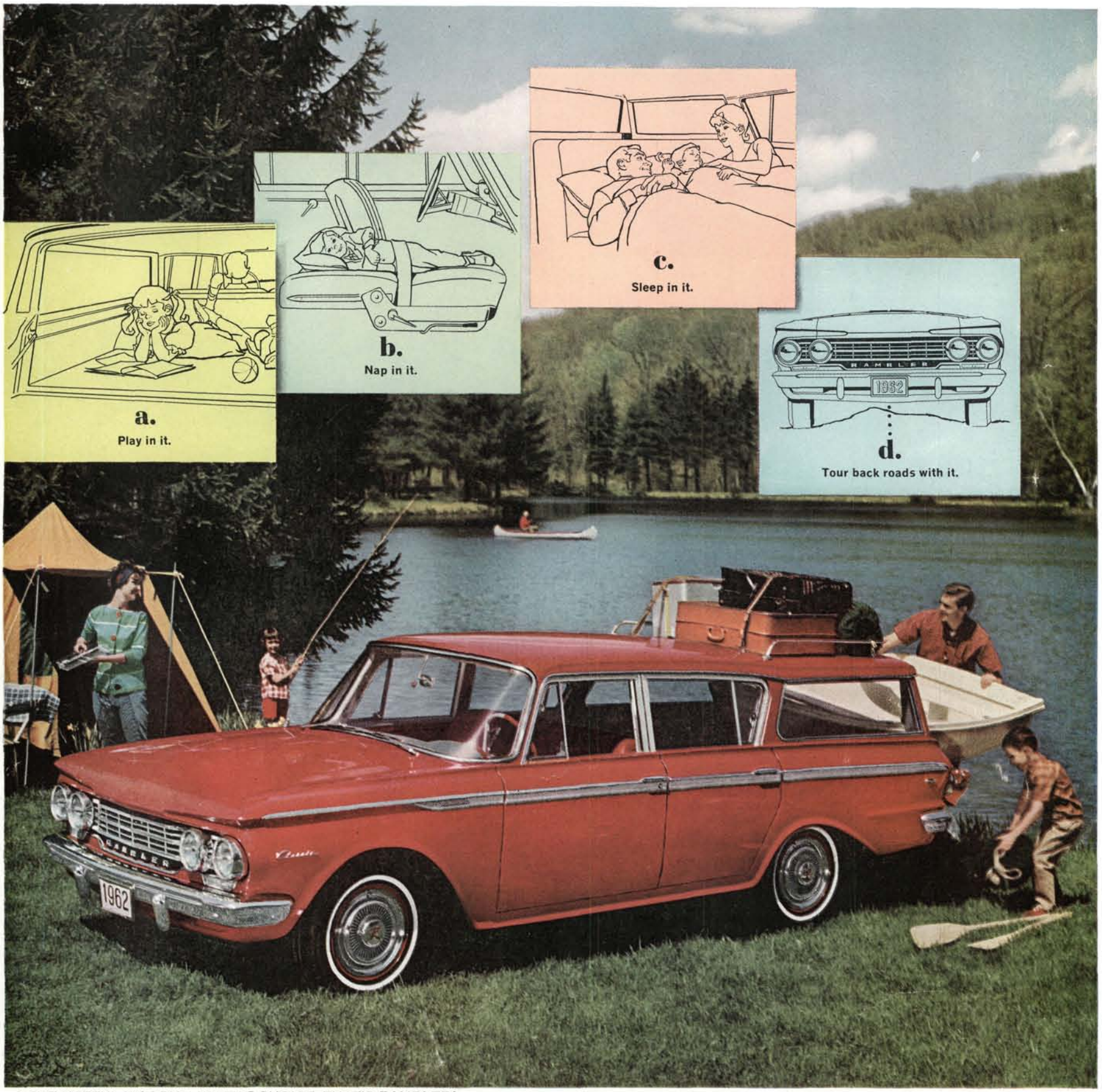

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RAMBLER

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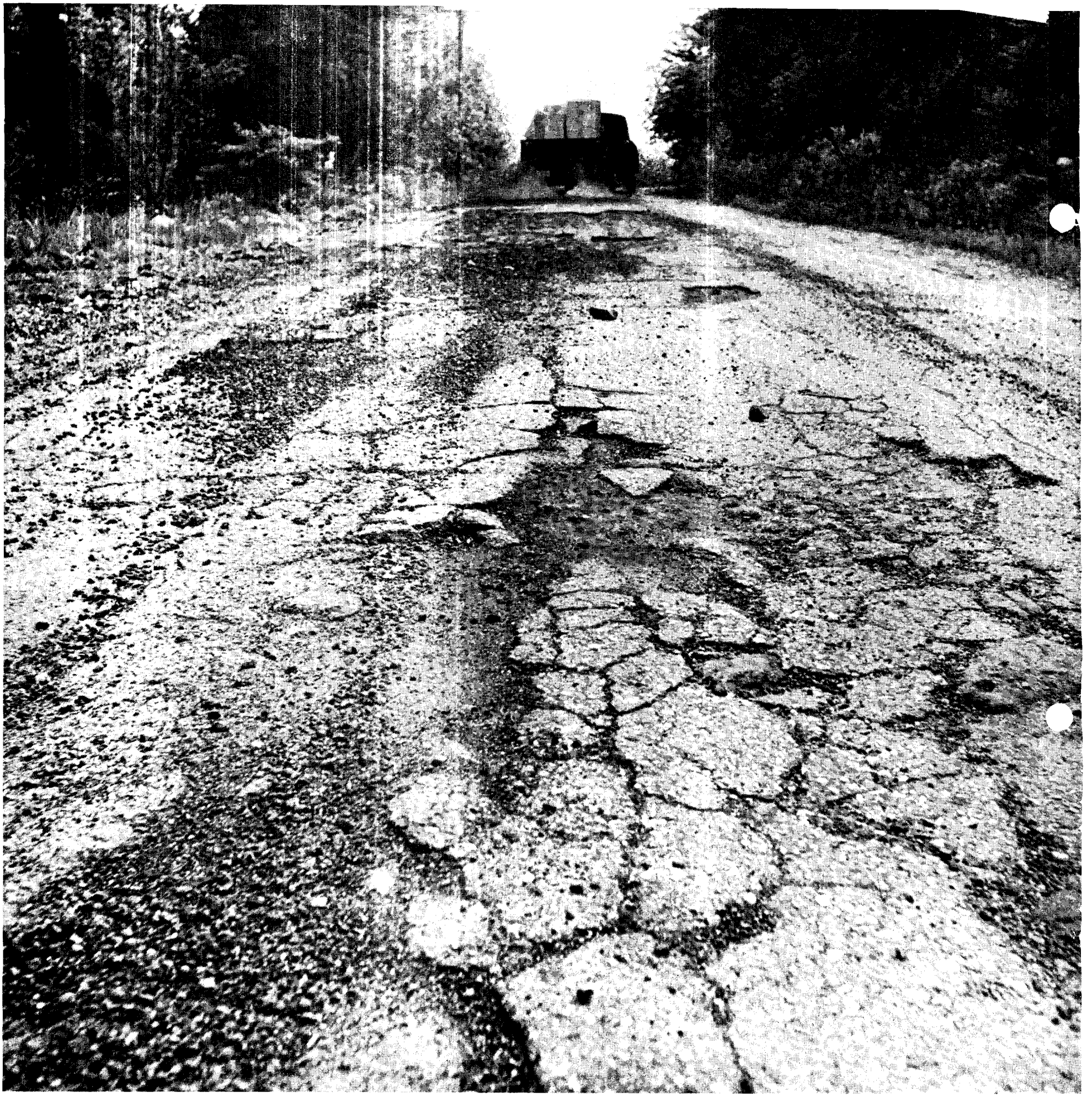

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Surfing Star. "Although I was born in 1933," writes **John Severson,** "I didn't begin to live until 1945, when my parents moved to San Clemente, California." There Severson discovered the surf. An ex-schoolteacher, John placed first in the 1961 Peru International Surfing Championships. He now travels 60,000–80,000 miles a year in search of surf, taking movies which he shows at his lectures, and photographs to illustrate the magazine he founded, *The Surfer*. Some of John's breath-gulping color pictures on pp. 20–25 were taken through a king-size telephoto lens, others in the roiling surf with a camera mounted on a surfboard.

Surf-chaser Severson and accouterments.

Other By-Lines. Chicago real-estate speculator **Norris Vitchek** (a pseudonym) tells his headline-making story with the help of Evanston free lance **Alfred Balk. . . . Joseph Laitin,** profiler of brash and rumpled Warren Beatty, went to Hollywood in 1953 to interview Marlene Dietrich and has lived there ever since. . . . **Charlotte** and **Denis Plimmer,** reporting on De Gaulle vs. Rainier, specialize in articles on royalty, reside a few steps from Buckingham Palace. . . . Five years ago, when **Wilton M. Krogman** met the fourteen-year-old son of **Anne Selby,** he predicted the boy would reach 5′11½″. At nineteen, young Selby is 5′11″ and still growing. . . . Los Angeles *Herald Examiner* sports columnist **Melvin Durslag** has allowed himself to be enlisted as the only middle-aged member of the Sandy Koufax fan club. . . . Contributing Editor **Harold H. Martin** learned about farming as a teen-age cotton chopper near Commerce, Georgia. . . . **Smith Hempstone,** Africa correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News*, reports that his second nonfiction book, *Rebels, Mercenaries and Dividends—The Katanga Story*, will go on sale July 25. . . . **Phyllis Roberts**, born on a farm in Indiana, lives on a lake near Williamsburg, Virginia. . . . Oregon's **Virginia C. Holmgren** has written two dozen books for children; *Sing to the Fiddler* is her first fiction for adults.

The Cover. We don't recommend piling kids into boats on the open road—but when sand and sea are in sight, who can resist giving a lad his turn at the helm? Not to change the subject—safety—we would point out that launchtime and lunchtime seem on a collision course in this George Hughes scene. Will the boat get into the water before little hands get into the picnic basket?

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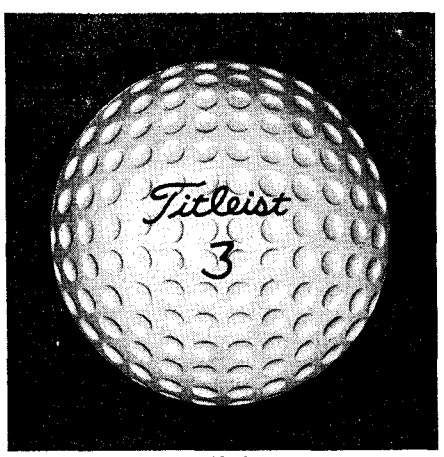
TITLEIST
3 To 1
FAVORITE
ON THE TOUR

Overwhelming favorite of professionals and top amateurs in *every major* tournament so far this year.

LOOK AT THE RECORD FOR 1962

TOURNAMENT	PLAYING TITLEIST	NEAREST COMPETITOR
L. A. Open	50	27
San Diego	62	22
Crosby	101	69
Lucky	51	25
Palm Springs	187	142
Phoenix	81	19
Tucson	91	15
New Orleans	96	14
Baton Rouge	96	13
PGA Srs.	233	38
Pensacola	89	12
St. Petersburg	81	20
Doral Open	67	21
Azalea	76	13
Masters	28	18
Houston Classic	46	19
Greensboro Open	91	18
Texas Open	95	19

AND REMEMBER . . . . . NO ONE IS PAID TO PLAY TITLEIST



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LETTERS

Was McCarthy Mistreated?

Dear Sirs:

Thanks for printing the article on THE FINAL IRONY OF JOE MCCARTHY [by Edward Bennett Williams, June 9]. Senator McCarthy was greatly maligned, and the Senate vote of censure against him is a blot on the Senate record which should be removed.

PAUL CLEMENT
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

All I can say is, let's not raise the devil from his resting place. . . . Let us hope that the idea of guilt by accusation is stamped out forever in the land. . . . In my opinion, it served Joe right, being caught by his own underhanded methods.

FREDERICK C. HERVEY
Chilton, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Williams stated: "I feel sure that the Senate never would have censured McCarthy for contempt of the Gillette subcommittee—the only original charge which it upheld—if we had obtained earlier information which came to us after the vote." . . . It seems to me that, *ever since such facts have been known*, the Senate has had the moral obligation to remove the stain of censure thus unjustly imposed.

TERESSA D. HENDRY
Boise, Idaho

How Fast Is Fast?

Dear Sirs:

Blessings on Eugene Ehrlich for SPEAKING OUT: SPEED READING IS THE BUNK [June 9]. . . . I wholeheartedly agree with his statement that speed reading is "a form of nonreading for the faster consumption of nonbooks" (and we have plenty of those at present!). From Shakespeare to Thurber, look what you'd miss at 20,000 words a minute! It would be like touring Europe by jet, nonstop!

DRUSILLA K. YOUNG
Troy, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Seems kind of strange that, in this age of fantastic progress in every field, a teacher would question a type of progress which involves the capabilities of the mind. . . . If I couldn't teach students to read faster than 400 to 500 words per minute, which tickled Mr. Ehrlich "pink," I'd give them their money back!

HAL HERRIN
Rapid Reading, Inc.
Smyrna, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

What's with this SPEED READING IS THE BUNK business? Whether anyone can read 10,000 or 15,000 words per minute is immaterial. The "bunk" headline is misleading and about as fair as to call a coach a fake because a boy he taught to run a mile in two minutes could not run it in twenty seconds. I more than doubled my reading speed in the last year—I now read 700 to 800 w.p.m.—and am tickled pink. Speed reading is for real.

MERLE TYNER
Butler, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

Kudos to *The Post* for publishing SPEED READING IS THE BUNK. Mr. Ehrlich is the little boy who had the courage to announce that "the emperor wasn't wearing any clothes." We were beginning to worry that there would be a shortage of books and that they would come apart with such rapid page turning.

EARL A. TAYLOR, *Director*
Reading and Study Skills Center
New York, N.Y.

Sharing a Dog's Life

Dear Sirs:

The article by Toni Howard on mixed-up dogs [WHY GOOD DOGS GO WRONG, June 2] has raised a question. We have a dog who is terrified by thunder. Naturally we have treated him like a dog in every way, given him the run of the house and furniture and even adjusted many of our ways to his convenience. In fact, we have changed our own eating habits somewhat, as he

eats only if we eat, and usually wants the same food.

Our problem now is that, when we have bad thunderstorms, we don't know whether we should leave him out to become accustomed to the noise, as Toni Howard suggests, or let him share our darkest closet with us. We never used to be afraid of thunder—it all started shortly after we got our dog.

C. P. DODGE
Evergreen, Colo.

Some Give, Some Grab

Dear Sirs:

Your two articles that tell of the work of Edward (Pop) Buell [AN AMERICAN HERO, by Don Schanche, JUNE 2–9] deserve a very high rating. . . . Young people need to learn there can be glamour in doing good rather than in doing evil.

JESSE B. JENKINS
Monticello, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

With the newspapers and airwaves being smelled up by Billie Sol Estes and his foul ilk, it was indeed gratifying to read about one American of whom we can be proud—a man who measures the rewards of life by his *give* instead of his *grab*.

ELMER DAVIS
Brook Park, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

That's a very interesting article, but I think the title is wrong. You make it sound as though you were a movie company, nominating and electing your own Academy Award winners. Tut! Tut! . . . Why didn't you label

Comb it handsome

Comb it with an ACE®

—keep your hair faultlessly groomed with this genuine hard rubber comb, preferred by millions of men and women. Ace can't tear hair, can't scratch scalp. Smoother, stronger, lasts a lot longer. Ask for Ace.

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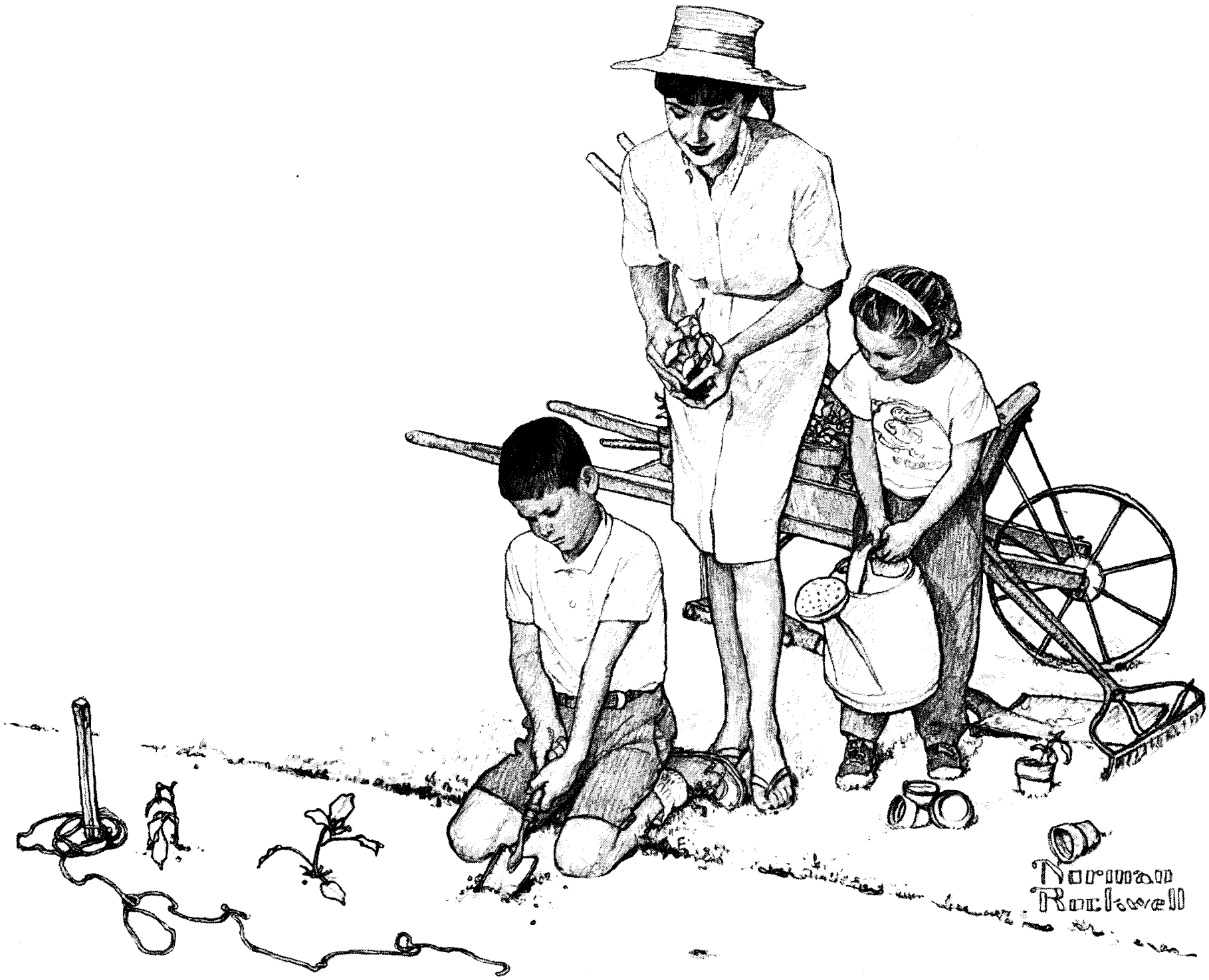

This is the way a father wants his family to be . . . together. He wants to give his children a comfortable home and the right environment—with every opportunity and advantage. And he wants them to have these things whether he is with them or not.

That is why a father buys life insurance . . . to be sure that his family will be able to remain in the home he has provided for them . . . that his children will receive the education he had planned . . . and that they will not be deprived of their mother's guidance and companionship because she has to seek a job.

How much life insurance does this take? Only you know what your hopes and plans and dreams for your family are. But you can get expert help from your Massachusetts Mutual man to determine exactly how much you need to achieve your goals.

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LETTERS

Pop The Splendid American and let your readers elect him as a hero, if they think he is. I don't. There are probably a dozen cops in Detroit, or any large city, who have delivered as many babies as he has.

C. HARRY NIMS
Detroit, Mich.

College Role Debated

Dear Sirs:

My warmest thanks to Walter M. Lifton for an excellent article [SPEAKING OUT: WILL COLLEGE BE WASTED ON YOUR CHILD? June 2]. It is about time somebody burst the great bubble of moral and educational hypocrisy called a college education.

DEXTER M. MAPEL
El Paso, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

If Mr. Lifton will climb down from his ivory tower and venture out into the work-a-day world, he will find that management in most large organizations mostly insist upon one having a college degree to be eligible for the good jobs with the good income.

FRANK RECTOR
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Lifton correctly states that many top executives and some famous men never went to college. . . . But the old-timers would be hard pressed if they were starting out today without a college diploma.

CHARLES FRENTRESS
Calumet City, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Could it be that Mr. Lifton has fallen into the same trap as the parents he berates?—that of thinking of college education as vocational education rather than an intellectual awakening. He calls upon parents to widen their "own view of the world of work." Perhaps we all should widen our view of college.

TOM DEATS
Chico, Calif.

Highway-Tragedy Hindsigh

Dear Sirs:

I can't remember in recent years an article more moving than Norman Sobel's AN EVERYDAY TRAGEDY [June 2]. . . . It is my hope that its message is heeded to a point which will give a lie to its title.

HOWARD PYLE, *President*
National Safety Council
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Had the time and energy Mr. Sobel expended in turning off the ignition key been directed toward one quick tug of the steering wheel to the right, surely the tragedy would have been lessened, if not averted. The consequences of a glancing blow and a sliding, rolling or tumbling stop are so much less than that of a sudden, horrible, head-on stop.

SGT. LEE DRAKE
Seattle Police Dept.
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

In reading Mr. Sobel's story I was again reminded of the needless waste of lives and the extensive injuries that could be avoided through the use of seat belts.

R. L. JENKINS
New Castle, P-

● *Author Sobel says, "The car I was driving had just been purchased, and seat belts hadn't yet been installed. My company requires belts in all its cars."—ED.*

Coming...in the next *Post*

A 20th anniversary reappraisal of the blunders and heroism of

Guadalcanal–1942

By Samuel Eliot Morison

Stewart Alsop reports on

Warfare in Outer Space?

ALSO:

Backstage with Hayley Mills

Psychiatry for the Whole Family

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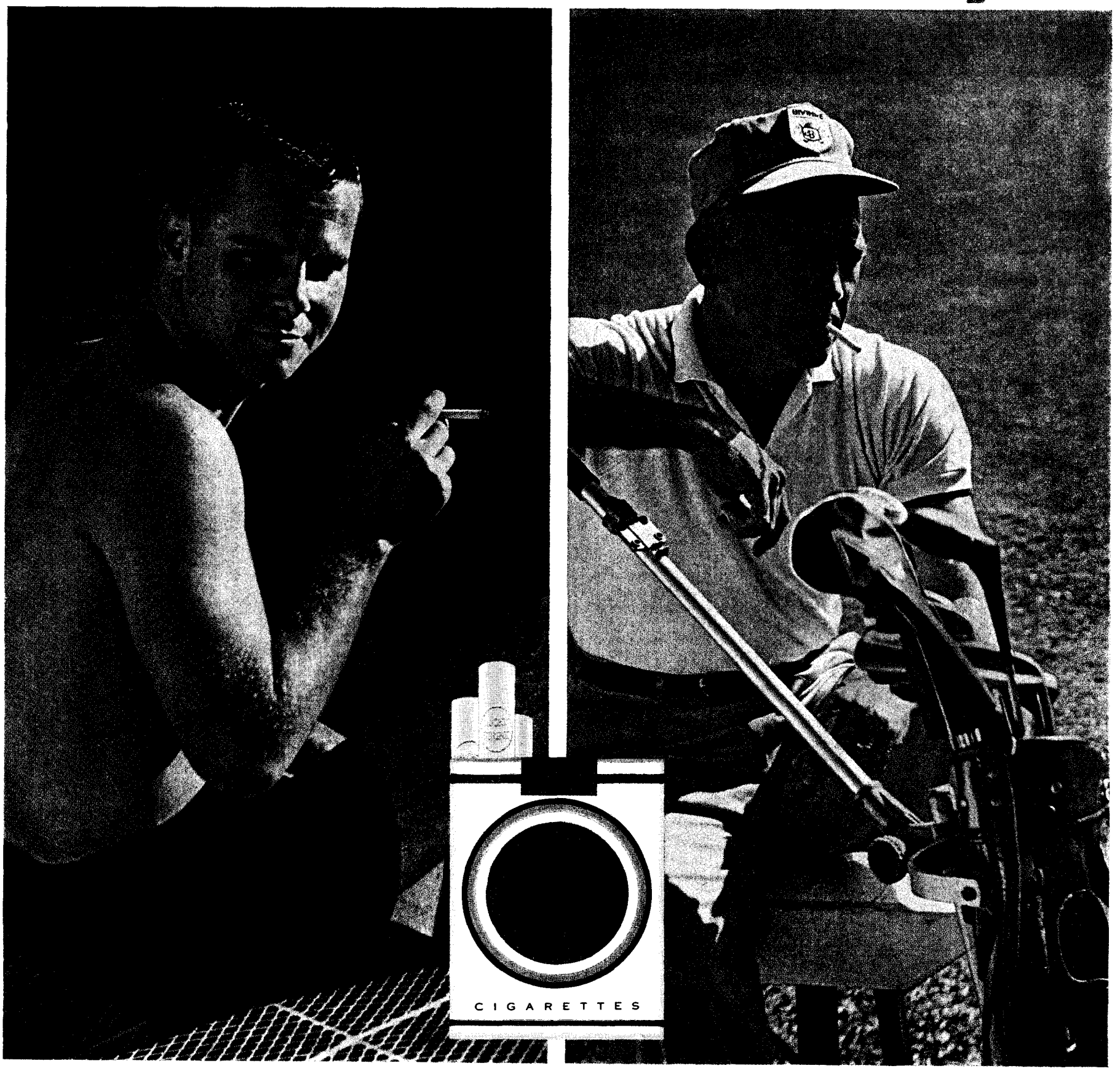
Get Lucky

the taste to start with...the taste to stay with



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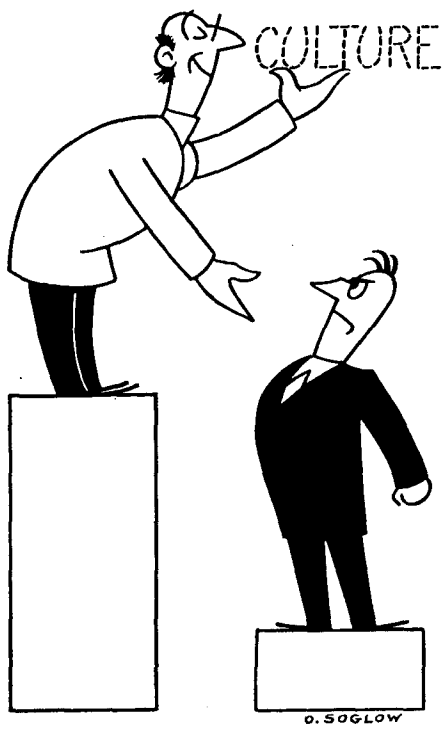
Who Says I'm Uncultured?

If a man digs jazz but not opera, the self-appointed experts feel his cultural level ough to be "raised."

By FREDERICK BREITENFELD Jr.



Somebody is tampering with my freedom of choice. I feel the pressure of an insidious force against me, and I must rebel. The defiance is toward the patrician art lover who smiles condescendingly at my lack of sophistication, burdens me with lengthy explanations of what makes a masterpiece and seems to have no other calling than to "raise" my "cultural level."

I am disturbed partly because of a national disease that could be called *Semanticus Americani*. The symptoms are easily recognized; when a word or phrase has come to lose all meaning except a general connotation of "good" or "evil," and when the majority of people have come to react emotionally to that skeletal meaning, it is time to call the doctor and request a prescription for definition. For example, our response is less than rational to such expressions as: *the furtherance of mankind*, as uttered by a sociologist; *an aggressive policy*, promised by a politician; and *boosting the economy*, rationalized by an advertiser. My objection is to *raising the cultural level*, as sanctimoniously put forth by those whom John Galbraith calls "vigorous advocates"—in this case, people who want to help, but who don't quite understand the issue. The specific problem is in the segment of culture called "the arts."

I happen to dig Brubeck. I don't make a case of it, usually, but he stands among my favorites, along with Ogden Nash, Arthur Miller, Gordon Grant and A. A. Milne. Does this necessarily define my cultural level? If a man merely tolerates Al Hirt, but is enamored of Handel, is his level higher than mine? Who makes the rules? When put to practical tests, the idea of *cultural levels* seems to be hardly workable, and I am forced to conclude that it is based on faulty logic.

Frederick Breitenfeld Jr., 30, who has earned degrees in engineering, education and television, is an assistant dean at Syracuse University, Syracuse, N.Y.

Regardless of any soritical discrepancy, moreover, I have the feeling that I am being relegated to a lower echelon in what seems to be an aristocracy of art appreciation. The upper strata include, among others, the level-raisers, who give the impression of being very tolerant and generous as they offer to make me a better person. The intimation, however, is that under present conditions they are better than I, and that my ultimate reward will be the enlightenment they now enjoy.

One of the wonderful things about art and creativity is that there are many channels through which an artist can project emotion, each of which can be satisfactory. Different people respond in different ways to these channels; taste comes in *types*, not in *levels*. Danger becomes imminent when someone tells me that his type is better or more "tasty" than mine. In that case he is merely narrow-minded. The danger becomes clear and present when he and others take it upon themselves to try to change *my* type of taste to *theirs*, and the insult erupts when they go on to tell me that the impending change is in an *upward* direction. The values imposed on their scheme are arbitrarily set by them and the implied stratification is not necessarily valid..

How to Spoil Shakespeare

As an example, look what has been done to the works of William Shakespeare. Just a few centuries after he lived and wrote, the very mention of his name seems to cause a Jekyll-Hyde transformation among the level-raisers, as they stiffen and prime for the more-sophisticated-than-thou approach. Shakespeare wrote for Elizabethan theaters, which were filled with people of varying tastes, and his plays appealed to all of them. Puns, mild obscenities, elementary comedy situations and clowns appeared regularly, along with the more serious and moving scenes. Today, though, we publicize our Shakespearean productions as "cultural activity." The mood can filter through to the actors, who sometimes deliver their lines as if reading majestically from Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations*. If Mr. Shakespeare could see what we have done to his many writings in the cause of *culture*, I think he would either shake his head mournfully or burst forth in hysterical laughter. Why the big deal? Can't we enjoy what we enjoy and let it go at that?

Haughty Patrons of the Arts

The same attitude pervades other media in varying degrees of subtlety. Those who make a fetish of verbally supporting ballet companies, symphonies and opera organizations are sometimes among the most ardent level-raisers. Many of them coat themselves with a luxurious veneer of quiet and almost friendly haughtiness. The growing field of educational television, as another example, is an interesting arena in which one of the basic missions is apparently to lift me from what are supposedly my culturally barren circumstances. Generalizations are questionable at best, but a locally produced educational television program—not atypical—might begin with a simple title slide reading, SPOTLIGHT ON THE ARTS, and as it dissolves to a list of credits, one might hear a whispering, almost holy voice breathe, "Welcome to the sixth in a series of programs for the discriminating viewer, devoted to man's creative efforts through the ages. Tonight's topic is 'Music Through History,' and our guest is Dr. Carl Banniston, well known as a composer, critic and teacher. Here is your host on 'Spotlight on the Arts,' Professor Henry Craslow." At this point the usual transition could lead to the viewer's staring at an imposing and dignified gentleman seated in front of a well-hung drape. A university seal might appear above and slightly to the left of his head, and as the camera pulls back after a few introductory words, the picture might broaden to include Doctor Banniston, who would be

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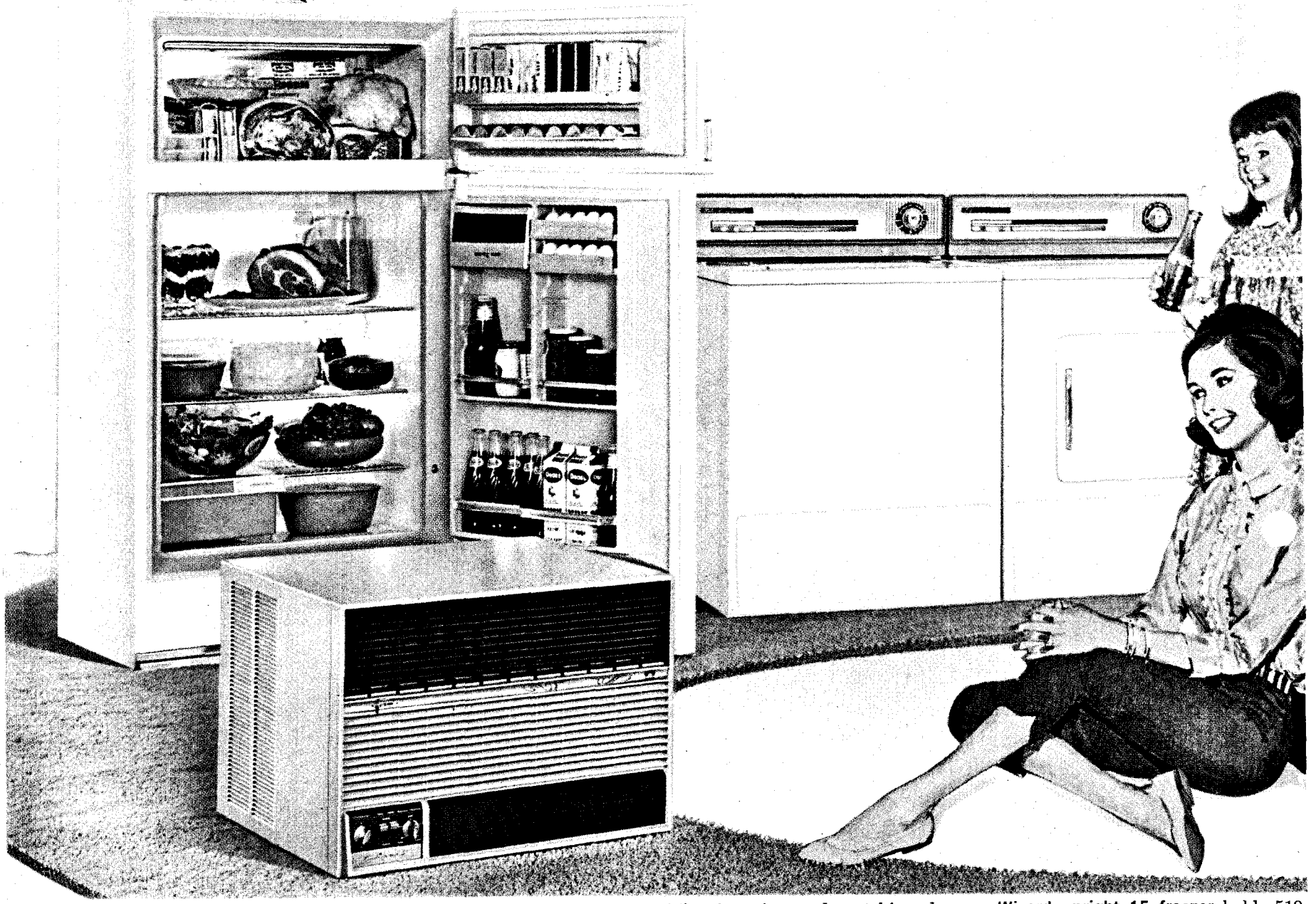

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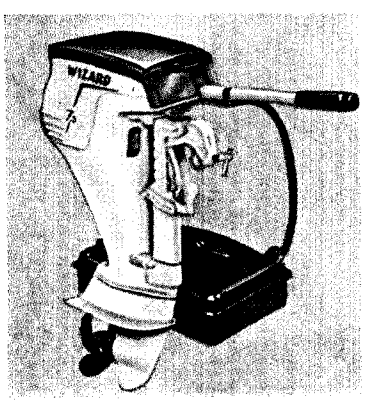

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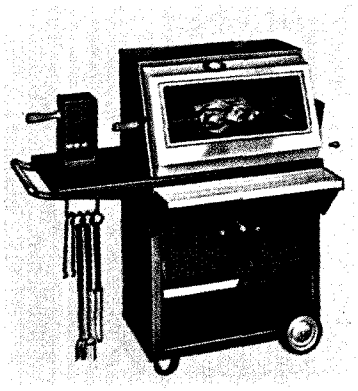

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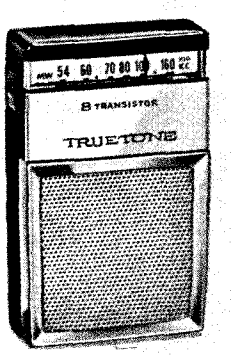

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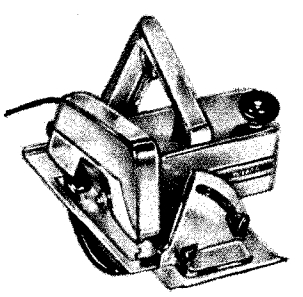

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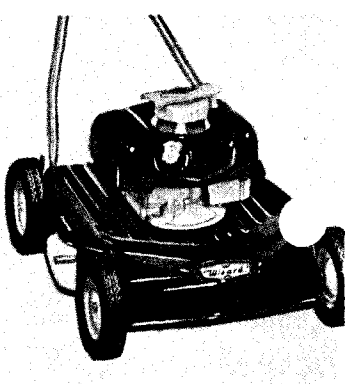

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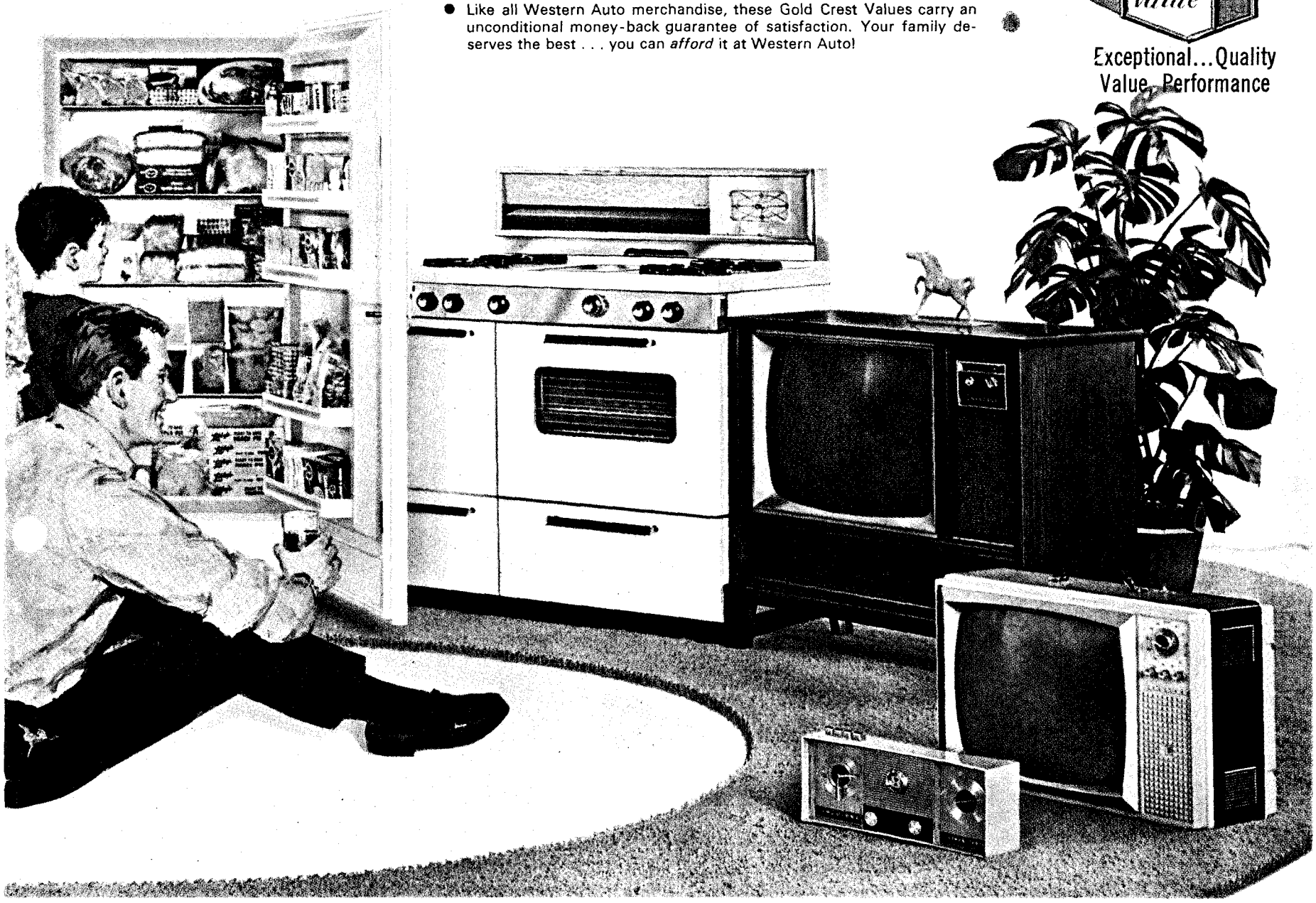

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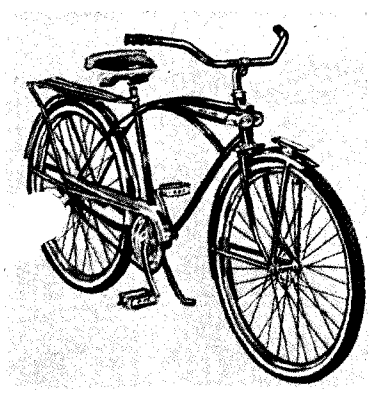

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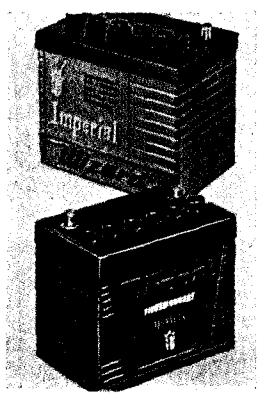

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SPEAKING OUT

seated similarly on the other side of the seal. It is all magnificently symmetrical.

This type of culture-soaked program would probably send me tiptoeing across the room to change the channel. Rather than have my nose rubbed in my ignorance, I would prefer to read or watch the commercial television fare. I am neither disinterested in learning nor proud of my shallowness, but I cannot be content in a sphere of supercilious attitudes, arbitrary value scales and vague, ill-defined purposes.

There is no doubt that any lover of art is happiest when he has an understanding and appreciation of all types of creative endeavor, and it is reasonable that each of us should try to learn more about art forms that are foreign to us. Furthermore there is a place for intelligent discussion and study of all varieties of art on television, in the classroom and in print, but it seems axiomatic—since art appreciation is a voluntary activity—that all such presentations must be designed in ways that are not only straightforward but also *appealing*.

My concern about the social pressures inflicted by the cultural-level raisers would not be important under normal circumstances and might be considered purely academic. Nevertheless the situation has recently become more critical. The tendency to put "culture" in the form of a public facility received an enormous boost on May 1, when President Kennedy signed a bill providing $32,000,000 in Federal grants to encourage the growth of educational television stations. Suddenly my tax dollars are at stake, and I find myself a patron of the arts. Considering the philosophic bases of our form of government, I believe we are embarking on a hazardous venture.

There are many enterprises for which our state and Federal taxes are expended. Highways and housing developments are among them, and the rationale is that such undertakings serve the public in matters of convenience, safety or commerce. Where the entertainment or enjoyment of the people in a specific art form is concerned, though, spending public funds seems dubious; spectator participation is ultimately an individual matter, as is artistic inspiration.

Secretary of Labor Goldberg, in dealing with last year's Metropolitan Opera dispute, suggested that the arts should be regarded as a community responsibility along with the health, education and welfare of the citizenry. The Metropolitan Opera was in dire financial straits, and an "award" was made. Such aid appears reasonable, but it leads to some interesting questions.

Income-Tax Benefit for Art?

If the Government is committed to any degree to the arts, how about those that do not carry the germ of *Semanticus Americani?* If a jazz festival were in serious pecuniary difficulties, would there be no complaint if Federal assistance were granted? Would we get to the point at which we would allow special income-tax benefits for any organization that adds to our "cultural heritage" through the arts?

The Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts in New York City involves municipal, state and Federal funds. Here, however, the expenditure is made under the general rubric of *arts*, and I hope *all* performing arts will benefit. If they will, assuming that this sort of endeavor has really come to be a "community responsibility," I believe we will be operating within the democratic imperative.

The trend toward public culture is unmistakable, but where is it to end? Whom can we designate to make categorical decisions about whether one piece of art is more cultural than another? Must we add a Secretary of Culture to the President's cabinet? Either we must find someone to do the job, or we must reevaluate our collective responsibility and perhaps erase the "culture" entry from the public ledger.

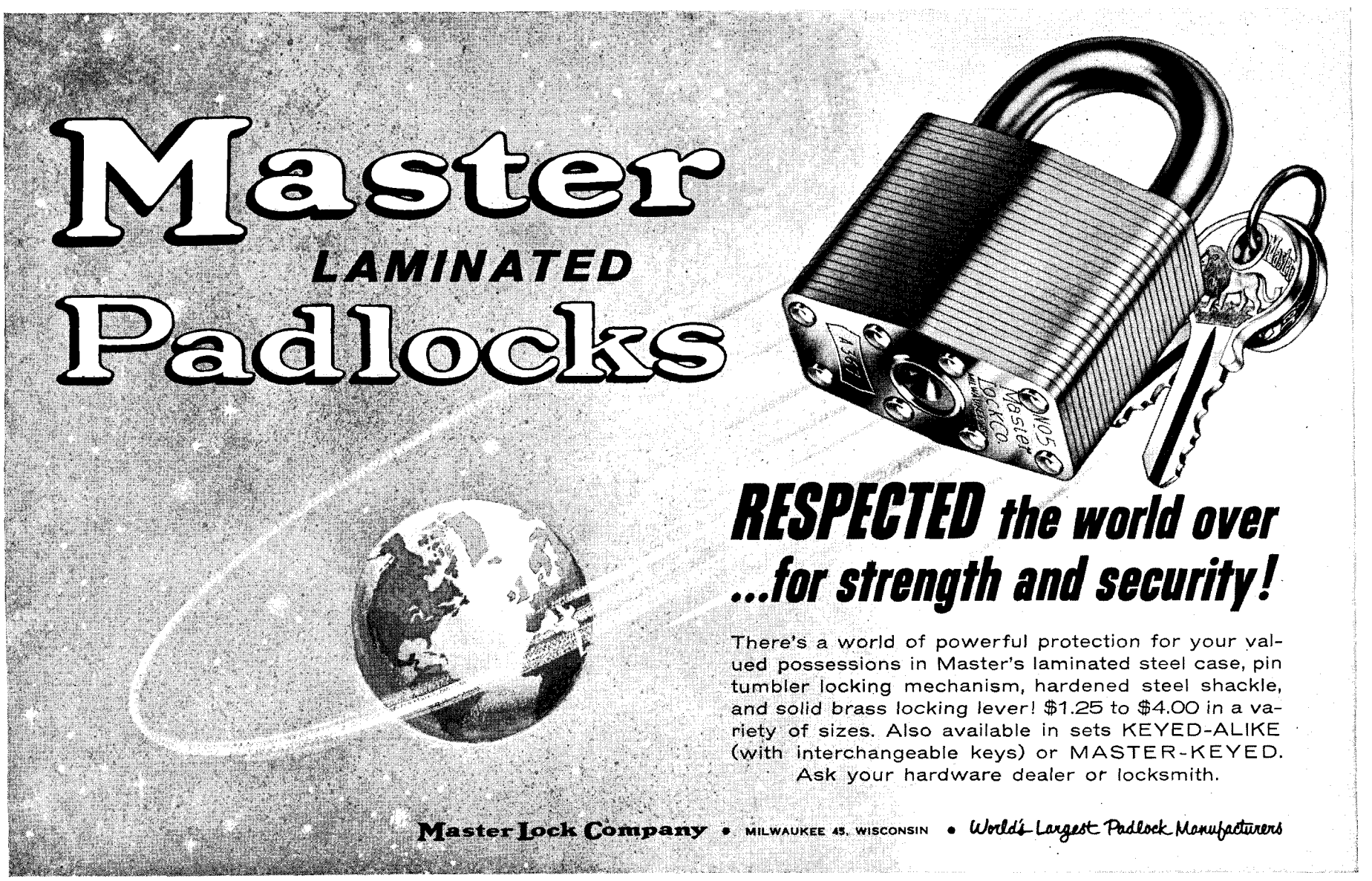
Culture can be defined as the essential or inherent value of society. It is a reflection, through art, of the civilization in which that society exists, and like other echoes it can be changed only by altering either the reflecting surface or the object producing the image. The analogy is applicable to the latter, and thus if we are to modify our culture, we must learn more about our very civilization.

Patterns of living have changed over the years, but until recently the rate of change has been slow enough that each generation has had time to adjust. The rate has been increasing, however, and continues its acceleration; in one generation we have been forced to adapt several times to technical innovations that affect our health, vocations and lives. The adjustment takes effort, and our global community no longer has all the energy it once did to apply to things of beauty. As a result there is very little community enthusiasm for a new and beautiful building as there was, for instance, for Chartres cathedral; we happen to be occupied with new vaccines, computers, international relations and courageous men exploring space, and there is nothing necessarily wrong with this. Our culture lies between summit meetings and *The Price Is Right;* it is buried in those humanities courses that our electronic engineers don't have time to take as they prepare themselves for rocket launchings; it is hidden in the vacuum beneath the haughty veneer of each cultural-level raiser. The new frontiers now are not mainly artistic. They are mainly scientific and geopolitical.

Help for Today's Artists

That does not mean there is no place for art in our civilization. On the contrary, art is one of the strongest unifying forces man has ever utilized, and any such tool is certainly needed at this point in history. There are two sides to the "culture" record, though. One is the level-raiser theme, the cheer for masterpieces that warrant cherishing, but the other has to do with art production. What are we doing to encourage those artists who will be the Van Goghs and Beethovens of the year 2262? Where is our nongovernmental concern for *today's* creativity in art? It is present, but the level-raisers seem to scoff at it. Paul Desmond, Paddy Chayefsky, James Michener and the scores of other artists around us deserve our applause and thanks, for it is they who are providing the reflection of contemporary America. We must prize those pieces of art that were produced in civilizations of the past, but we must also provide an encouraging atmosphere for today's artists.

Where is our "cultural level"? If we must have one, it is right where it always was, and we must concentrate on moving it in an *outward* direction, not in an *upward* direction. **THE END**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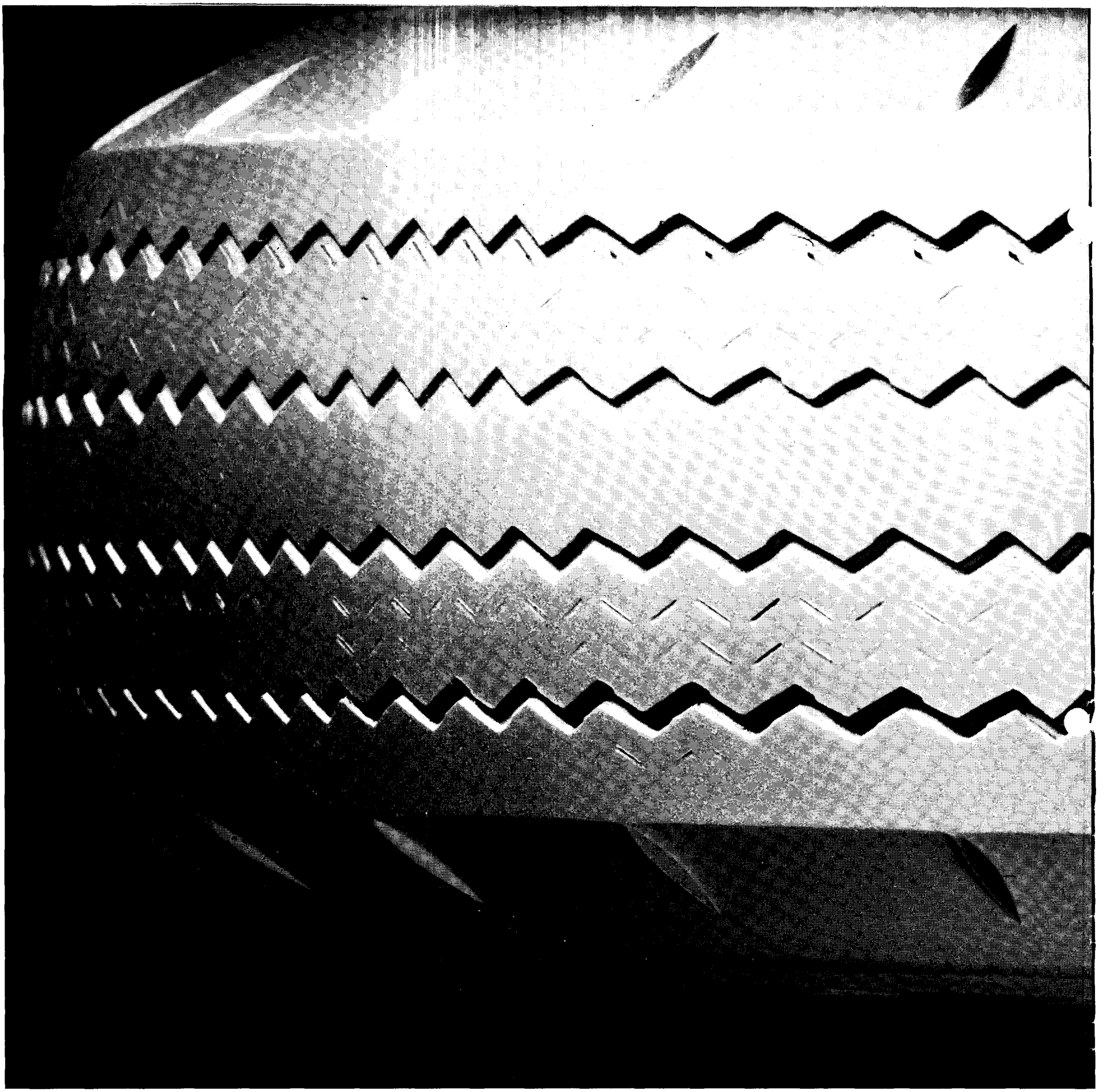

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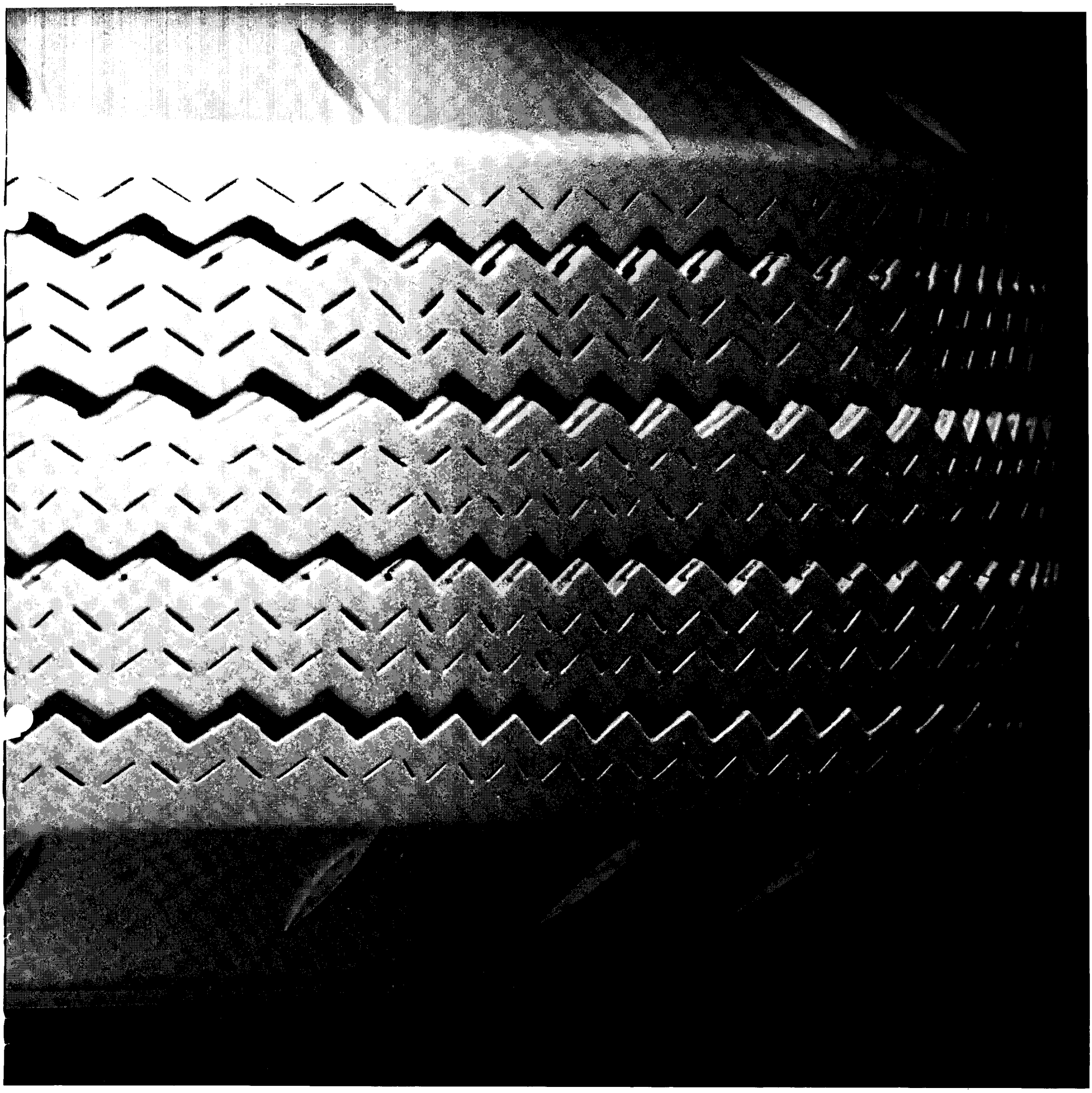

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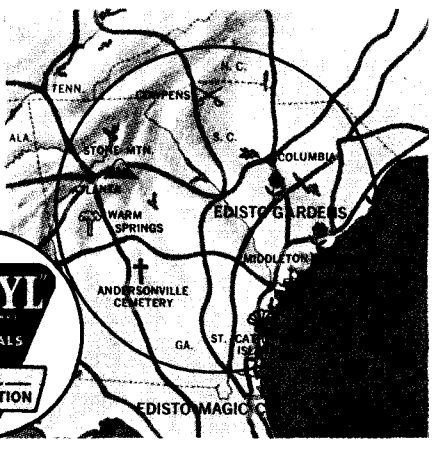

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Confessions of a Block-Buster

A Chicago real-estate agent who moves Negro families into all-white blocks reveals how he reaps enormous profits from racial prejudice.

By NORRIS VITCHEK as told to Alfred Balk

Not long ago in an all-white block on Chicago's West Side, a FOR SALE sign appeared in front of a modest frame bungalow. Immediately a wave of fear swept across the block. A Negro family already was living several blocks away. Not far beyond that was the western edge of Chicago's "Black Belt." Every year its border had been moving closer, enclosing blocks like this one along the way. Suppose the bungalow came into possession of a Negro? What would happen to the rest of the block?

All the residents were plainly worried. Among them were a widow who had been living alone and had no assets but her home, and the parents of four young children who feared what "change" might mean to the youngsters' safety. "Relax," said the bungalow owner. "I'm selling this through a white real-estate man. I won't even talk to a Negro."

Imagine their shock, then, when the FOR SALE sign came down and the new owners moved in—Negroes. And consider the impact of what happened next. Three more buildings, which were already owned by property speculators, "turned" immediately. Other Negro families arrived to look at homes in the block. Real-estate men, both white and Negro, swarmed in.

Almost overnight the family with four children sold out at a sizable loss. So did six other homeowners in quick succession. "We'll stay," a few owners said. "We're broad-minded." But the situation was out of their control. Finally the last of the whites left—whether or not they could afford to move. Like hundreds of others who have been similarly blitzed, they never really knew what had hit them.

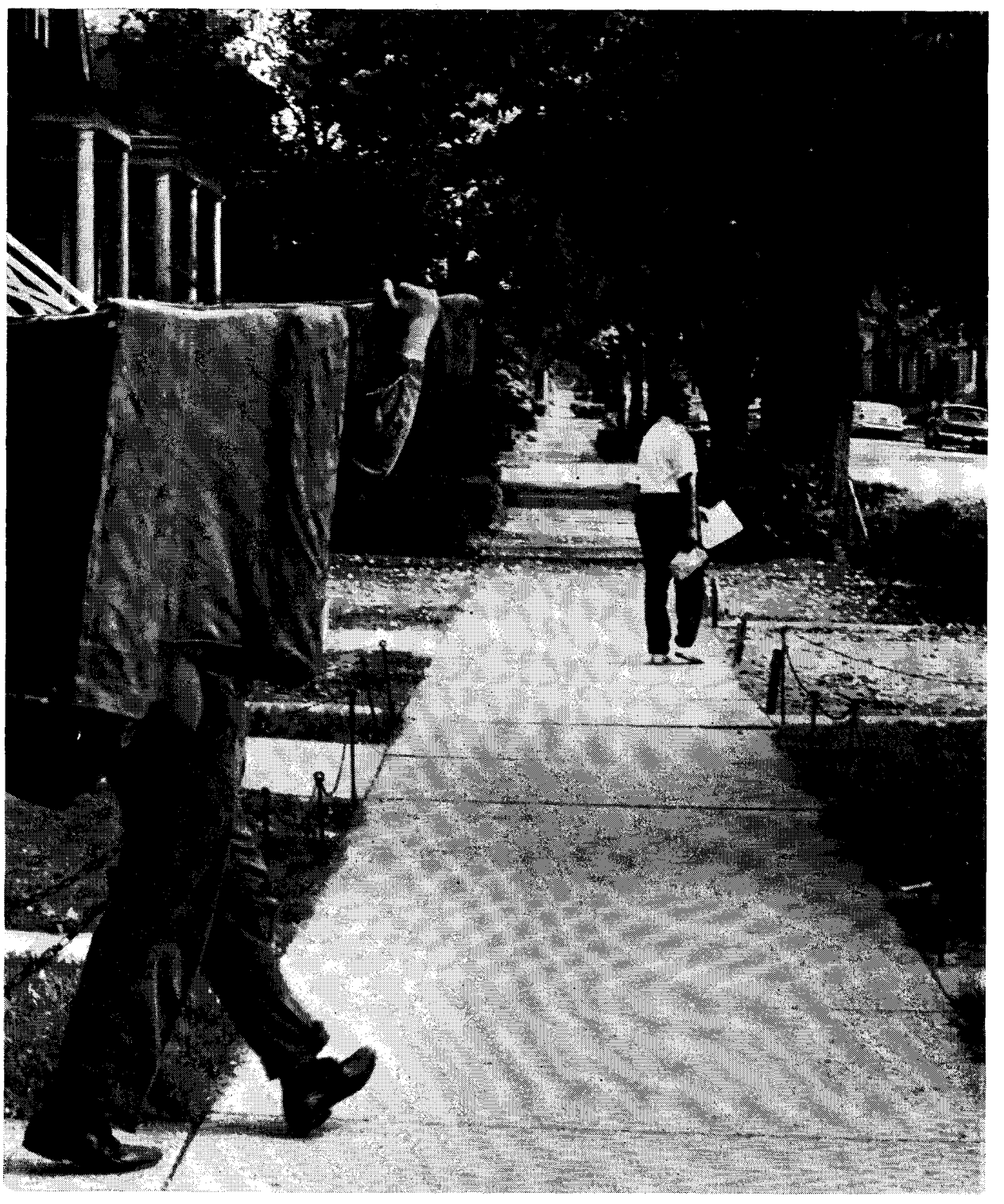
I knew. I triggered the whole sequence of events by buying the bungalow and quickly selling it to a Negro. I am a block-buster. Another and perhaps slightly less odious name for my craft is real-estate speculator.

Cornering a Share of the Harvest

I specialize in locating blocks which I consider ripe for racial change. Then I "bust" them by buying properties from the white owners and selling them to Negroes—with the intent of breaking down the rest of the block for colored occupancy. Sometimes the groundwork—the initial block-busting—has already been done by some other speculator by the time I arrive on the scene. In that case all I have to do is to work on the remaining whites and reap my share of the harvest.

I make my money—quite a lot of it, incidentally—in three ways: (1) By beating down the prices I pay the white owners by stimulating their fear of what is to come; (2) by selling to the eager Negroes at inflated prices; and (3) by financing these purchases at what amounts to a very high rate of interest. I'll have more to say about these techniques later.

Block-busting is a relatively new business—only ten to fifteen years old actually—but already it is a crowded field. Block-busters also operate in Washington, D.C., Baltimore, Philadelphia,



Movers carry out the belongings of a couple who had lived for twenty-two years in southwest Chicago. They left when the first Negroes to come into the block bought the house next door.

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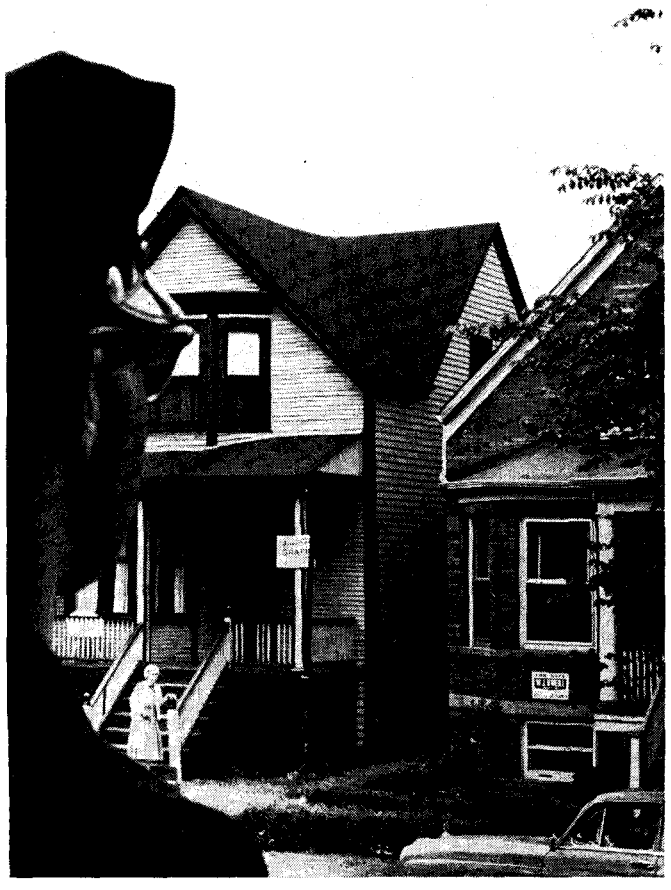
"My function is to drive the whites from a block whether or not they want to go—then move in Negroes."

Photographs by Arthur Shay



A policeman guards a Negro-owned house that "busted" a May Street block. Along the street, FOR SALE *signs are already up.*

New York City, Boston, Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis and other cities and in some of their suburbs. Chicago alone has more than 100 of us. Because few Negroes can command the necessary financing to enter this occupation, most of us are white, as I am. Over the past ten years we have helped "change" an average of two to three blocks a week in Chicago. Even now, with the overall housing market rather quiet, we bust a new block in Chicago every four to eight days.

With the nation's Negro population exploding and continuing to concentrate in urban areas, the demand simply never lets up. More than half the citizenry of Washington, D. C., is Negro. Philadelphia is one fourth Negro. In Chicago the Negro population, now one fourth of our citizenry, has nearly doubled in the past ten years and probably will double again in the next thirty, rising to 1,700,000 persons, or half the city's present population. Even its suburbs, now mostly white, are expected to contain nearly 700,000 Negroes by 1990.

Average Citizens, Average Prejudices

If you are an average white citizen, with average prejudices, you may regard all this as the ruin of metropolitan neighborhoods. I think of it merely as more business for what already is a growth industry. My attitude stems from the fact that few white neighborhoods welcome Negroes who can afford to buy there; yet the need for homes for Negroes keeps growing. I assist in the solution of this problem. My function, which might be called a service industry, is to drive the whites from a block whether or not they want to go, then move in Negroes.

You might think it would be difficult to bust a block, especially your block. It isn't really. In most blocks someone almost always is being transferred, wanting a larger or smaller home, or moving away for his health. If I offer enough money, I can buy any building I want—if not directly, then through a front. It doesn't matter whether Negroes now live nearby. The shock effect of the block-busting, plus my ready financing, can cave in enough of the block to make my efforts successful.

But I prefer blocks near others where Negroes already live—especially old, middle-class blocks with a mixture of frame homes and walk-up apartments. Whites already there have been conditioned to insecurity by the inexorable march of the color line in their direction. This makes these blocks setups for the quick turnover, large volume and the large profits I like. The case of a South Side block I busted is typical.

Twenty-five years ago when most of the block's residents moved in and Chicago's population was only 8 percent Negro, none of the whites imagined they might be "endangered." All this racial business was somebody else's problem. Then one day reality began to dawn on them. All-white streets along which they drove to the Loop suddenly "turned." Fairly distant stores and theaters they had patronized, friends' homes they had visited, or churches they had attended were being swallowed.

"We'll organize," some residents said. "We'll keep the niggers out." But other speculators and I already were buying buildings in adjacent blocks and holding them until we thought the area was ready to be turned for maximum profit.

You can't appreciate the psychological effect of such a color-line march unless you have seen it. First, Negro students begin enrolling in neighborhood schools. Then, churches and businesses in the area quit fixing up facilities as they normally might. Parks which have been all white suddenly become all Negro. A homeowner applies to his bank for a home-improvement loan and is turned down. "Too close to the color line," he is told.

Small businesses begin to close. New whites, if they move into the area at all, are apt to be of lower economic class than before, and they are tenants, not owners. Because lending institutions always blacklist an area for regular mortgages when change appears imminent, whites can't buy there if they want to.

So it went in my typical South Side block. But the residents still thought they were safe because everyone had agreed not to sell to Negroes. Hence they weren't too disturbed when a bluff, friendly accountant who was retiring and moving to Florida announced to neighbors that he was listing his three-flat building for sale. As weeks passed, however, and no buyer was found, their suspense grew, and the owner became desperate. "We're stuck," he told his wife. "We told everyone we wouldn't sell them out. But we have to."

Up to this point only a few Negro real-estate men rather tentatively had rung doorbells in the block. Now we speculators and brokers, both white and Negro, really went to work. One paid several Negroes with noisy cars to begin driving up and down the street a few times a day. He also paid a Negro mother who drew aid-to-dependent-children payments to walk the block regularly with her youngsters. Another arranged to have phone calls made in the block for such people as "Johnnie Mae." Sometimes calls would consist only of a whisper, a drunken laugh or a warning—such as, "They're coming!"

I didn't participate in these vicious tactics. Few large speculators do. If I operated so crudely, frankly I wouldn't have consented to write this report, even under the fictitious name in the byline. I just use psychology.

I began my work in this case by sending a postcard to everyone in the block and others in adjacent blocks. The cards said, "I will pay cash for your building." That was all except for my phone number. The word "cash" was the key. It assured homeowners they could get out quickly and reminded them that their neighbors could too. Then a canvasser and I headed for the block to repeat the offer in person.

Best Price for First Building

My first stop was at the home of the retired accountant who owned the three-flat building. "How much are you asking for your building?" I asked him.

"Twenty-two thousand," he said.

"Well," I said, " you might get that if you wait. But you know what is happening in the neighborhood. If you want a quick cash deal, I'll give you $18,000." But, knowing that we speculators often pay proportionately more for the first building on a block to go, he would come down only $1000 in price. At that point I got a break. My canvasser, who had been talking with other owners, rang the doorbell and called me onto the porch to tell me something.

"His neighbor in the one-story brick just sold for $14,000," he told me.

"Sorry," I told the accountant. "Negroes will be moving in next door. Eighteen thousand is tops." His quick call to the neighbor confirmed my canvasser's report, and he accepted my offer on the spot.

The moment I make a deal, I always place a "Sold by" sign in front of the building. A few

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such signs—the gaudier, the better—show that events are moving. So does the ringing of doorbells. And with thirty other real-estate men working a block, including regular dealers as well as speculators, those bells ring often.

Changing the rest of this block, as in most other blocks, was easy. After posting my signs, I merely sent a man down one side of the street and up the other punching doorbells.

When a delivery driver who had two young daughters in school said he "probably would leave for the good of the kids," but wanted to think about it, my man discussed the pros and cons in a friendly way. "If you take my quick deal," he concluded, "you'll have no worries about the kids. You can give them a nice yard and have them in a good suburban school next week." The man and his wife, obviously troubled, decided my canvasser was right. They sold at a $2000 loss.

To an elderly couple who hesitated, saying their home and neighborhood were the only ones they had known throughout their marriage and they would "stay around and see what our new neighbors are like," my man said, "I know what waiting has meant to people like you in worry and strain. Waiting never makes it easier. If you take my cash deal while I still can offer it, you can begin looking for a new retirement home tomorrow." They sold too.

First "Break" Can Bring Trouble

"No, thanks," several owners told my canvasser. "My own real-estate man is finding me a Negro buyer."

Some owners on every block consider this. If they can close a deal directly with a Negro, usually it is for a price close to the property's book value—thus benefiting both. But most whites are reluctant to bargain with a Negro over so large a sum. They know that, in the sixty to ninety days before the closing date, he is more likely than a speculator to have to cancel the deal, despite having earnest money down. Many times, although the owner has listed his property with a neighborhood agent, the real-estate man ends up by arranging a deal with me—with the seller not only accepting a depressed price but also having to pay a broker's commission.

And so day by day, week by week, month by month, the block collapses further, until the last white finally moves away.

Now admittedly, although somebody would perform this economic function if I did not, these dealings are not always pleasant. In the first place, the Negro able to buy property usually doesn't want trouble. Yet, being the first to "break" an all-white block, or even second or third, can and often does bring trouble.

For example, there was the case of a Negro salesman who had just been promoted to a supervisory position in his firm. He came to a speculator seeking an income property into which he could move with his family. The speculator told him about a three-flat building he had just bought from whites. "The place we're renting is bad," the Negro said, "but we don't want any trouble. Has the block been busted?" The speculator owned another building there, but the block hadn't been busted, in the sense that Negroes already were living there. However, knowing the three-flat building would be a good investment for the Negro and that he should be able to carry it financially, the speculator told him, "It's OK."

In the first few days after the Negro moved in, a bottle was thrown through his front window, his wife was insulted by several whites who lived in

"Nobody who has lived in a neighborhood for years, seen his children grow up there, become accustomed to nearby school, church and shopping facilities, likes to be uprooted."

Three housewives who organized to fight block-busting tactics in their Peoria Avenue-95th Street neighborhood have now sold to Negroes: Mrs. Helen Sullivan (left), Mrs. Bernie Brown and Mrs. Diane Bishop. As Mrs. Sullivan puts it, "... pretty soon one sells, then another, then you do too."

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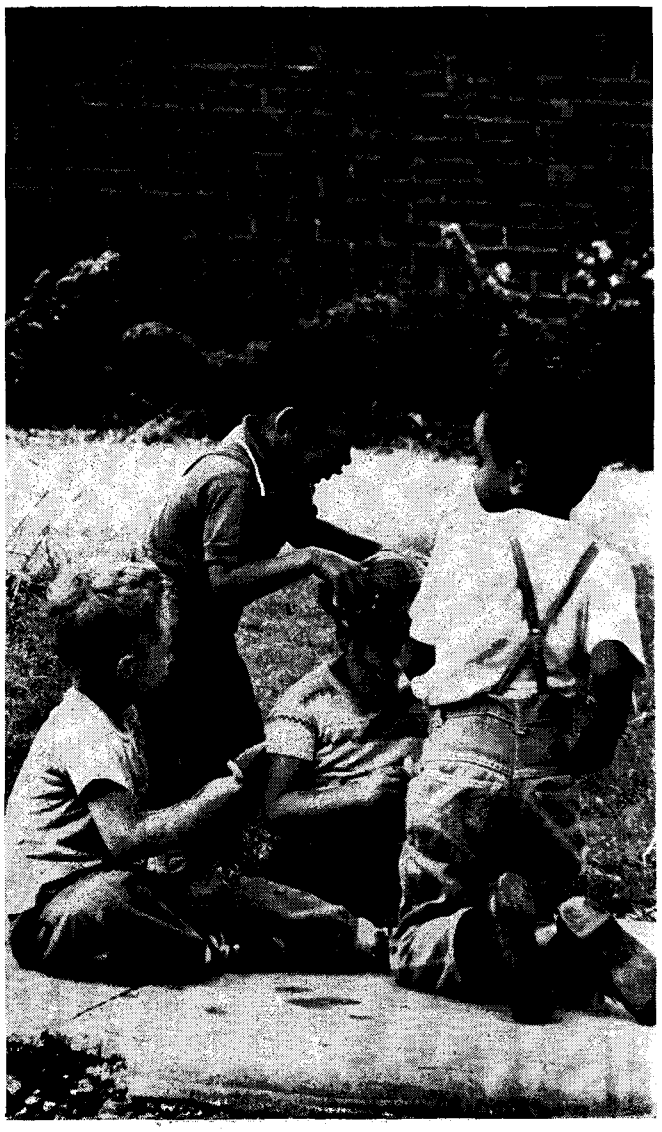
"If anybody who is well established in this business in Chicago doesn't earn $100,000 a year, he is loafing."



Undisturbed by the quarrels of their elders, children play in an integrated block where a Negro's house mysteriously caught fire.

the block, and his two children were harassed on their way home from school.

Few Negroes or whites on Chicago's West Side have forgotten the riots involving thousands, three summers ago, after a speculator's sale of a building to Negroes on West Jackson Boulevard. Luckily only the building got hurt. And, fortunately, any incidents connected with the move-ins I handle are so minor in comparison to what Negroes already have experienced that they soon are forgotten.

"You've Sold Out Your Own Race"

Actually, block-busting probably is tougher on the whites than the Negroes. Nobody who has lived in a neighborhood for years, seen his children grow up there, remodeled his home exactly to his liking and become accustomed to nearby school, church and shopping facilities likes to be uprooted. This is particularly true if it happens so suddenly that he has no new neighborhood in mind, if he has to accept less living space and a higher-interest mortgage than he previously had and if he must sell his property at a loss. Several elderly persons have died because of the anguish and upheaval involved.

As a result of my business dealings, I have been cursed, called "nigger lover," "vulture," and "panic peddler," had doors slammed in my face and even been chased by an irate woman with a broom. "You're Communist and un-American!" one owner shouted at me. "You've sold out your own race!" others have yelled.

It is hard to forget, too, how even long-time neighbors and friends may become jealous, suspicious and antagonistic toward one another. After one middle-aged couple had built a suburban home and sold their former home to a speculator—and the speculator had "turned" it—several former neighbors hired a sound truck and drove to the couple's new home. They cruised the block, shouting, "Be sure and meet your new neighbors, the Joneses. They sold out their old block to Negroes."

Once a block has been busted, some white owners simply stare, almost dumbfounded, as we draw up sale papers for them. Others break down and cry. Some say, "It's OK to show the place to Negroes before we move, but we don't want to be in the house to watch it when you do."

But no matter how emotional or awkward some situations may be, there is one compensation for it all—money. Some brokers or investors make a good return only on some deals. I make it on every deal in the three ways I mentioned earlier.

You may believe your home is worth $15,000, for example. If I bust your block, I will expect to buy it for $12,000 cash. The odds are that eventually you will sell for that price, if not to me, then to another speculator. If you and your white neighbors did not run, you probably would gain, rather than lose. More than four fifths of the white neighborhoods into which Negroes move hold their own or enjoy an increase in value, according to a five-year Fund for the Republic study of 10,000 transactions in Northern interracial neighborhoods. But the myth that "Negroes lower property values" persists—so whites run, and we block-busters clean up. Within a few days comes profit No. 2: I advertise and sell it to a Negro not for $15,000, but for $18,000. Financing the deal myself, I will accept $500 to $1500 down, with the remainder on contract. The easy-payment plan, I believe it is called—that is, $150 to $200 a month until the contract is fulfilled. When is that? This is profit No. 3, the big one. The contract is fulfilled when I have been paid principal and interest totaling $36,000.

These terms, I am told, force Negroes to overcrowd and overuse their buildings by renting out part of them, or to skimp on maintenance, starting the neighborhood on the way to blight. (In most Negro neighborhoods in Chicago the population density is five times that of white areas.) The contract burden, I also am told, forces Negro mothers to work, despite the presence of youngsters at home, compels fathers to take two jobs and can lead to numerous other problems because of the financial strain and anxiety.

Even so, the number of Negro buyers who default on their payments is small. When it does happen in my own business, it is no loss to me, since I retain title to property until contracts are completed. I keep all the payments made until that time, evict the owners and either rent the building or resell it on about the same terms.

The Urban League of Chicago says we speculators make nearly $1,000,000 a month in our city in "abnormal" profit from Negroes who buy former white property on contract. This could be. I know that I make four times the profit I could for the same amount of effort in all-white real estate. If anybody who is well established in this business in Chicago doesn't earn $100,000 a year, he is loafing.

"A dirty business," you say? One that whites should fight?

White people in dozens of neighborhoods have tried fighting. They have pressured neighborhood banks and savings-and-loan associations to quit blacklisting their areas, resulting in token concessions. They have held block meetings to warn homeowners not to deal with those of us who advertise "Quick Cash Sales" in newspapers or the classified phone directory, have passed out leaflets listing speculators' names and have ripped up "Sold by" signs which were of larger size or were posted longer than city ordinance allows. They even won a fraud-and-misrepresentation case against two block-busting brokers in Chicago, thanks to several blunders which no established operator would have made. Despite all such resistance, once a block has been busted, only rarely has its complete breakdown been halted. Too many forces are working for us speculators.

Ordaining the "Cave-in" Method

The Chicago Real Estate Board, an organization of the city's most prominent realtors, all but ordained the "cave-in" method in a policy laid down in 1917: "It is desired in the interest of all that each block shall be filled solidly (with Negroes) and that further expansion shall be confined to contiguous blocks. . . ."

The board, which is all white, no longer makes a copy of this statement available in its office, but the policy never has been rescinded or repudiated. None of the board's 1700 members violates it. No member, if he deals with Negroes at all, is likely to arrange for a sale to them in a white neighborhood that is not next to a "Negro block." Once a neighborhood begins changing, none will show homes there to whites.

Lending institutions' "no-Negro" or "no-integrated area" loan policies further perpetuate the trend, restricting Negroes to blocks we bust and forcing them to rely mainly on our contract sales for financing.

The City Council and Mayor Richard J. Daley, who, like his two immediate predecessors, comes from the all-white Bridgeport area of the city, also help. They regularly table every request for

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open-occupancy ordinances, which by opening up any neighborhood to Negroes who could afford to buy there would take the pressure off the few collapsing ones which are open.

The police put down violence promptly in any blocks which are busted in a "permissible" area. Yet, if a Negro is leapfrogged into a home beyond this zone, the protests somehow always get out of hand. In one case a policeman guarding a Negro's new home was seen showing several youths how to make a Molotov-cocktail incendiary bomb.

Some churches accept all this, often serving as rallying points for whites trying to "hold the line." One parish even has acted as an agent in the purchase of twenty-two buildings which normal turnover otherwise might have placed in the hands of speculators. When change begins, most churches then simply close up shop and sell most or all of their property.

Relentless March of the Color Line

Neighborhood improvement associations actually are usually "all-white" improvement associations. One, the Back of the Yards Neighborhood Council, has kept its area all white. But it began in the 1930's and has a unique authoritarian control extending through stores, banks, churches and industry in its stockyards neighborhood. Every other neighborhood, including one in which retail businessmen raised a war chest of $100,000, has "gone" when the color line reached it. And associations which opposed me before any breakthroughs end up happy to cooperate—if I will only "go slow" and not change blocks until association officials say they are "ready." I usually do this to keep their goodwill.

Newspapers, too, help prepare the way. Their only stories in this field usually concern the "panic" aspects. If they print stories about Negroes, it's only in connection with crime or welfare problems or population increases, not with Negro church activity or business and educational success or other aspects of normal life in good Negro neighborhoods.

The Board of Education contributes by writing off a school once it begins to change racially, consigning it to overcrowding, double shifts and supervision by the least experienced and lowest-paid teachers—and by giving it the lowest proportion of counselors.

Then there are my financial sources, which are among the most reputable in the city. My credit is good in almost any bank or savings-and-loan association in town. It also is good with insurance companies, including several Negro firms. Merely by placing an ad in a daily newspaper, I can raise cash by selling my contract paper at a discount to some of the most reputable doctors, dentists, lawyers and other business and professional men in town.

With forces such as these on my side, why should I feel guilty? Am I really the basic cause of whites' fleeing? Do I depress their property values and inflate prices for Negroes? When a Negro has been turned away from a bank, do I "trap" him into accepting a contract sale?

And what alternative can you provide for my function? Would you try to influence your bank or savings-and-loan association to begin lending to Negroes? Would you help remove the pressure on "busted" areas by welcoming a Negro family into your block? Do you even care that my business operates as it does? Whatever my faults and whatever the social stigma I endure, I don't believe I am hypocritical about all this. Can you honestly say the same? **THE END**

Angrily resisting the block-busting agents, these women have stayed in their neighborhood to promote reasonable integration.

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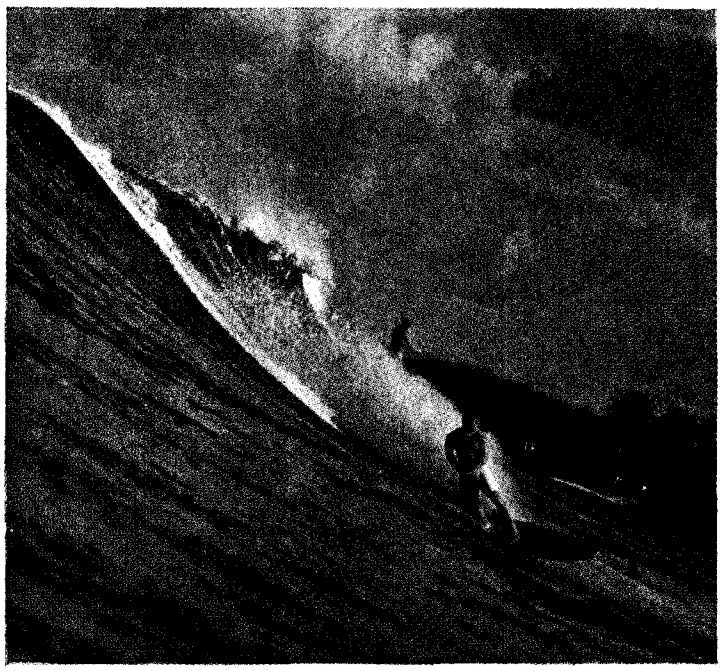


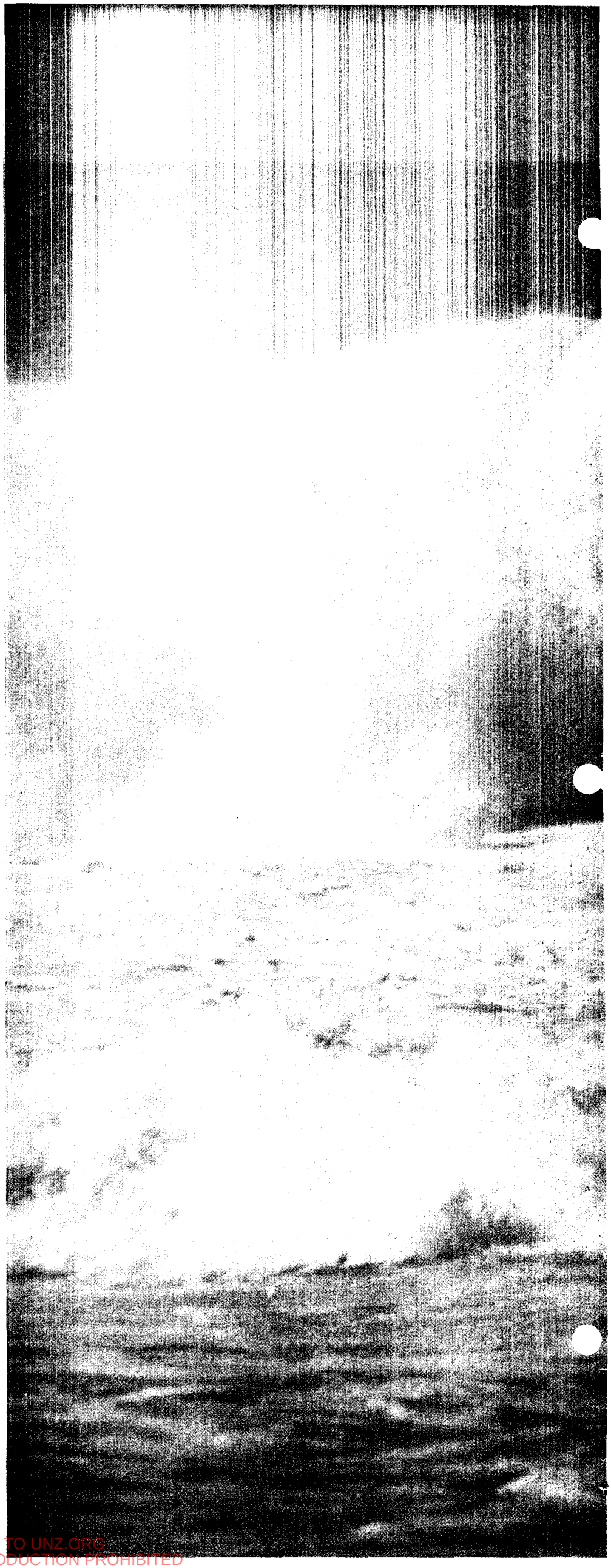
Haleiwa, Hawaii: Leaning into a turn, California junior champion Dave Willingham, 17, hisses down a wave. The photo was taken from another surfboard.

Riding the World's Wild Giants

Surfing resembles mountain climbing—man testing himself against awesome nature. But in surfing the mountain chases you. A foaming precipice hangs over your shoulder, ready to crush you under tons of water and pound you to the bottom. Every year several persons die surfing. But danger and the thrill of slashing across the face of a mighty wave make the sport intensely appealing to rugged, adventurous youngsters. In California, South Africa, Peru, Australia—wherever the surf piles high—the tanned and brawny take to the beaches with their nine-foot, twenty-five-pound surfboards under their arms.

The sport began centuries ago in Hawaii. Contests were held in which the stakes were war canoes, pigs and wives. Today surfers all over the world save for a trip to the islands and a crack at the towering storm surfs which rise thirty feet on the north shore of Oahu.

Photographs by JOHN SEVERSON



Honolulu schoolteacher Ricky Grigg, one of the best of the big-wave riders, beats a thundering breaker to shore. The place is Banzai Beach, Hawaii, considered by most too dangerous for surfing.

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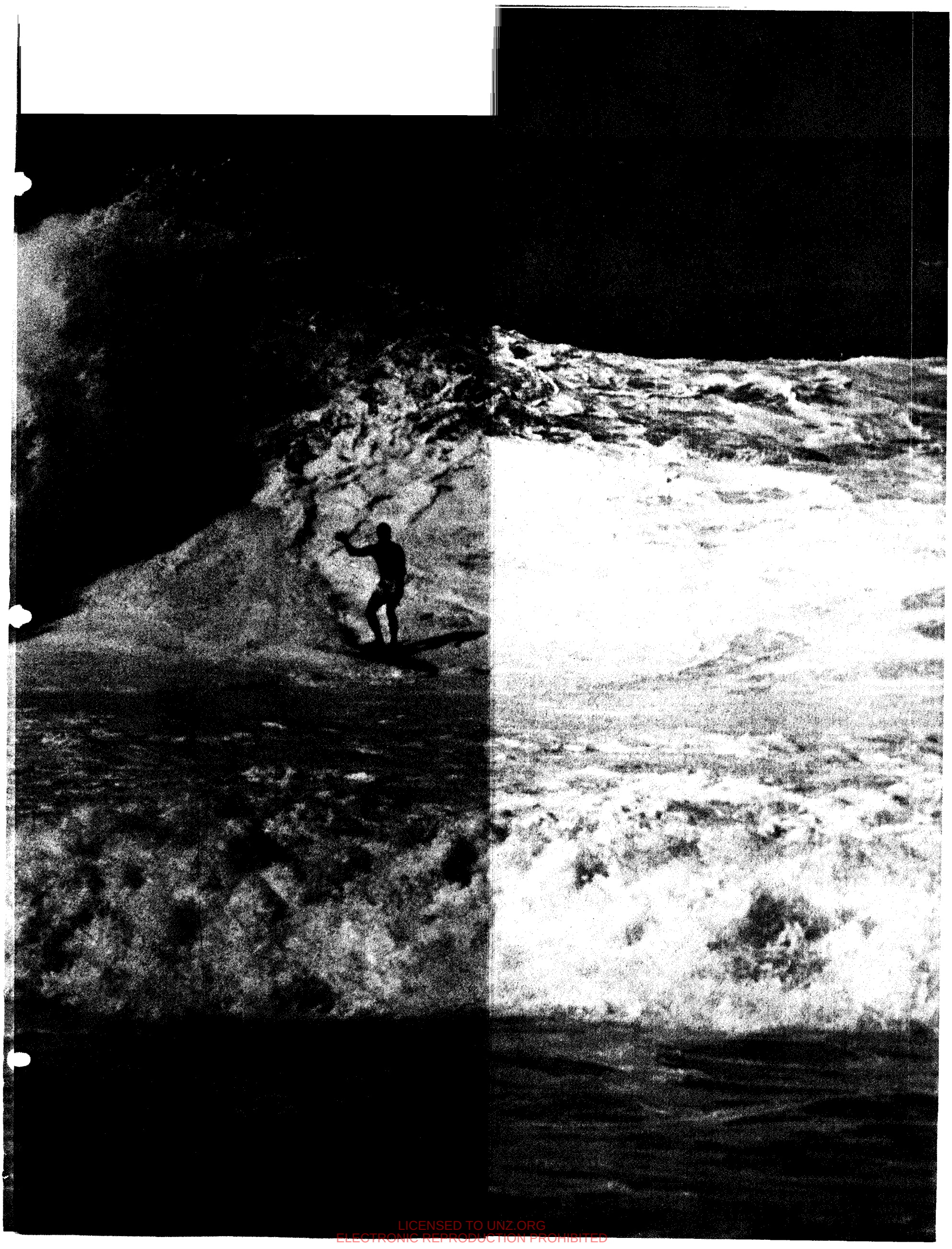

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On Australian beaches female surfers were once unwelcome, but girls like Tanya Binning, 16—shown at North Curl Curl—have changed all that.

In Sydney, Australia, there are so many surfers that the city government registers surfboards just as it does automobiles. More than 20,000 boards there display the official sticker. Surfing came to Australia in 1915 when Olympic swimmer Duke Kahanamoku paid a visit and gave a surfing exhibition. Movie actor Peter Lawford introduced Australians to the lightweight "Malibu board" in 1954, and the craze was on.

Sharks are a problem. One surfer was killed off Queensland last November. Others have been injured, including a surfer who lost a toe to a shark which nipped off the end of his board. But big-wave riders wouldn't dream of wasting a high surf. With a "hope-they-aren't-hungry" attitude, they go out anyway.

Girl surfers, whose uniform is the Bikini bathing suit, regard beach inspectors as the principal menace. Inspectors meet the more daringly unclad at the water's edge and whisk them off to see—and be seen by—the magistrate. Beach inspectors also keep surfers out of swimming areas: A surfboard moving at close to forty miles per hour can strike a swimmer dead.

For Aussie surfers tired of crowds and restrictions, nearby New Zealand is paradise. Despite the ideal waves and the magnificent beaches, the number who surf is small. But those who do are passionate about it. Peter Byers, shown in the photograph at right, raises tomatoes for a living. When the surf is booming, he puts work aside and heads for the water. A real surfer would hate to risk missing that one fabulous wave allotted, he believes, to each man: the Wave of a Lifetime.

In the curl of a big comber at Piha, a prime New Zealand surfing spot, Peter Byers crouches on the nose of his board for maximum speed. The ride runs a quarter of a mile along a rocky shore.

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Tim Elsner, 13, is one of thousands of young Californians learning to surf. Older surfers call them "gremmies"—kids who get in the way.

California's 40,000 surfers are a young, clannish bunch, with group eccentricities such as baggy bathing trunks and a private lingo. On weekends they throng to the 200 surfing spots along the southern coast. "Surfing is our life," says one youngster. "All the in-between days are bare existence." Some residents of the coastal towns are less rhapsodic. Surfers, they say, are roughnecks who ruin the swimming, drink and go on rampages. Several municipalities have banished the sport from their beaches. On the defensive, the surfers insist that most of the trouble is caused by "ho-daddies"—delinquent types who come not to surf but to raise Cain—and by "kooks," beginners who compensate for lack of skill by acting up.

Serious teen-age surfers are forming clubs with self-imposed standards; well-behaved members with good grades in school are eligible for "surf safaris"—surfing excursions led by parents. Though surfers are calming down ashore, they are as wild as ever on the water. California "hot-doggers" (fancy surfers) have evolved a fast, showy style imitated all over the world. They stand on the front of the board—"toes on the nose." They ride backward, on their heads, or in odd positions called "quasimodo," "el spontanio," "mysterioso" and the "head dip." But little performing goes on in the waves over twelve feet high. "When the surf gets big," an experienced surfer says, "the word is 'go,' in one direction and with one purpose—to beat the wave." Says another: "You don't measure the big ones in feet; you measure them in units of fear." **THE END**

The surfer at far right—at Windansea, near San Diego—is in perfect position to "make the wave." The other surfer dashed too far ahead, lost speed and is heading for a "wipe-out."

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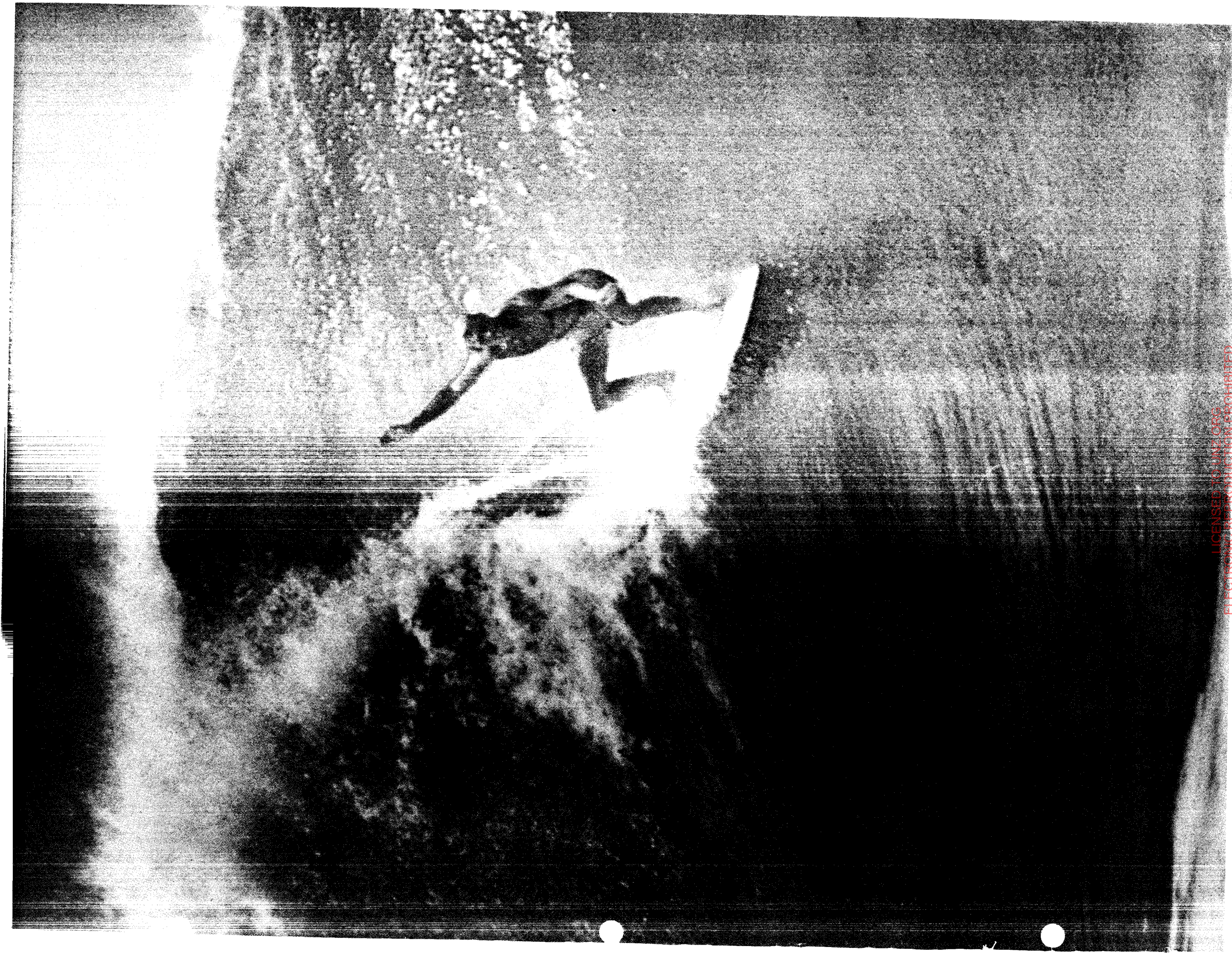

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Brash and Rumpled Star

Newcomer Warren Beatty demands superstar treatmen

BY JOSEPH LAITIN

The rumpled young man moodily slouched across the room. The left lens of his horn-rimmed glasses was cracked, which must have given him a distorted view of the world. It also caused him to tilt back his head, as if he wanted to confirm his reputation for arrogance. His enormously thick eyelashes made him look half asleep. That may well have been the impression he was trying to create, because suddenly he yawned right in my face.

"I've given you too much of my time, much too much," mumbled Warren Beatty, a difficult 25-year-old actor grudgingly accepted as the most exciting new movie talent since Marlon Brando.

"All you're interested in is the neurotic side of me. You don't want to write about my work. You haven't asked me a single question about my ideas on acting, about the theater or anything I consider important. My childish ego is excited by the prospect of your writing a story about me, but all you're interested in is trivia."

Rejects Lana, Spurns JFK Role

Hollywood barely knows Beatty, even less understands him. He's turned down a part with Lana Turner as his leading lady because he didn't like the script. Warner Brothers offered him an even more attractive plum—the role of John F. Kennedy in a film on the President's World War II exploits. He again turned up his nose.

Beatty's asking price for a picture that meets his standards is $150,000—recently he rejected an offer of $200,000—and he's fussy not only about his role and the script but who's going to play with him and who's going to direct.

He has enjoyed a thrust to stardom nearly unique in contemporary Hollywood history. The same thing happened to Brando, Grace Kelly and perhaps Montgomery Clift. But that was a decade or more ago, and all of them capitalized on sudden fame by grinding out film after film. Not Warren Beatty; he completed his third and latest picture, *All Fall Down*, almost ten months ago.

His three movies have been released, and Beatty is now universally acclaimed by the critics as a gifted actor and a new star. Talent alone, though, is not what's making Warren Beatty the movies' most sought-after young leading man. Long before any of his pictures reached the screen, he was getting mash notes from women who had seen publicity photographs. The combination of ability and sensuality is too much for any producer to resist, and before he had completed his first film, *Splendor in the Grass*, Beatty was being courted like a star. He already had the temperament of one.

From the first day he appeared on a movie set, just two years ago, Warren Beatty has been an *enfant terrible*. He violated every precept for a young unknown actor trying to get ahead. He argued with directors about how scenes should be played, threw a studio publicity photographer out of his dressing room for invading his privacy, drove one director into a frenzy by taking longer with his makeup than the leading lady and held up the start of another production six weeks until the fine print of the contract contained everything Beatty wanted, including a star's dressing room.

All of that makes him good newspaper copy. Recently young Beatty was described with a stream of adjectives: "Hostile, attractive, moody, sensitive, self-conscious, bright, defensive, ambitious, arrogant, stuttering, self-seeking and talented."

Beatty took exception. "I don't stutter," he said indignantly. "Obviously the guy who wrote that doesn't know me."

That may be because Warren is so hard to get to. Even his older sister, Shirley MacLaine, who was starting her rise to movie-star fame when Beatty was in high school in Arlington, Virginia, is kept at a distance.

"I only know what I read in the papers about Warren," says Shirley sadly. "We rarely see each other any more. I've tried to reach out to him, but he just doesn't seem to want to communicate with me."

They were once close. Warren and Shirley Beaty (he kept the family name, which is pronounced "Baytee," but added a second *t*) were brought up in a middle-class American home.

From Tunnel Sandhog to Broadway

During the summer of 1955 he took a job as a clerk at a legitimate theater, the National Theatre in Washington, D.C. Then he enrolled at Northwestern University with vague notions of studying law. Before the school year was out, he quit and went to New York. Beatty took a $24-a-month furnished room, subsisted on odd jobs and peanut-butter sandwiches. He worked as a sandhog in a tunnel under the Hudson River. He played piano at an East Side café. He attended a drama school and managed to get a few acting jobs in TV. A severe case of hepatitis interrupted his career, forcing him to return home to recover.

A few months later, in February, 1957, he went back to New York, resolved to concentrate on acting. Beatty's performances for a suburban winter stock company impressed playwright William Inge, who invited Beatty to audition for *A Loss of Roses*, a play Inge had just written for Broadway. Beatty got the lead. He gave twenty-four performances; the play was a dismal failure. But the critics unanimously singled out Beatty as the production's only virtue and hailed him as a future star.

M-G-M brought him to Hollywood on salary, but let him languish. In New York director Elia Kazan was looking for a male lead to play opposite Natalie Wood in *Splendor in the Grass*. Inge was the author and he mentioned Beatty as a possibility. Kazan notified Beatty that if he could come to New York, he'd get a test for the part. Impatient with M-G-M, Beatty borrowed money to repay his salary to the studio and flew back to New York. Kazan decided to use Beatty.

Beatty's second film, *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone*, turned out to be another personal triumph. His performance as an Italian gigolo was outstanding. His name was linked with one of the most dazzling in motion pictures—Vivien Leigh's, the great lady of *Gone With the Wind*.

For his third picture, *All Fall Down*, Beatty became a tough businessman. He made the studio knuckle under to all his demands, which included the best dressing room on the lot, the one normally reserved for Gregory Peck.

By the time *All Fall Down* went into production Beatty was something of an industry legend in Hollywood, and he began to attract the curious. There were always show-business visitors on the set. One day Beatty put his foot down and refused to work before an audience. He withdrew to his dressing room and held up production until the visitors left.

To charges that such conduct is unprofessional, Beatty retorts: "If you work better in absolute silence, you damned well should have absolute silence. When there's whispering and shuffling on the set, I get edgy. It affects my concentrating. The better known an actor becomes, the more obstacles are put in his path just trying to do an honest day's work."

Warren cares, despite disclaimers, what people say about him. He also worries about publicity, but he rarely submits to interviews any more. "Interviewers expect you to push in a plug, light up like a Christmas tree and start throwing off witticisms and things," complains Beatty.

"I Wasn't Rude to That Reporter"

"What am I—an actor or a corporation?" he wailed while lounging in his home at the end of an imperfect day. His press agent had called that morning to tell him about an unfavorable interview that appeared in a New York newspaper. His talent agent phoned to say a top Hollywood producer was complaining about him. A friend from the East relayed ugly stories about Warren's patronizing attitude toward technicians on movie sets. And to top it all his business manager phoned to suggest he buy some decent clothes and stop looking like a slob.

"I'm sloppy, yes," said Beatty, "but I'm not dirty. I just enjoy being sloppy. And I wasn't rude to that reporter in New York. He just didn't know what to ask me. And I don't think I was disrespectful to that producer. I'd turned down that script so many times I guess I was a little impatient the last time, that's all."

What bothered him most, though, was the repetitious rumor that movie crews are miffed because of his standoffishness. "All right, so I'm not buddy-buddy with the crews. I don't get paid to be friends with them and they don't get paid to be

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from Hollywood. And what Warren wants, Warren gets.

Beatty's personal life is confused and disorganized. He says: "I just enjoy being sloppy."

friends with me. Making pals of grips and electricians is not an actor's most important job on the set. I think there's a tendency among some stars to make a popularity contest out of it."

That surly attitude conflicts sharply with his behavior at times. For among his less-publicized characteristics is an obviously genuine concern for people. Some months ago he was in New York, his first movie had just opened to smash reviews, and his presence in town was duly noted by the press. Beautiful women and successful men sought his company. Refusing them he looked up an obscure assistant stage manager who had befriended him during the dreary days in New York three years earlier, when he was grateful for any professional encouragement. Beatty tracked the man down, and learned that he was critically ill in a midtown hospital. Daily, until the man died several days later, Warren went to his bedside and sat for hours with him.

No Lizards in Natalie's Pool

Usually Beatty can't sit still for more than a few minutes at a time. During our conversation one afternoon, Beatty excused himself, reappeared moments later in swim trunks and wandered outdoors to his kidney-shaped pink pool. The pool, unused for a week, was covered with leaves. Warren brushed them away with a skimmer, exposing at the bottom a dead lizard, six or seven inches long. For about ten minutes he stood silently at the edge, meditatively poking at the carcass with a long pole. "If Natalie knew a lizard died in this pool, she'd never swim here again." He brooded another minute, then said, "Let's go over and use Natalie's pool."

Beatty is seen everywhere these days with Natalie Wood. But no one is predicting a wedding. "I am confused about marriage," admits Warren.

A Beatty friend says the marital confusion is symptomatic. "Warren is now intensely organized in his career and intensely disorganized in his personal affairs. He lives out of two suitcases."

Out of one of those suitcases a few weeks ago spilled thirty-five checks he'd never cashed and quite a few bills he'd never paid. Sometimes unpaid bills lie on the floor of his car for long periods of time. Beatty dismisses them by saying, "I can't be bothered with things like this. I keep telling these people to send their bills to my business manager if they want to get paid."

Beatty just doesn't like to cope with everyday details. "Obstacles can eat you up," he said recently. "I think sidestepping them is better than trying to deal with them."

Every sidestep creates new problems for him. He can be fresh to people, sometimes rude. And each time he is, he receives glaring attention. Under the glare it is hard to see that behind his arrogance is a sober, frightened young man, searching for himself—and finding the going harder and harder as he becomes better known. **THE END**

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AN ASSASSIN IN ALGERIA

Blood must water the tree of liberty

a short story by SMITH HEMPSTONE

The Algerian sun warmed Michel ben Seddik as he sat at a table on the pavement outside the Café Metropole with the bomb between his knees. He studied the circular patterns made on the wooden tabletop by the moisture from the bottom of his glass of *pastis* and strummed on the table with his long, awkward, sensitive fingers.

He stopped strumming and quickly wiped away the pattern of circles with the cuff of his borrowed laborer's jacket. He ran his hand through his close-cropped hair and looked at his wristwatch. It was 12:16.

He was worried, but not about the bomb. Mahmoud had shown him that it was harmless until he crimped the primer. He was worried about the rear window of the car. If it were closed, the briefcase containing the bomb might bounce off before exploding. If that happened, the force of the *plastique* would be spent in the street, and the prefect, whose life the F.L.N. demanded, might escape.

Worse still, innocent pedestrians, French and Moslems alike, would die. He knew that this did not matter, or at least was not supposed to matter, according to Mahmoud.

"There are no innocents," the Berber terrorist had told him, his eyes glowing like smoldering fuses under his wrinkled brow.

It had been Mahmoud's idea to use a *plastique* rather than a grenade in the assassination of the prefect. The *plastique* was the trademark of O.A.S. The prefect, as a moderate man, was a suitable target for both the O.A.S. and the F.L.N. Why not let the O.A.S. take the blame for it?

In terrorism, Mahmoud had found his calling. As a miner he had been a good gang boss, tough and with plenty of courage and initiative. But he lacked the education to go higher and his work gave him no real satisfaction. It was a job, a means to make money, a way to live.

But as a terrorist, he was an artist. He believed in the cause of Algerian freedom but, had he not so believed, he would have been no less effective. He never allowed emotion to enter into the laying or the execution of his plans, so his patriotism was really irrelevant. He understood firearms and explosives, and for him they were more than just effective instruments—they had a beauty in themselves. He knew people and how they react to certain types of terror—those who can be bent and those who must be broken. He had an instinct for the tender places of the body and the dark corners of the soul. He knew how to apply pressure to these points, either individually or collectively, to achieve his ends. Terror was his life, his medium, and in the Revolution he had been reborn. Without terror, he would be nothing: with it, he was a man fulfilled.

Michel, who was twenty-three and fresh from the University of Paris, guessed that he could never be like Mahmoud, to whom the answers were so plain, the alternatives so clear-cut. He believed with all his heart and mind in the idea of an Algerian nation. But his spaniel-soft brown eyes filled at the sight of suffering. His gangling, disjointed body could not bear pain. He had done some distance running at school in an effort to overcome this weakness. But he had failed and been physically ill. The whole idea of violence revolted him. Yet he could see that through violence Mahmoud found grace. And he knew that only violence could free Algeria.

He had hoped at first that he would be able to serve the F.L.N. in a nonviolent capacity. But soon he had realized that this could not be. His was an age of violence. He had joined a fraternity of death. Until he had shed blood he could never become a full member of this dark brotherhood. The *plastique* was his Communion wafer, the blood of the prefect, the wine. Only through these could he find redemption. Still, for Michel, things were not quite so clear as they were to Mahmoud.

Perhaps it is because I am half French, he thought. But he knew that this was not it. He had never been as close to his mother, the French *colon* from rocky Constantine, as he was to his Moslem father. But what was his father if not a Frenchman? A graduate of the Sorbonne, professor of history at the University of Algiers, a Gaullist, a reserve officer, he was as French as Molière, more at home in Paris than he could ever be in the Arab world, French in his heart and soul if not in blood.

For that matter, what was he—Michel? French was the language of his birth and he spoke Arabic only indifferently. His friends were either French or Gallicized Arabs. The only "pure" Arabs and Berbers in his life had been servants in his family's home—rough, uneducated people with whom he had no more in common than their shared humanity. Although nominally a Moslem, he would no more have made a pilgrimage to Mecca than he would have eaten human flesh. Islam to him was a cultural heritage, a fact and condition of life, a whisper from the dim corridors of history which reminded him—when he bothered to think *(Continued on page 57)*

ILLUSTRATION BY HARVEY SCHMIDT

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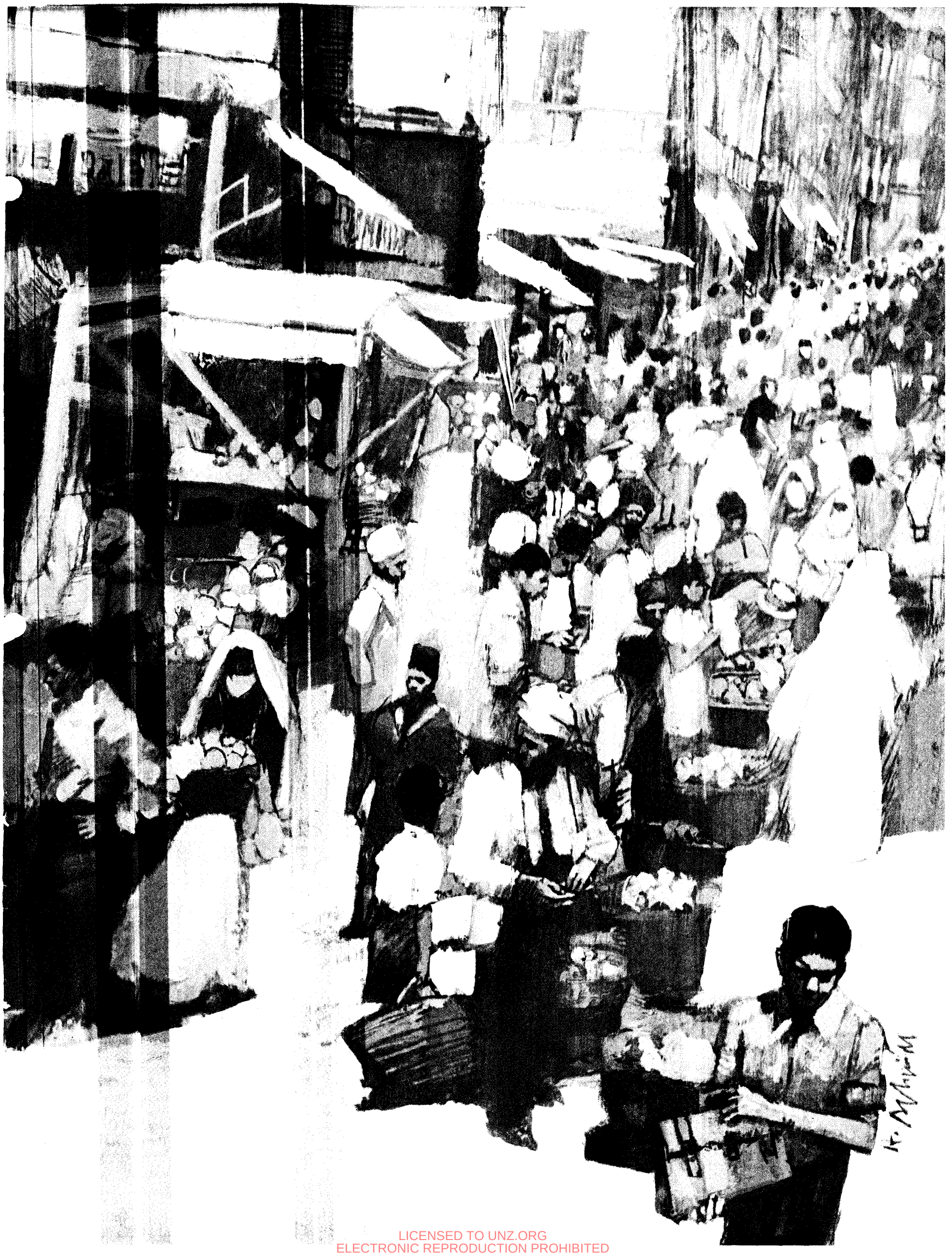

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People on the Way Up

TV Emcee

Proving that local television need not be a wasteland, Nancy Clark, 35, gives viewers in Idaho hard-hitting documentaries. "We've even covered such subjects as child molesters and homosexuality," says Nancy, whose daily program on Boise's KTVB has won two national awards. Her taste for public issues developed naturally. A daughter of the late D. Worth Clark, U.S. Senator from Idaho, she spent most of her childhood in Washington, D.C., returned to Idaho after a job as a TV reporter in Baltimore. "I ski, fish and ride, and so do my three sons," says Nancy, "which is why Idaho is good for us." Would she take a job in national TV? "Not unless I'd have the same free hand I do here," she says. "I'd hate to leave this way of life." PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED LYON

Logistics Expert

On the flight line Grace Kelleher, 34, stands before a fruit of her labors—a North American F-100 Super Sabre jet in flying readiness. Deputy chief of the Air Force's Aerospace Support Division, Mrs. Kelleher helps oversee the service's billion-dollar-a-year spare-parts business, keeping aircraft, missile, and communications systems in working condition. One of her toughest jobs is pruning parts orders to avoid overspending. Last year she helped trim the Air Force's parts bill by $150,000,000. "Our people are tempted to insure that we have more than enough spares," says Grace. "But there just isn't enough money for that." Another tough job is justifying money spent. "You're always on the defensive in the spare-parts business," she says. "Investigators are always claiming someone bought a 20-year supply of an obsolete item. You must do the best you can, then stand by your work." Grace grew up in Lakeland, Fla., fibbed about her age and joined the WAC at fifteen, went to work for the Navy in Washington, D.C., after her discharge in 1945. Studying at night, she earned a B.S. in military science from U. of Maryland, then a master's in statistics from American University. A reservist, she was called into the WAF in early 1951, served 18 months during the Korean War before joining the Air Force as a civilian employee. She and husband Frank, and two daughters—ages ten months and two years—live in Arlington, Va. She likes to entertain at small dinner parties, enjoys cooking such dishes as beef Stroganoff, an undertaking, says Grace, similar to supplying spare parts: "It requires lots of preparation to do either well." PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT HUNTZINGER

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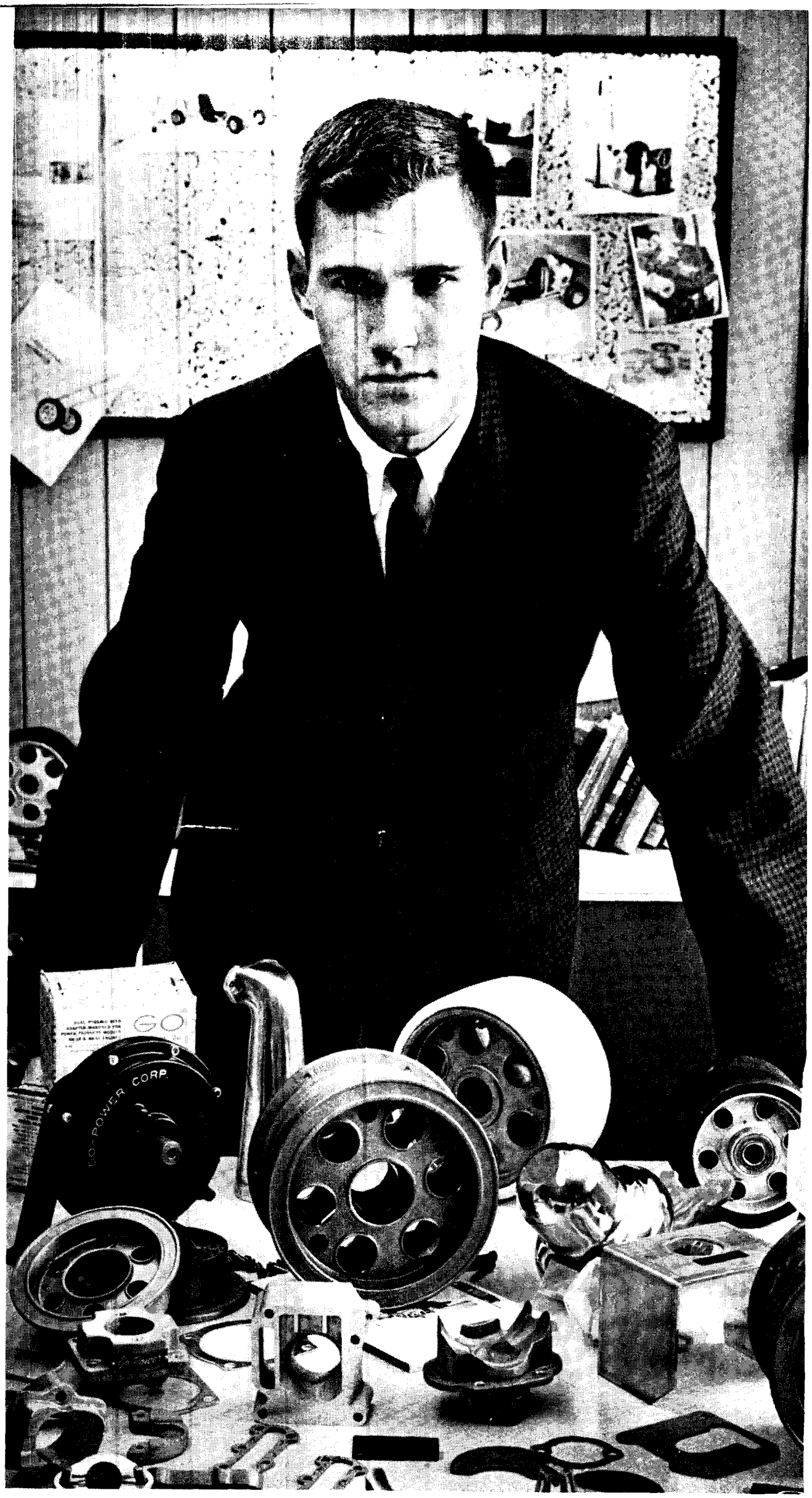

Collegiate Tycoon

Starting with devices that make go-karts go faster, engineer-entrepreneur Neal Williams launched a multi-product firm that has made him a man of means at age 22. His business, Go-Power Corporation, grossed $325,000 last year. Neal, an engineering senior at Stanford, takes success in his stride, aims to be a millionaire at 30. "I was able to prove that America still is the land of opportunity," says Neal with satisfaction. "And it was easier to do than I supposed." At home in Tulsa, Oklahoma, after his freshman year at Stanford, Neal and a pal named Terry Buffum—now Go-Power's vice president and secretary—built a go-kart for a 12-year-old neighbor. Promptly they got orders for six more, at $130 each. "We salvaged scrap metal from the local junkyard and built the karts from magazine illustrations, memory and imagination," Buffum recalls. Back at Stanford in the fall of 1958, Neal entered kart meets, won his first nine races. Competitors soon discovered his secret—a Williams-engineered manifold that increased his engine's horsepower—and urged Neal to market it. Neal opened a basement workshop, hired a professional machinist and two Stanford students to produce the manifold. In his first month he sold 500 units. By June of 1959, just six months after his first sale, he had fourteen employees packaging and shipping parts from his plant in Palo Alto. That summer he designed a lightweight kart-wheel—made of magnesium—and within five months 81 of the country's 90 kart manufacturers were using his wheels. Today Go-Power makes magnesium wheels for helicopters, and mufflers for go-karts, outboard motors and chain saws. Neal subcontracts the manufacture of his products. "In our present, still unpredictable growth status," he says, "it is cheaper and less risky to have someone else do our manufacturing than to tool up ourselves." Two years ago Neal married his secretary's sister and moved from a dormitory into a ranch-style house in Menlo Park. He plans to receive his B.S. in mechanical engineering this winter, then to take graduate work in engineering and business. Since Go-Power became big business Neal has followed a leap-frog pattern in school attendance—work a term at Go-Power, study a term at Stanford. His dizzying schedule has put a slight crimp in his grades: He has a B-minus average. But well-heeled Neal brushes off his middling record. "In some classes," he complains, "they're giving me instruction in subjects I have been practicing for years. I could teach the course myself: so there's no great challenge to work for a high grade." PHOTOGRAPH BY PHIL BATH.

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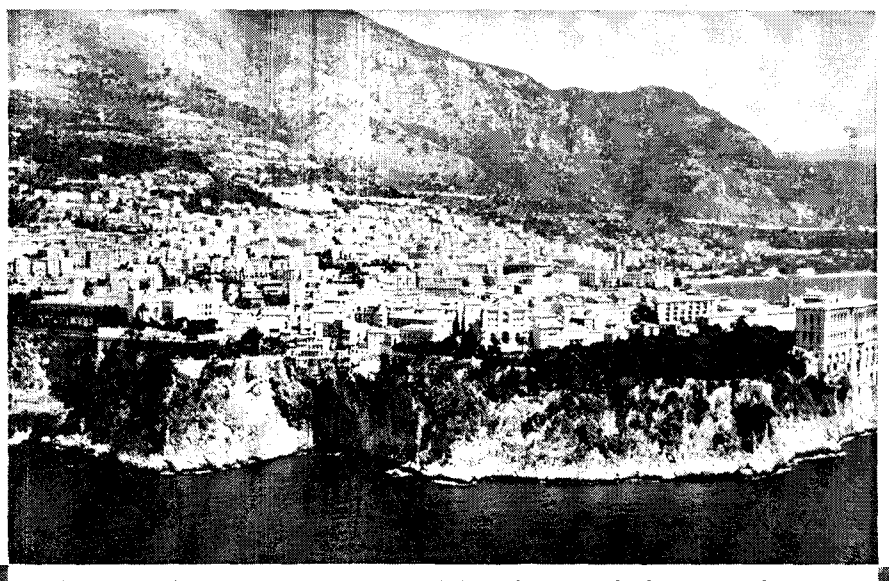
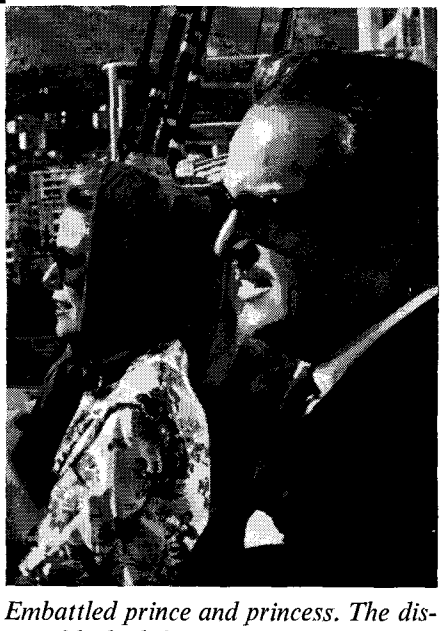


Point of contention: Rainier and Grace's sunny little principality.

De Gaulle, piqued by Rainier's actions, is tightening economic screws on Monaco.

Tempest in a Riviera Teapot



Embattled prince and princess. The dispute blocked Grace's return to movies.

By Charlotte and Denis Plimmer

A feud with a comic-opera plot seriously threatens the continued independence of Monaco, the world's loveliest tax haven.

I did not insult General De Gaulle, and I did not insult France," said Prince Rainier to us at his palace in Monaco.

Later Princess Grace added, "I can't believe that General De Gaulle would want to do away with Monaco."

Yet, just as Rainier and his wife were talking to us, in an exclusive and frank interview, every signpost—economic, political and emotional—pointed to one incredible conclusion: Charles de Gaulle, president of the nation that virtually surrounds Rainier's tiny Mediterranean principality, was preparing to put an end to Monaco's long history as an independent state.

The French action began after a series of complex financial moves by both France and Monaco, which resulted in Rainier's summarily firing his minister of state, Emile Pelletier. Pelletier, formerly in De Gaulle's cabinet, had been appointed by the prince from a list of eligibles dictated by Paris. The explosion occurred on the night of last January twenty-third, when Rainier received what his associates described to us as "one of the most brutal ultimata ever offered by one nation to another."

The story goes back to a Saar broadcasting station owned by a Monegasque company, *Images et Son*, which also controls Radio Monte Carlo and Radio Luxembourg. The station had passed into German control when the French handed the Saar back. Now France, fearing that Tele-Saar would become both a German propaganda weapon and a threat to French business by plugging German products to a French audience, wanted to regain control. This the French attempted to do by acquiring, through a third party, a large block of *Images et Son* shares. When the third party proposed to list the shares on the Paris Bourse so that they could finally be picked up by France, Rainier, having received secret warning of the move, signed an ordinance forbidding their resale. And Pelletier, for some odd reason, approved the ordinance.

Ultimatums and Divided Loyalty

Then suddenly came the French ultimatum: Abrogate the ordinance, or face reprisals in all fields. The time limit was less than twenty-four hours. At a cabinet meeting on the crucial night, Rainier angrily acceded. He was in a bad spot, but Pelletier's position, in a way, was even worse. As a Monegasque official paid by Rainier's treasury, his first loyalty should have been to his master. But as a temporarily detached French civil servant, which Monaco's ministers of state must by treaty be, he was morally bound to protect French interests. Pelletier turned on the prince.

Rainier told us, "He said I had taken advantage of his good faith, that I'd pulled this on him, that it was underhanded. Then he said, 'I will go to De Gaulle and tell him you've said you were anti-French.'"

"Had you said so?" we asked.

"No," Rainier replied. "But I had said I was fed up with France's interventions. I admit I was overaggravated. I said it was about time we found out what were our servitudes and where we had liberty of action. When Pelletier accused me of being anti-French, I said, 'Leave this room and this palace. I have no further use for you in this principality.'"

The minister, now an ex-minister, strode off into the night to trigger the crisis.

"I understand," one Monaco resident confided to us, "that Rainier was quite a bit rougher than he likes to admit. I heard that he damned the uniform he had worn as a French Army officer in World War II, that he damned France itself and that he damned De Gaulle. And when De Gaulle heard that, he said, 'I'll have his skin!'"

No matter what words Prince Rainier, in a fit of temper, may have used that January night, they unleashed a tornado of French anger which is battering not only at the prince himself but at Monaco's sole "natural resource"—freedom from income tax.

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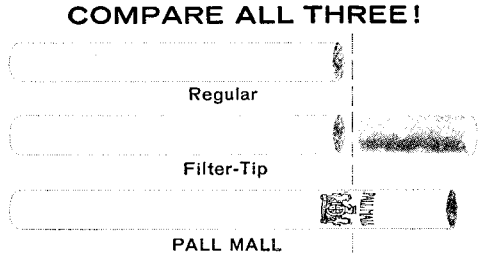

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"Of course, the French could copy Berlin and build a wall. But then they would really look ridiculous."

Monaco The little nation, smaller than New York City's Central Park with a population of about 24,000 (only 3000 of them Monegasque citizens), produces not a watt of electric power. Every essential must be bought from France or imported through French territory. If current threats are carried out, Monaco will, by October, be completely isolated—without gas, without water, without lights—unless, in the meantime, Rainier accepts full fiscal alignment with France. That would turn every Monegasque resident, from Rainier down to the humblest street sweeper, into a payer of French taxes with no more representation in Paris than the American colonists had in London.

Between February and mid-May France made it devastatingly clear that Monaco must accept the French tax system *in toto*—or else! With chill precision France twisted the thumbscrew.

Customs and Immigration Controls

First the "good neighbor" accord of 1951 was denounced. By October Monaco will face customs and immigration controls and extra charges on phone calls, mail and tobacco unless Rainier knuckles under. Simultaneously the French consul-general in Monaco was ordered to delay indefinitely all requests by French citizens for permits to become tax-free Monegasque residents. Then—again on six months' notice—France denounced the convention under which Monaco-made pharmaceuticals are sold in France, thus strangling a $4,000,000-a-year industry.

Monegasque trucking companies were next. As of May, 1963, their vehicles will need special permits to operate on French highways. The screw tightened again. Beginning last month, no Monegasque citizen could settle in France without residence and work permits.

Twice Rainier sent a delegation to the French Foreign Office ("Accept our demands," said the French; "No," said the Monegasques) and twice the talks broke down. "We can play it hot or cold," a Paris official told us. "There are still a lot of nasty things we can do."

France justifies its conduct by quoting a French-Monegasque treaty which was signed in 1918. For centuries the principality's sovereignty had been acknowledged in a host of international treaties. France herself recognizes the accreditation of Monaco's legation in Paris, and the principality has consular relations with most civilized nations (there are twelve Monegasque consulates in the United States, including, appropriately, one in Las Vegas).

But thanks to two ambiguous words in the 1918 agreement, France now claims that Monaco is, in reality, only a protectorate. The words are "*amitié protectrice*"—protective friendship. According to Prince Rainier, that expression connotes only a kind of avuncular arm-around-the-shoulder relationship. But one French spokesman said to us, "Oh, no, it means that Monaco is a sovereign protectorate." Baffled, we asked, "What's that?" Our informant replied, "Well, Monaco can be independent, but not too much."

According to an international lawyer we consulted, France's recent attempts to throttle Monaco economically reflect confused viewpoints. Some moves seem aimed at Monegasques as though they were foreigners, others as though they were citizens of France. France quotes the following clause in the forty-four-year-old treaty:

> The Government of the French Republic assures to the Principality of Monaco the defense of its independence and of its sovereignty and guarantees the integrity of its territory as if this territory formed part of France. On its side, the Government of His Most Serene Highness, the Prince of Monaco, engages itself to exercise its rights of sovereignty in perfect conformity with the political, military, naval and economic interests of France.

It was, says De Gaulle's government, the economic interests of France which were being jeopardized, not only by the *Images et Son* incident but by Monaco's recent policy of bolstering its own economy. Until De Gaulle struck, would-be residents were queuing to get into Monaco. Skyscraper apartments were shooting up on the hillsides, footage on the Boulevard des Moulins was worth more than on the Champs-Elysées, and Rainier was enlarging his realm by extending two tongues of rock fill into the sea.

"But now," an American real-estate man told us in Monte Carlo, "everything has stopped dead. Nobody's buying, nobody's selling. People are losing their jobs, and credit is getting tight."

In 1949, when Rainier came to the throne, the heavy-spending, roulette-spinning aristocratic tourism which had supported his nation for generations had long since played out. His predecessor and grandfather, Prince Louis II, had boosted the national income a little by turning the principality into a sort of aesthetic and scientific Geneva for international cultural congresses. Rainier went a long step further by converting Monaco into a going business concern, dependent partly on tourism, partly on culture, but mostly on business and industry.

The lush old Casino now provides only 4 percent of Monaco's income; 31 percent comes from tourism, and the rest from light industries (chocolate, beer, plastics, cosmetics) and from executive offices, mostly of international firms. These were invited into the principality to bring a well-heeled population which would buy expensive apartments, stage lavish business conferences, patronize local enterprises and, in general, spread the wealth.

Program Lures U. S. Companies

The program went into high gear in 1961 under the direction of a trim young American, Martin Dale, former U.S. vice consul in Nice. The prince named Dale as his private financial adviser with an office in the palace. Together Dale and Rainier organized the Monaco Economic Development Corporation, to bring new businesses with high standards into Monaco. In 1961 Dale approved forty-six firms which had been enticed by his brochure, *Monaco Can Help Your Company*.

From the U. S., for instance, came Rust Craft greeting cards, ALCO, which manufactures zippers, Allied Chemical, and Joy Manufacturing. On their way in when the crisis exploded were a New York bank and Chris-Craft boats.

Under MEDEC's kindly radiance, Monaco registered a financial turnover equal to that of a French town of (*Continued on Page 38*)

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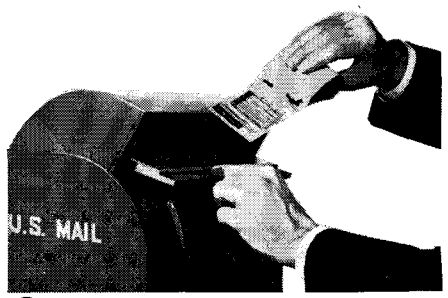

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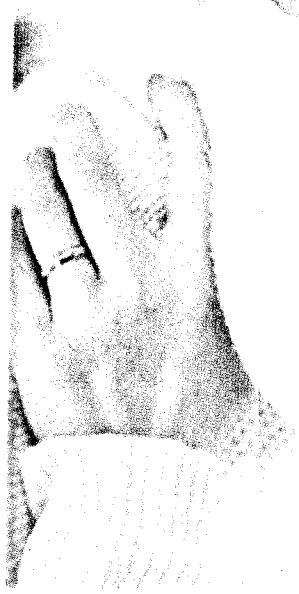

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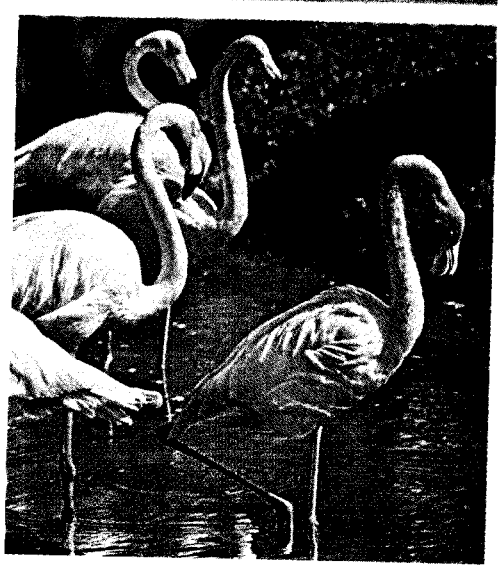

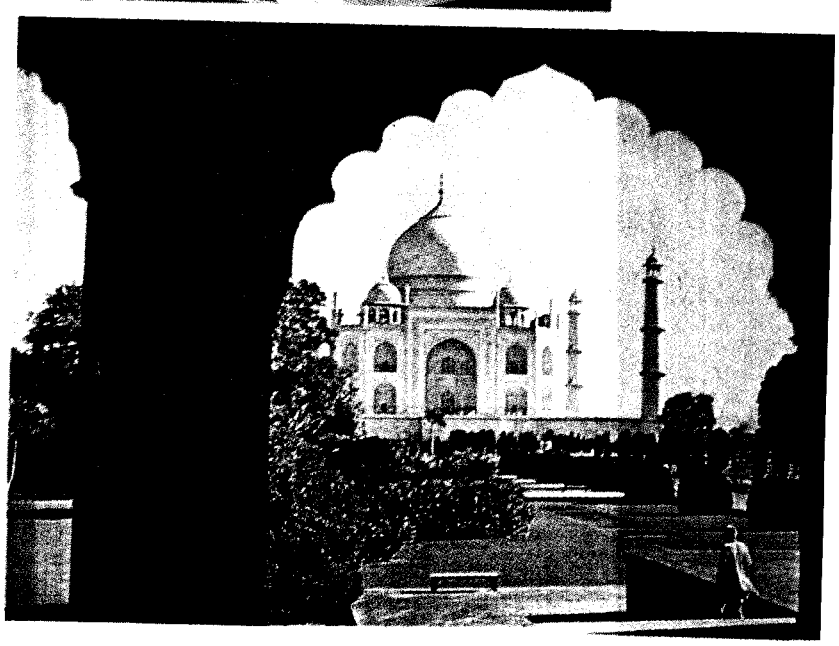

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"FLAMELESS ELECTRIC HOME HEATING HELPS KEEP OUR HOUSE CLEANER THAN WE EVER DREAMED"

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Harden of Graham, North Carolina, describe the cleanliness and comfort of electric home heating, and offer some surprising facts about its economy

According to the Hardens, converting their 20-year-old house to electric heat was one of the smartest moves they ever made.

"It's just wonderful how clean the house stays now," says Edna Harden. "Ever since we changed over to electric heat I've had much more time to do all sorts of things for Pete and the children I never was able to get around to before. The house never gets too hot or too cold, and there are never any drafts or sudden hot blasts."

"Edna's right," says Peter Harden. "But I'll tell you what I like even more—and that's the cost. A lot of people told me that our heating bills might be higher after we converted, but I find that electric heating costs no more than our old system —and it's a lot more convenient."

These same advantages of electric home heating which the Hardens have discovered are already being enjoyed by more than a million families all over America. If you're planning on buying or building a home, or modernizing your present home, the benefits of electric heating can be yours as well. There are five basic systems to choose from and your local electric company will help you get all the information for the system that suits you best.

YOU LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY • *Edison Electric Institute, 750 Third Ave., New York 17*

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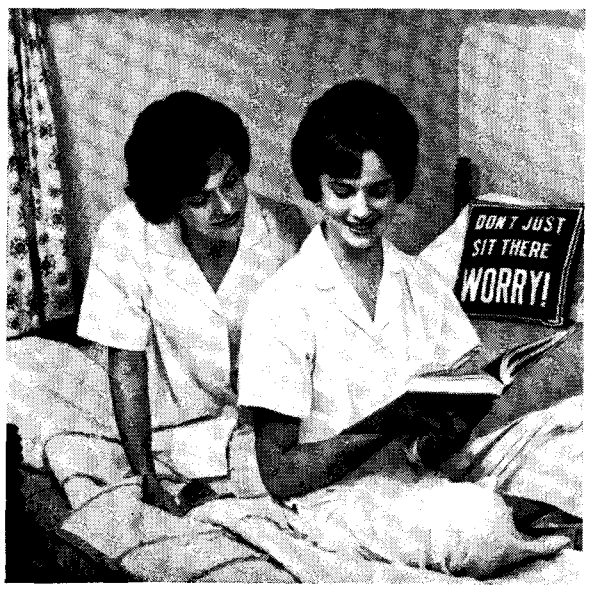
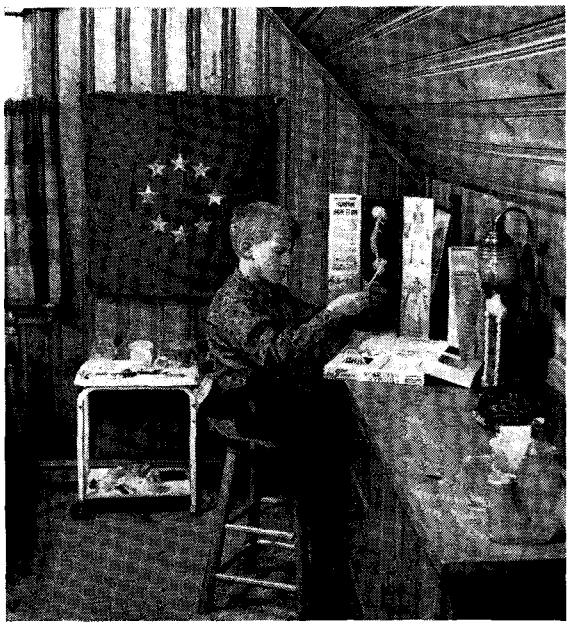
YEAR-ROUND COMFORT is provided by the Hardens' heat pump. "It certainly is convenient," says Mr. Harden. "Keeps our whole house like springtime all year long—and it's completely automatic."

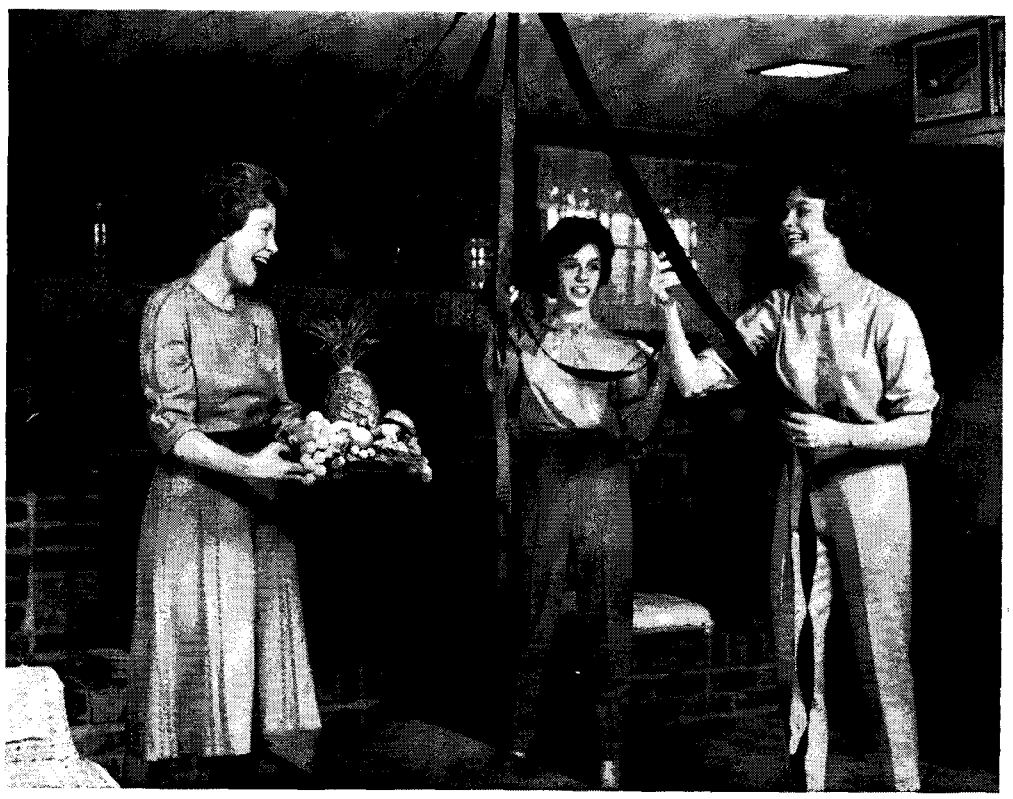




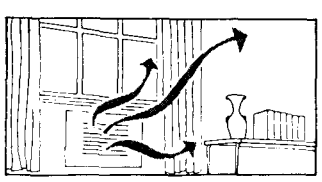
EVEN ON THE HOTTEST DAY the Harden house is cool, thanks to the heat pump. Even Little Pete's own room on the top floor stays comfortable.

"IT'S WARM AS TOAST all winter long now," says Janet to her friend, Nancy. "And it's wonderful not to have to bundle up on cold nights."

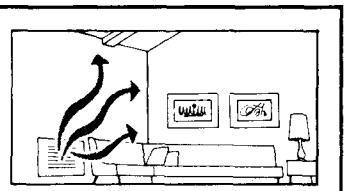
NEW RECREATION ROOM in the basement measures 14' x 21'. It was made possible by the space gained when the Hardens converted to electric home heating.



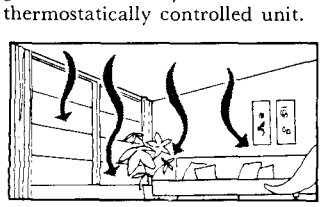
OTHER BASIC SYSTEMS OF FLAMELESS ELECTRIC HOME HEATING



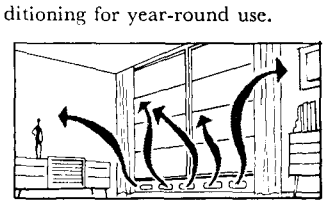
Wall panel heaters have heating coils located behind a decorative grill. Small fans may be used with this thermostatically controlled unit.



Electric furnaces provide compact central heating systems which can be combined with central air conditioning for year-round use.



Ceiling cable heat is invisible. Wires less than ⅛" thick are fastened to ceilings before plastering. Each room can have a thermostat.



Baseboard units heat by both radiation and convection. All surfaces are warmed evenly, and control is by individual room thermostat.

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"Monaco is not dedicated to fiscal fraud. Even if it were, it would be only a tiny drop of sweat in the French national fraud, which runs into billions."

Former Minister of State Emile Pelletier sided with De Gaulle. Rainier fired him.

French Finance Minister Valéry G. d'Estaing launched attack on Monegasque tax dodgers.

Ex-U.S. vice consul Martin Dale, Rainier's "pocket Richelieu," stirs French resentment.

Monaco 55,000. Thousands of French and Italian workers flocked in daily, leaving with enough take-home pay to fertilize hundreds of small enterprises, as far east as San Remo in Italy and as far west as Cannes. "Last year," Rainier told us proudly, "we pumped two billion old francs (over $4,100,000) into the French economy."

But in far-off Paris certain quiet men brooded over various files labeled MONACO. How many Frenchmen, they wondered, were now evading taxes in the principality? Did tax freedom give Monegasque business an unfair advantage over French competition?

And why, anyhow, should Monaco have so tangy an air of Americanism? An American princess might be acceptable, but why should she have first an American secretary, then a Canadian? Why should both Rainier's financial adviser and his confessor, Father Tucker, be Americans?

Rainier had rubbed France the wrong way on the diplomatic side too. His representatives had objected to sitting farther down the table at French official dinners than, as one Monegasque said to us, "representatives of certain African nations who had only just graduated from eating French missionaries to eating French chicken." Moreover, the prince and princess were paying state visits "just as though they were real sovereigns"—to Belgium's Baudouin, for instance.

These elements, all replete with what the French call *la psychologie*, led to the series of actions which, in a few months, turned Prince Rainier into as embattled a Grimaldi as ever defended the Rock.

Parliament Recalled, Movie Postponed

There was an uneasy stirring in Monaco's hilly streets. There was a rumor that shipping magnate Aristotle Onassis was ready to pull out. Nervous capital was said to be on the move to Switzerland. But others were determined to dig in and fight back. Edward J. Danziger, an American on the board of the Métropole, one of Monaco's three top hotels, said to us, "If De Gaulle dropped the boom, we could move in dynamos for electricity in a matter of hours. We could gather rainwater the way they do in Bermuda."

To calm his own subjects, Rainier recalled his parliament, dissolved three years earlier over a budgetary dispute, and announced a general election for October as well as a new constitution with female suffrage for the first time.

In mid-crisis came the jolting news that Princess Grace was to make a film called *Marnie* for Alfred Hitchcock. The younger set took the news cheerfully, but older Monegasques grumbled, "She couldn't have chosen a worse moment."

Then, as suddenly as the *Marnie* episode had arisen, it collapsed with Hitchcock's announcement that, for technical reasons, the picture was postponed. When asked whether the Monaco trouble might be the real cause of the about-face, director Hitchcock replied coolly, "I know nothing about political reasons."

Prince Rainier was franker. He said to us, "The timing was most unfortunate. Whether the project will ever be taken up again, I don't know. This postponement is a good thing in view of the time needed to arrange things with France."

Later Princess Grace announced her formal withdrawal.

As we talked, Rainier sat relaxed in his palace office, legs crossed, one arm thrown across the back of his chair. For ninety minutes he answered our questions without hesitation, apparent evasion or seeking refuge in going off the record.

"Your highness," we asked, "if De Gaulle carries out his threat to cut you off completely in October, could Monaco survive?"

"Of course," he replied. "We're examining all the possibilities of converting to full independence. My finance minister is looking into the economic side, and we're doing many technical studies—such as how to convert seawater into fresh water. Our food could come by sea. After all, our national waters run out three miles." He smiled ironically. "Unless France says they don't."

"We might have two or five or even ten hard years before we reached the golden age. But I can only say what General De Gaulle himself once said: 'It is preferable to die standing up than flat out on your belly!'"

"Could you count on the loyalty of the people who live in Monaco?"

"The private individuals would stand by me. But the big industries would move out."

We then asked, "Since your frontiers wind through streets, could the French really set up boundary controls—customs and so forth?"

"It's completely impossible. Of course, the French could copy Berlin and build a wall. But then they would really look ridiculous." He pondered a moment, then said, "You know that our accord with France is embodied in the Treaty of Versailles. So any breach could be challenged by every one of the Versailles signatories.

"I think, myself, that the French are perhaps embarrassed, now that they've got themselves in deeper than they intended. France is stuck with this idea of fiscal alignment. They have offered me an unofficial proposition. If I accept the principle, they say, then they'll see how to work it out. But we can't bottle ourselves up by agreeing to a principle without knowing what it entails.

Taxes Only as Absolute Necessity

"We would go quite far to reach an agreement if only France would explain what she wants. So far we're only guessing. Do they want to tax only French companies, or all companies? I think that if we agree to company taxes, the French might be ready to abandon direct personal-income tax. But if they insist on full fiscal alignment, we couldn't possibly agree. We in Monaco impose no taxes except in cases of absolute internal necessity. My country has no such necessity."

"Then what do the French expect you to do with all the tax money?"

"Oh, we wouldn't get it. The taxes would be collected by French officials and then be put into a split account, of which our share would be 9 percent. Our delegation objected to this, and they were told, 'But you use our roads. You must pay for them.' My question is, 'What of other frontier countries? The French don't ask the Belgians to pay for the roads that lead into Belgium.'"

He went on, "Monaco is not, as the French claim, dedicated to fiscal fraud and tax evasion. And even if it were, it (*Continued on Page 43*)

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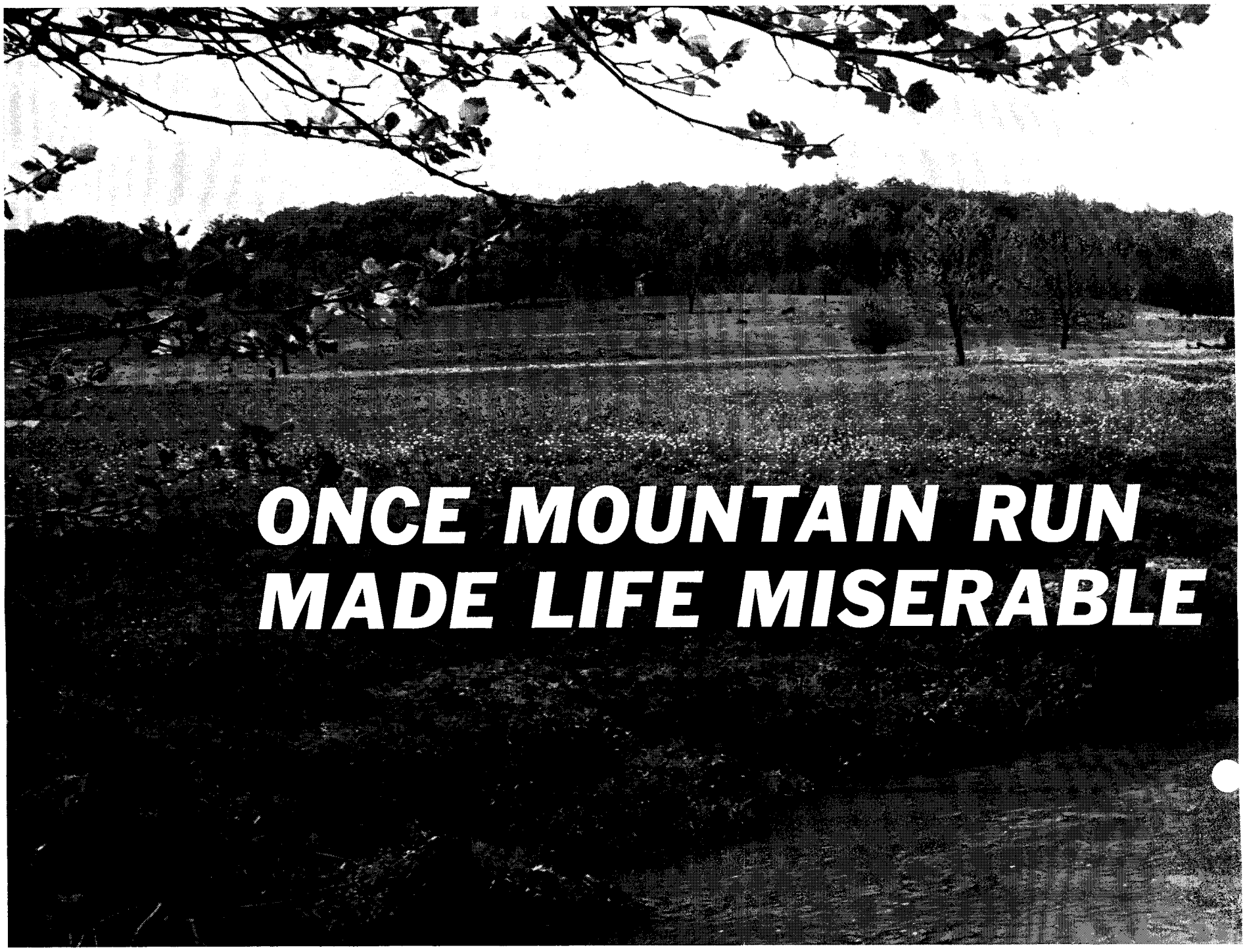

ONCE MOUNTAIN RUN MADE LIFE MISERABLE

This unruly stream flooded annually. Often ran dry. Cost thousands. Caused water rationing. Discouraged industry. Stopped the building of a hospital. But now its waters are tamed. New industry adds $1.5 million a year to the local economy. The hospital is built. Here's how the people of Culpeper, Va., made it so.

Culpeper's first surveyor foresaw the problem in 1749. His name: George Washington. With a wary eye on Mountain Run, he recommended that the town be established on a "high and pleasant situation" . . . well above the unruly stream.

But over the centuries the town spread into the valley . . . and its water problems grew. By 1954 they were unmanageable. Located 68 miles south of Washington, D. C., Culpeper, Virginia, had become a trading area for more than 40,000 people. It needed more land for expansion, but the most desirable land was flooded almost annually by Mountain Run. It needed more water, but its source was Mountain Run and the stream was unpredictable, often drying up completely.

A well was drilled. The water was too hard to use. Then an abandoned quarry was equipped to store excess water for emergency use. But this was both costly and inefficient. It became evident that the solution lay with the stream itself. Something had to be done to slow Mountain Run to a *walk* . . . and keep it at that pace all year round.

In 1955, L. B. Henretty, conservationist with the Department of Agriculture's Soil Conservation Service in Culpeper, told the townspeople about the new Small Watershed Program . . . designed to help solve the water problems of *all* the people in a watershed area.

The area around Culpeper was ideal for a watershed project . . . if the people living both in the town and on farms could work together. Mayor T. I. Martin of Culpeper made it clear the town would support such a program. Offers of cooperation came from farmers.

The first step was the formation of the Mountain Run Watershed Association. This coalition of farmers, landowners and townspeople worked for the next five years to obtain the land for the project . . . to instigate modern soil conservation practices which would keep the water on the land.

Meanwhile, Mr. Henretty helped the Association make final site selections. In its completed form, the project included the building of three small dams—one for each tributary on Mountain Run. The lakes they formed are capable of holding, during flood time, more than *three times* their normal capacity. The largest of these lakes, however, does *more* than prevent floods. Its dam holds back a reservoir of 190 million gallons of life-giving water for Culpeper, which is released as needed in times of drought. Mountain Run has been tamed . . . it can neither flood nor go dry.

For every dollar spent on the project, a return of $1.18 is now being realized. New industry has created 400 jobs, added $1.5 million

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a year to the local economy, broadened the town and county tax base.

A new hospital, which already has saved dozens of lives, is one result of the project. A beautiful new residential section is still another. Six years ago both of these projects would have been impossible because of lack of water.

Removal of the flood threat permits a more intensive use of farm land. A 20-acre wasteland is now a modern shopping center. And a special recreation area has been created on beautiful, new Mountain Run Lake.

The Mountain Run Watershed project is an example of cooperation between farmers and townspeople. But more than that, it is the story of individuals who saw a problem and *did* something about it. Men of vision. Men of action.

Culpeper's problems are not uncommon. Flood and useless run-off help waste much of our nation's annual rainfall. Yet, by 1980, we will need *twice* the water we are currently using.

The water problem is one that must be attacked and solved community by community—by men and women with the same foresight and energy shown in Culpeper. If your area has a problem, perhaps *you* can do something about it. For information on the nationwide water needs, write Dept. J, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.

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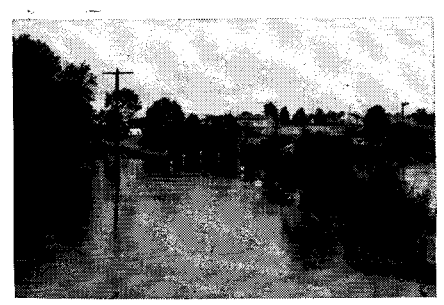
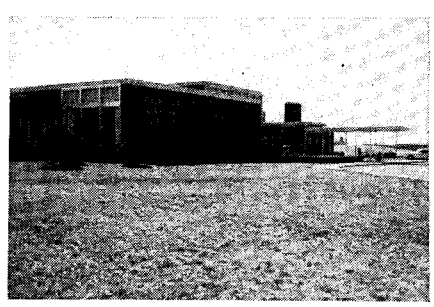
MACHINES THAT BUILD FOR A GROWING AMERICA

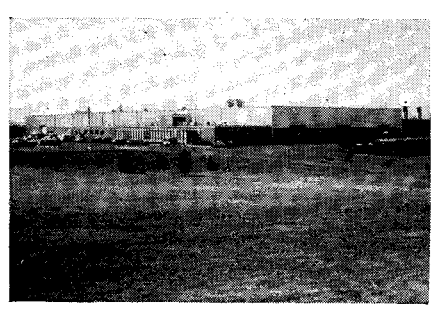
This dam and these two men — Mayor T. I. Martin of Culpeper and Mr. L. B. Henretty of the Soil Conservation Service — helped tame the waters of Mountain Run. The lake formed holds 190 million gallons of water for Culpeper.



Floods like this once cost Culpeper thousands a year, hurt town and farm alike. Droughts were just as costly. This cycle of too much or too little has disappeared with the development of the Mountain Run Watershed.



The brand-new Culpeper Memorial Hospital is one result of the Mountain Run Watershed project. Planned years ago, its construction was held up indefinitely because of lack of water. Today it's saving lives.



One of three new plants built in Culpeper immediately after the project's completion. These new industries have created 400 jobs, are adding $1.5 million a year to the local economy. Others are interested, too.

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returns are out!

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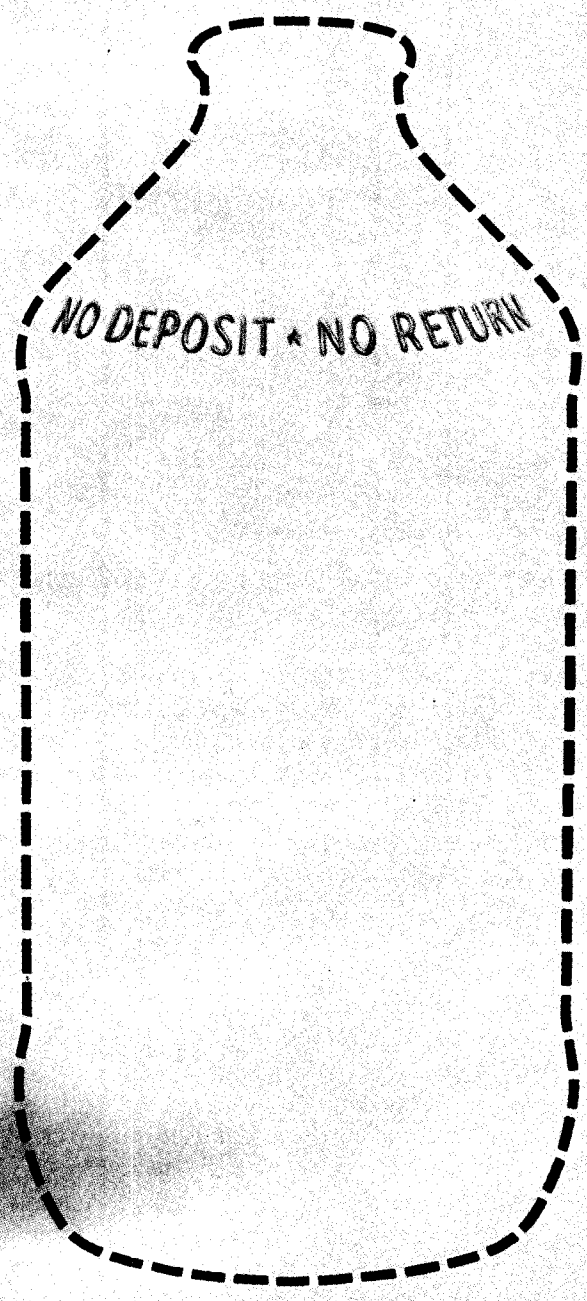

Doesn't <u>everything</u> taste better in glass?

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Glass Container Manufacturers Institute, 99 Park Avenue, New York 16

General De Gaulle once said, "It is preferable to die standing up than flat out on your belly."

In happier days General and Mrs. De Gaulle (far left) royally feted Grace and Rainier on a 1959 visit to Paris. The De Gaulles later paid a state visit to Monaco.

Monaco would be only a tiny drop of sweat in the French national fraud which runs into billions of francs. We are held responsible for all the French defrauders who come into the principality. But all decisions regarding French citizens who live here are made by the French minister of finance."

"Could the World Court be helpful?"

He shook his head. "In order to take a question to The Hague, both sides must agree."

"And you think France wouldn't?"

Another Insult Received

"I'm certain they wouldn't. Not long ago we invoked an article in our treaty which permits Monaco to belong to international organizations. We wanted to join the United Nations. We thought it would be useful to provide one more Western vote. But according to the treaty, we must have French sponsorship. And the French said they would sponsor us only if the Prince of Monaco would promise always to vote with them. This was an insult, and we said, 'Of course not.'"

"Do you think, sir," we then asked, "that there is any personal animus involved in this dispute?"

"Certainly," he replied. "In a monolithic government, use is sometimes made of the leader without his being quite aware of it."

"We understand that the French are irritated over the success of MEDEC."

"Yes, that's why we ended it a month sooner than we had planned. Yet, strangely enough, when De Gaulle was here in 1960, he asked me about Martin Dale, and he complimented me on our technical advances."

"Then why has he reversed his field?"

"The French delegation told my delegation that we were extracting ourselves from French influence."

"And being influenced by Americans instead?"

Rainier agreed. "If Martin Dale had been a Frenchman, it would probably have been all right. The French say it's in violation of our treaty to hire an American in a government position. But the treaty covers civil servants, which Dale is not. He is a member of my household. If I want a doctor who is a Turk, or an economic adviser who is an Israeli, this is my personal home, and I have a right to decide for myself.

"When the crisis arose, Dale offered his resignation. I said, 'I won't accept it.' But I did suggest that he take his vacation then. 'Your physical absence,' I told him, 'would be a good thing.'"

"What about a summit meeting?"

"I've had no indication from the general that he would welcome one. He's a terribly proud man. Therefore, I'm not very optimistic about settling things with him personally."

We all rose to shake hands. Then we said, "Your highness, we've been wondering how Princess Grace feels about all this. After all, the threat is to her children and her home as well as to her husband and his country. Do you think the princess would agree to talk to us?"

He said, "I'll ask her for you this evening."

Next day Princess Grace spoke with the air of one who wanted to pour oil on troubled waters. "I feel the way most Monegasque women feel. We are all very concerned, very anxious and worried. But the prince and the Monegasques are determined not to let this thing happen without making every effort to prevent it."

"Do you think that the French will go ahead with their threats?"

Diplomatic Views From Grace

She spoke slowly, thoughtfully and with precision. "I don't see why they'd want to. It doesn't seem to me that the money the French would get from taxing Monaco would be enough to make up for all the people who would be hurt. After all, many more ordinary French people doing small jobs live in Monaco than do Monegasques. And they would be hurt very badly."

"How strongly do you think General De Gaulle himself feels?"

"I think he's been so busy with the Algerian problem that he hasn't had time to study our dossier. It doesn't seem to me that he would want to hurt us personally—not when you remember how beautifully the prince and I were received by him and Madame De Gaulle in Paris."

She concluded, "I can't really give you a fiery statement. I can only say that we have both worked so hard over so many years that we would not let it all die without a struggle."

Later that morning we chatted with a flower seller on a corner where the Boulevard de France crosses the Avenue St. Charles. He said, "Right now, I'm standing in Monaco." Then he skipped into the middle of the traffic. "Now I'm not!" Back on the sidewalk, he went on, "Half the women who buy my flowers live across the street—and that's France."

The *Boucherie Parisienne* just behind him was in Monaco. The *Pharmacie Bernardi* on the northwest corner was in France. But on the southeast corner, an unnamed hardware store was cut in two. The flower vendor laughed. "What's De Gaulle going to do? Run barbed wire between the counters?"

"We Must Demand Our Freedom"

A few blocks away we lunched at *César*, a jovial little restaurant where the *patronne* thumped her fist on the *caisse*. "If France tries to deprive us of our independence," she said defiantly, "we must behave as did the Negro nations of Africa and demand our freedom!"

Later De Gaulle's minister of finance, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, launched a TV attack on Monaco's fiscal system: "This must be grappled with and resolved for reasons both of common sense and of justice. In recent years there has been a proliferation of people who call themselves residents, but who are foreign citizens who install themselves in the Monegasque Principality to benefit from fiscal advantages." He then cited the cases of four Frenchmen who, though domiciled in Paris, have convenience addresses in Monaco and whose earnings totaled about $280,000 in 1960, on which France had received no tax.

An informed observer in Paris government circles summed up the French position. "I admit," he said to us, "that the people d'Estaing mentioned had French permission in the first place to set up in Monaco. But in recent years Monaco has gone out of its way to propagandize for new business and new residents. They've called attention to themselves. You see, we have in France an old proverb, '*Pour vivre heureux, vivez caché.*' As you might say in English, 'To live happily, keep your head down.'"

But from what Prince Rainier III said to us, he has no intention whatsoever of keeping his head down. "I will not," he declared, "sign my country's death warrant." **THE END**

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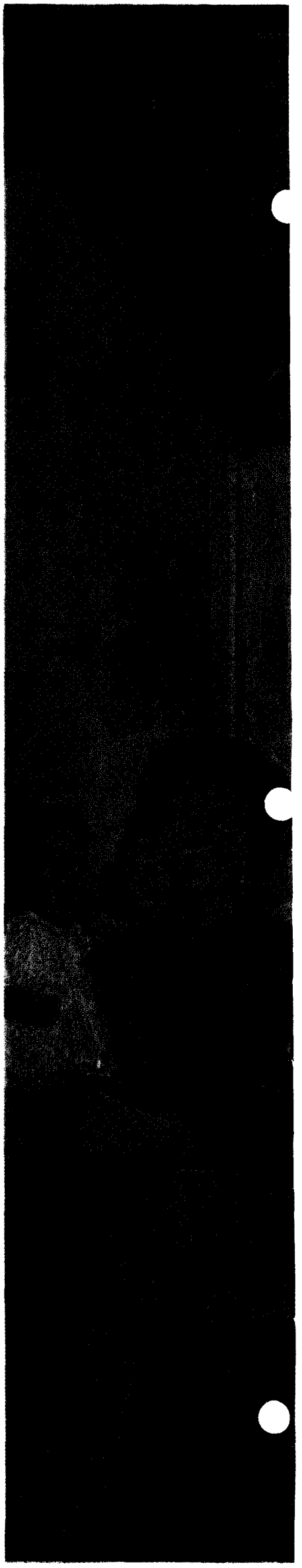
SALUDA BERKELEY, passer-by

by *PHYLLIS ROBERTS*



ILLUSTRATED BY BERNIE FUCHS

Not long after daybreak the boy Saul Beckett could hear their feet making familiar speeches in the long hall outside his door. First grandfather's oaken tread, then grandmother's stately promenade and last his mother's dreamy, sleepwalker's ramble, sounds looped together on mouse-soft coils of dawn. The boy lay there a few moments blinking night from his blue eyes, a young mole up from dark passage. Then all at once he was awake, and making an adventure of it, climbed up out of the bedclothes onto the deck of his bed. With a gesture of fierce reclamation he then pulled a yellow-plush lion (recently discarded) off a shelf, a zany beast sporting great floppy paws and a red yarn mane and tail pom. "Leo, I love you," Saul Beckett singsonged, and in the secret dawn he began to rassle the lion. Soon he was giggling. "I got your number," he said, his pet new phrase, overheard somewhere, though not at home. "I got your number," he shrilled. His face suddenly drew together into an intense blank, and he felt a nameless foreboding. "Mother," he whimpered. At age six he was rather more the baby for having lived among older people, their treasure.

When his mother did not appear, Saul got up and walked under the vaulting archway that connected their bedrooms. Usually, on awakening, he crawled in with his mother, and he often recollected, as though it were a little ship sailing out to sea, the small bed which was until recently moored up alongside hers. "Jeanne!" he cried now, using his mother's name imperiously. This usually sent them both into gales of laughter. This morning there was no sound. He tugged at the birch-color blanket, almost the shade of her hair, and put his small, curled fist on the pillow. The bed was empty. A stark panic overtook him, such as had happened once when he got an idea that the sky was going to gobble him up (it was so enormous) and he raced out of the room. Reeling down the hall, he caught an echo of their muffled voices coming from the dining room. He clawed at the door, and his mother's lovely, and at this moment astonished, face took in Saul's wild appearance. "Sugar bun," she crooned. "What is it? Did you think you were abandoned?" She was dressed in dark blue, and he wailed into her lace collar.

"Saw Beckett," his grandfather said calmly. "Get hold of yourself."

The tone sufficed. Saul sniffed and looked at his grandfather. "Hello, Feathers," he said brightly.

"Feathers" was what he called his grandfather. The name did not seem to rub that old man the wrong way—in fact, there was little Saul Beckett could do, within reason, to displease him. General Bushrod Beckett was handsome as a gray hawk, with straight gray hair and eyes gray as thimbles. But he was no longer predatory nor did he wish to be. He had changed ambitions from that. Three wars, the loss of his son and his young son-in-law, plus much galling experience had turned him into an ardent pacifist and student of religions. A lesser man would have become a fanatic. General Beckett kept a firm grip on his intelligence, however, his sympathies widened. In this transformation involving much suffering and final peace of spirit, he had achieved that thing few men ever achieve: nobility.

Now his grandmother smiled at Saul with affection. At the same time she was always reserved, keeping her thoughts to herself. She had been a poised Italian beauty, a widow, when the general (then a major) had taken her to bride. And much of that beauty remained.

"Say hello to Lilac," Saul's mother coaxed in her dove-cooing voice. Lilac was the neighborhood girl who sometimes stayed with Saul. Not often and never overnight. Saul glanced in this girl's direction. "'Lo, Lilac," he murmured. He liked her, all right, but she represented change of a jarring sort; she was an outsider, and her appearance usually meant he was going to be left behind.

"Hi, S.B.," the girl said with a pert but sleep-tinged smile. She was the only one who called him S.B. It made Saul feel much older, quite comradely, in fact.

"Will auntie be coming back today?" he asked his grandfather.

"No, sir," his grandfather said merely.

They were referring to Aunt Extra Hand, a very old colored person, so shriveled and small Saul Beckett took her for another child and accepted her as such. At one time she had lived with her husband DesPortes Jackson on their own property. DesPortes had not been gone long before she installed herself in a cottage on Beckett woods line. Saul's grandmother had given her the tongue-twisting name Aunt Extra Hand. She had been just that to this woman, a stranger to the Beckett place, indeed to the country. Saul's grandmother was somewhat of a tyrant in the kitchen, and Aunt Extra Hand alone had pleased her. The aged Aunt Extra Hand had for years merely pottered, but her mind stayed lively. Rising early, she had adopted the custom of taking breakfast with Saul. She ate like a tiny bird, enjoying, it would seem, the early-morning company of the child. Later in the day she was sometimes visited by friends or relatives; their ranks were thinning. Every November her granddaughter arrived on the New York train and took the grandmother back with her. Soon after Christmas Aunt Extra Hand would return to them.

"Why are they going about it so early, sir?" Lilac asked the general.

General Beckett sent a musing look in the girl's direction. He had with the passing of the years and the extension of his grace got more patience with women. "Morning is the good time to begin a journey," he said quietly. He took Saul up on his knees. "Saw Beckett," he said, giving the words strength and authority, "your mother is going to tuck you back into bed. You must stay until Lilac fetches you for breakfast. And then please, sir, mind her words while we are away."

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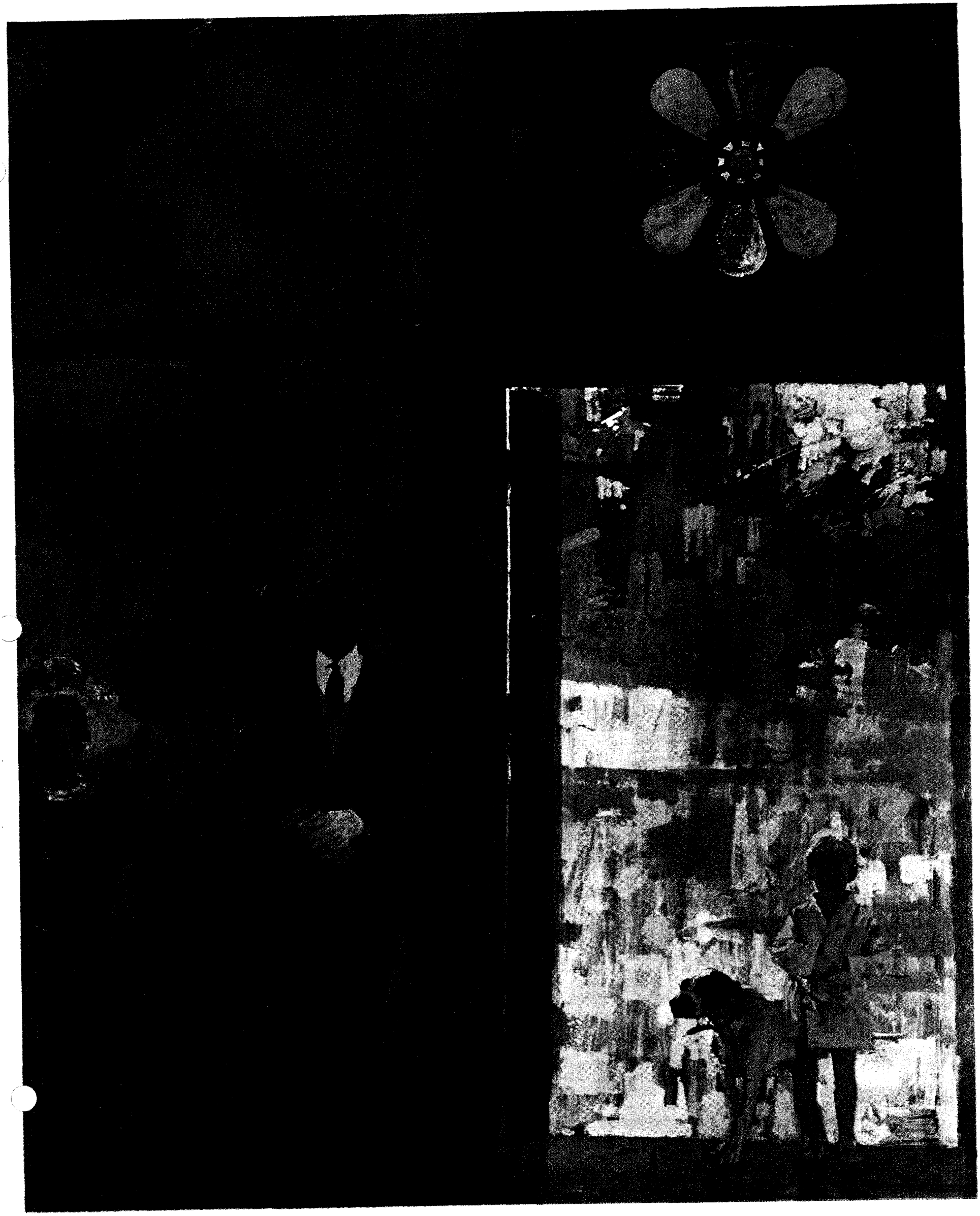

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SALUDA BERKELEY

Saul's reply was a stricken look.

"We won't be gone long," his grandfather comforted.

"We'll have lots of fun, S.B.," Lilac said heartily, and the two other women turned encouraging faces to Saul.

"Courage, Saw Beckett," his grandfather admonished, and to back it up gave Saul a sip of black coffee. Saul was limp as a puppy, so he added a hug. Saul was close to him, closer than anyone in the world, for as he had grown in goodness and was not so pleased by worldly effects, he had grown more solitary. His own son had been too much the D'Artagnan like himself, and they had often clashed in the old days, though there again it was not hatred. Saul's father, Maury Mountjoy, had hardly been out of boyhood when he was killed on a frozen Korean slope. General Beckett considered Saul a most original child; he seemed to the old man to have such outstanding characteristics and an unusual candor. Months before the birth General Beckett had searched the Scriptures for a name. His daughter at the time had not cared one way or another; she was laid low by grief, leaning utterly on others, mourning in the way of a wild swan. She had continued to mourn in that quiet, indelible way, but eventually she would remarry, and it would no doubt be better all around. For the time being, the old general was the strong influence, the male influence in his grandson's unfolding life. He gloried in it humbly.

"Auntie will be in later?" Saul asked, speaking further of his absent friend.

A dim misery clouded the general's eyes, but he spoke without melancholy. "I believe she has taken lodging elsewhere," he said. "We will talk about it later. In the meantime remember what I told you about obeying Lilac." With that spoken, he put Saul on his feet and his mother led him off to bed. "Do mind Feathers," his mother said, bending over the recumbent Saul Beckett. "And this afternoon we will have a game of marbles."

Now Saul Beckett's mother waved from the door, leaving it ajar, and went back to her parents. Saul lay quietly appraising the situation. Then he made a second descent from his bed and went to the window. Under his eyes the 1946 plum-colored Packard was turning out of the lane. All of Saul Beckett's early panic had vanished; he was simply curious. The clock face, which he could read, told him the hour: nearly six, the time when he was usually snuggling into his mother's bed. He was momentarily diverted by a sack of marbles, bright new possessions acquired on the last trip to town. He poured them out on the bed. Their colors intensely satisfied his whole being, and he found much pleasure in the touch. Then, following the pattern, he got his sandals and bathrobe and went into the enormous, old-fashioned bathroom. He did what he was supposed to do, even turned on the chugging taps and splashed his face. He could see his reflection, that of a blond child with pale, luminous, healthy skin, a snub nose, those blue seafaring eyes of the Mountjoys and, for a child, a rather witty mouth, upturned at the corners.

Rather pleased with his appearance, he padded down the hall seeking Lilac, who had taken up sleep where she had left off, stretched on the sun-parlor sofa. Saul Beckett stood beside her snuffling with delight at the whinnying sounds that accompanied her breathing. He walked out of the door onto the morning-scented grass, deep as a rug. The dog was waiting for him, a high-ribbed pointer, a rich red-brown and purest white—his grandfather's animal. Her name was Celestial Navigation, another of his grandmother's Italian fancies. Yet she was a starry beast. The dog came to Saul Beckett, loving his youthful company.

"'Lo, Celeste," Saul said, putting his hands, soft as two whispers, just behind her ears. Then he tickled her. She high-jinked over the gymnasium of the lawn, Saul following. They came to auntie's cottage, that tiny brick haven wound in ivy and trumpet vines. Hanging from a lattice arcade was a brass bird cage. The bird, a green parrot, had long flown. Saul rapped politely on the door; no one answered. Logically, he sat down on the step, an arm around Celeste, to wait.

After a certain time they arose, Saul turned the little black doorknob and they walked inside the cottage. The blinds were tightly drawn, the coverlet on the brass bed was without a wrinkle, the small pewter chalice where auntie sometimes stored her teeth was bereft of this singular ornament, washtubs hung in single file, pictures were drowned in dusk, the furnishings had a strict arrangement. The impression created was of a place one leaves for a long journey. Saul poked about a bit, but it was too silent.

Soon he and the dog wandered out the trail leading from the back door. The dog, rather like a capricious woman, tossed her silken ears and bounded to the fence line. She stopped on a dime and looked back glowingly at Saul Beckett. "Wait for me, Celeste," the boy cried, skipping down the trail. They passed quickly from the tame land into the wild woods. That Celeste knew or sensed her role was immediately clear. She nosed into the forest, walking straightway like a princess, throwing back looks of pure direction to Saul Beckett. "Wait for me, Celeste," Saul cried breathlessly, and the dog slowed her silent footfalls. The sun was up now, traveling beside them like yellow yarn or music. Saul used his arms like oars pursuing Celeste's nimble prints. She paused eloquently before an open cave. "The Cave of Giants," Saul Beckett cried out like a station master announcing his favorite town.

This honed and honeycombed passage had served as a route to Big Spring. No one knew how the cave got there—a great wave from the river might have struck the first blow. Saul, since joining Sunday school, gave Jesus credit—Jesus carpenter, that is. In any event it took a mighty carpenter to shell out that earth. Inside, the cave was the pale brittle color of a hornet's nest, traced by vines and the hieroglyphics carved there by its visitors. Saul Beckett stopped before his own name and lovingly traced the grooves. It was his full name, Saul Beckett Mountjoy. Feathers had at first protested, not wanting to deface the wall further, but Saul had turned to purest begging. There were hearts on the wall, enclosing fond initials, names and mottoes. Saul's favorite, the one that tickled his tracing fingers most, was this one. It read SALUDA BERKELEY, PASSER-BY. Time and again he had whispered that one under his breath, liking the wind-in-tree-top sound. "Saluda Berkeley, Passer-by," he read to his audience, Celeste. The dog, whose interest lay in mouse-bin corners, sniffed out a spider. For a moment she quelled its little riot with a delicate paw, then out of boredom strolled on through the cave and out the

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other end. Soon Saul followed. On that side the landscape was denser, softer. In its murmurous setting the Negro population had romped in summer celebrations. Saul and the dog traveled rapidly to the brow of a hill; one side presented a view of Beckett farmland, a rough range, sometimes tilled by sharecroppers. The other view reached off as far as tree-shrouded Galilee, the Negro cemetery. Saul was inspired at that moment to detour by Big Spring, where he and the dog both paused for a drink. The water was tooth-chilling cold. They pressed on, climbing Goliath Hill, highest in the county. Celeste picked her way carefully, with an upsloping elegance, her earlier frivolity having changed to something serious. Saul sat down on a log to rest a moment. The place had a peculiar odor: fishes and winds of all seasons and slime and slither. The light was getting stronger, moving slowly now toward the white monastery of noon. Saul arose. The next hill was smaller and on its side was the Negro cemetery. A stark Mason jar with two wax tulips tilting downward evinced a recent visitor. There were, however, few new graves. The population was burying itself in widespread corners of the earth; this spot was too far away and maybe too naïve. Saul took time to reconnoiter, a rare pleasure denied him by his grandfather, who always walked on musingly. The squirrels were shifting leaves above their heads, but Celeste, well trained to ignore distraction, merely stood by, waiting. Saul couldn't decide whether to take in Baptise Bend.

The dog suddenly seemed to have presentiments. A low, prophetic growl sounded in her throat, but her long dog lips were closed tight. She began to walk, her feet touching the earth solemnly, prophetically, like snowflakes. Saul Beckett fell into step behind her, reciting a poem. "Jack be nimble, Jack be quick," he sang out. Stopping to pull together the tassels of his robe, he delightedly caught echoes of his own voice or at least some kind of humming from Galilee way. As they approached the ledge that overhung the church and ceremonial yard, the sounds grew pithier.

The dog growled again, but it was a talkative sound. She, too, was obviously out to find the source of the humming. There was a sudden, close settlement of trees, then a parched avenue where last October's grass fire had scoured the land black. Now walking upward again toward the ledge, Saul and Celeste trod the very rafters of Galilee. And when they looked down from the ledge it was perfectly clear that something was going on. There was a whole choir of voices. Celeste showed uneasiness, but when Saul asked her to sit down beside him, she did so. In that loud loft they had a perfect view of a procession winding into the church. The church itself was a local landmark, likewise a monument to that dusky mason who stretched those yellow bricks into a minaret and Gothic gables, himself long lain on Galilee Hill. There was a fleet of cars parked about the yard, a black galleon was moored at the back entrance. Finally this moving script of black and white was caught up into the church. Saul marveled. Public gatherings were unknown to him, innocent wonder now pinpointed his ambitions. This time Celeste drew back. Saul Beckett had to call her twice before she obeyed, head hanging. Down the last hill they went like two divers, holding their breath. They touched the main path, and dust rose up behind Saul's sandals. He put a hand upon Celeste's silver-studded collar and dropped to the church steps. He eked out of several thoughts, one purely spoken instruction, to go inside the church. He and the reluctant Celeste walked across the threshold and stepped up two stones onto a stringy carpet that led to the front of the church. They began to follow this path as though it had been drawn expressly for them. The room was hot as a hole, and Sabbath smells still clung to corners. Saul Beckett was only dimly aware of the people, so fixed was his concentration on the front of the chapel. There, engulfed in flowers, was a black box. Saul observed that the box was like a tiny ship; indeed, it was the little Mayflower of someone's soul. Down the aisle the two walked. Saul Beckett thought once that he overheard his name. He peered about but did not stop his journey. A man in black robes was speaking, his head bent, his elegiac voice flying up among the rafters. Occasionally he would lift great butterfly sleeves and then, as his arms descended, the black robes would settle back around his academic form with a sudden and completed whoosh. He was quite young, miserly with his amens. Saul Beckett walked up to the black box, the dog quivering by his side. He gazed down. There on a plushy pillow was a face that might have come from far off, dropping through centuries of space and time, growing smaller and less fiery until here it was at end of journey, landed on a pillow like a tiny moth. A shriveled, child-sized body was attached like a tiny key to the head. Above that flown-down face were light tufts of ivory-colored hair, the skin parcel-brown. The wrinkles had sunken out of sight; the head of a withered infant emerged. But there was something left of experience, some flame of character, that gave identity. "It's auntie," Saul Beckett said in a loving way. He began to carry on a little random conversation about new marbles and things of interest to them both.

Every pair of eyes was trained on Saul Beckett. A shocked hush had fallen on the preacher's tongue. A woman in the front row, light-colored, bosomy, demurely gowned in total black, with swollen eyes and teetering heels, came forward, Aunt Extra Hand's granddaughter. There were many hard rumors about this woman, one that she was the mistress of an infamous Sicilian politician. Another that she had made a fortune as a madame. Probably neither one was true. Whatever, she showed her true colors when she bent down and gently gathered Saul Beckett to her talcumy bosom. "Why shouldn't he come to see her?" she cried defiantly. "He was her friend." With that, tears began to stream down her face. Saul Beckett was immediately conscious of being the center of rather dismaying attention. "Mother," he whimpered. "Feathers."

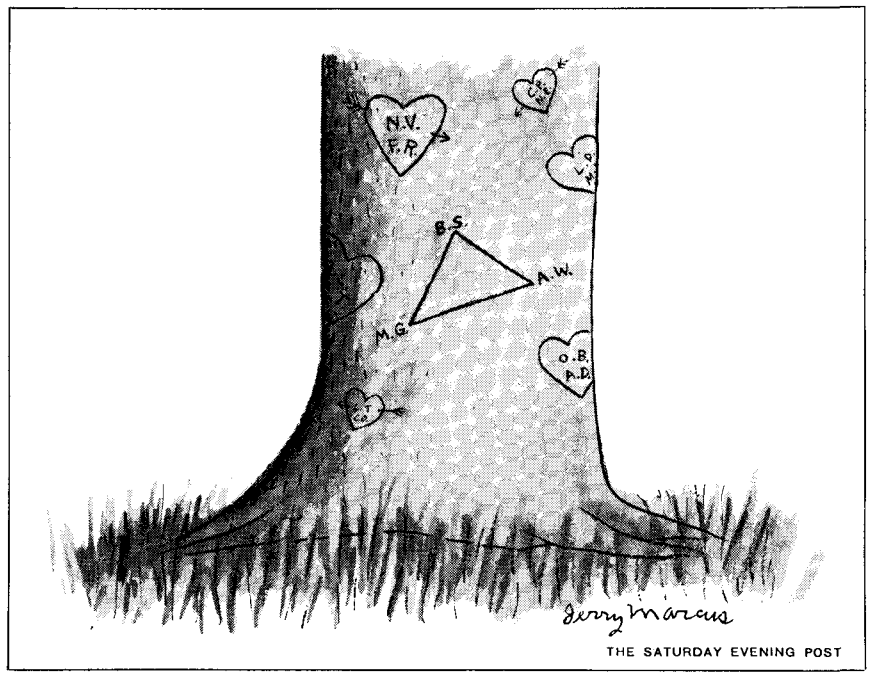
Magically his grandfather appeared, followed by his mother.

"Your mother has come for you, Saw Beckett," his grandfather said quietly. Saul Beckett took his mother's hand. The dog bounded out of the church and was shortly seen going over Goliath Hill.

"I am sorry, Ellen," Saul Beckett's grandfather said to the woman at his side. "Saw Beckett was last seen in bed."

The woman nodded. "Little Saul Beckett," she said, heart in her eyes. She looked over at the preacher, who had removed himself to the sidelines, glaring.

"General," the granddaughter said, "would you kindly speak in her behalf." She went back to her seat.



General Beckett's countenance had a most isolated expression. He laid his hands on the Bible and, opening it, let his eyes fall on the upturned passage. It was fantastic.

In his deep, faraway voice he began to read, "'As unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and, behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed. As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things. . . .'"

He lifted his head and gazed, dry-eyed, over the congregation. His voice was strong and young. "Into Thy eternal mercy I commend her spirit . . . Saluda Berkeley." The old man's voice broke then, almost a whisper on that last word. "Passer-by," he said.

The congregation spoke as one concerted voice. "Amen," they cried together. General Beckett returned to his pew, and with the same gentleness the preacher renewed the sermon.

Saul Beckett willingly got into the car, taking in the familiar smell of leather and gasoline and the household recollections of their trips. His mother had not yet spoken to him, her face strange and sad. Still, when they were sitting side by side she reached over and patted his hand, for her own comfort perhaps. Saul Beckett's slightly grubby fingers curled around hers.

"Auntie is gone," he said peacefully. And that was his completed conversation all the way home. **THE END**

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How Your Children Grow

A top scientist reveals new methods of predicting growth rates and warns parents against needless fears.

By WILTON M. KROGMAN, Ph.D., as told to Anne Selby

He was seven years old. He stood straight and still in the narrow doorway leading into my office. His eyes were big and bright, with just a little look of fear in them. He didn't flinch when his mother said to him, "Come along, maybe the doctor can tell us what to do about you." But he blushed when she added, "He's the runt of his class, and we want to know if there is something you can do to make him grow."

I beckoned to the boy, and he came to me. I perched him on my desk, this well-built, nice-looking youngster, and I caught an ankle in my hand. I nodded to him like the fifty-eight-year-old professor I am, and slowly his look of fear was replaced by one of curiosity. With mock seriousness I studied his foot and pinched the toe of his shoe. He filled that shoe, all right, and it was big for his age.

"Do you have a dog?" I asked. He shook his head. "Do you like dogs?" He jerked his head "yes" and grinned. I told him about a puppy I'd seen at a friend's house the night before. "He's going to be a big dog," I said, "because he's got big paws. And you know what? When you grow up, you're going to be a fairly big man—because your feet are fairly big for your size right now. And one thing's for sure, boys and puppies grow up to their feet."

His mother looked at me, aghast, and opened her mouth to speak. I held up my hand and quickly said, "We're going to take some measurements of your fine son and talk with you and his father. You'll find that what I've told him is true." I didn't tell her then—although you may be sure I told her privately later—that calling her son a runt was more harmful and insulting than she could know.

Sons Taller Than Fathers

In the past twelve years I have kept detailed records of nearly 4000 children, and there are some things I know about how your child is going to grow. For example, your normal, healthy son will be an inch or more taller than you, his father. And, mother, the same is true of your daughter. Your children will mature sexually earlier than you did. Why? Because American youngsters are not only growing taller, they are growing up faster.

Nevertheless the height to which your child grows is determined by his or her inherited capacity—and there is no medicine, no "shot," no drug of any kind that will spur growth beyond the limits nature has set for the individual.

There is a crude rule of thumb you can use to forecast your child's height at eighteen or nineteen. Simply take the child's measurement at the age of two, double it and you will be within an inch or so of final height. Some years ago a group of scientists tested this rule with 100 boys—ninety-nine of them at maturity were within a half inch of the forecast.

Miss America Not Average

But why all this preoccupation with height? The answer is simple—Americans make a cult of size. We're in love with an ideal—men should be tall and muscular, and women should be petite and well-rounded. But the measurements of this year's Miss America—35-24-35—are certainly not average dimensions, for the truth is that all women aren't beauty queens any more than all men are built like college halfbacks. Actually some of us are tall, some short, some fat and some skinny.

Isn't it only natural that our children are going to be the same? But I have found that this is a tremendously difficult thing for parents to accept.

It isn't hard to understand why parents who come to me are mostly worried about boys who appear too short for their age, or girls who seem too big. But there have been times when I have been asked about boys who apparently have grown too much, too fast. In these cases it is often helpful to refer to the newspapers' sports pages, where there are stories about the so-called giants of basketball who stand six-eight, six-ten and taller. Most of these players are many inches taller than their fathers. Why? Because of the natural variability of our species. In every generation there have been such rare examples of extreme tallness. But the "why" of those cases is not the major question about growth. The real question is: Is our race getting bigger, and is there any limit to man's growth pattern?

I can't answer with scientific exactness. But we have learned from evolution that all species seem to have a size boundary. And so it is with man. There is no question that man's curve of tallness is increasing—about an inch per generation. But I believe man's boundary is about six feet. That gives us about two inches to go. Of course, we shall continue to produce our giant athletes who seem to go into the stratosphere. They are not freaks. I have measured some of these boys. Almost without exception I have found them to be well-developed, well-proportioned in every regard. They are far bigger than the average, but they are within the range of the normal. And it has been only recently that we have understood what the pattern of the normal is.

Fifteen years ago the Graduate School of Medicine of the University of Pennsylvania, where I am a professor of physical anthropology, decided it was time that we studied the growth pattern of the normal child in the Greater Philadelphia area. For too long and in too many quarters we had come to think of growth as interesting only in terms of the ill, the abnormal, the freaks and the obese. Yet how can we know about the unusual when we have no standard for the usual? In other words, how much could we tell about the effect of illness on growth if we didn't study the healthy, the normal youngster on the road to maturation?

New Concepts of Growing

Those were some of the questions we wanted to answer. We scientists at Penn weren't alone in seeking answers. In California, in the Midwest, in New England and in other sections of the country fine work has been, and is being, done. And as a result I think we have learned new concepts—and a new understanding of the whole business of growing.

At the Child Growth Research Center—sponsored by the University of Pennsylvania and Children's Hospital in Philadelphia and aided in part by a United States Public Health Service grant—we have taken 50,000 X rays of children at various ages. With the cooperation of the Board of Education and the Catholic Archdiocese of Philadelphia, we have gone into our city's schools and traced the growth pattern of about 1000 youngsters—boys and girls, white and Negro—from the age of six until they hit their teens. By thus studying a large group of youngsters, we can better understand how each child will grow.

In our packed cabinets of case histories—as well as in our hearts—are the stories, sometimes sad, sometimes heartening, always human, of children and their parents' concern for their growth.

Children are individuals. And their size is their own—inherited from their parents and their parents' parents. One mother in California completely ignored this when she wrote me about her son. He was short, she said, just as she was. She didn't want him to be anything less than a six-footer. She had tried bone meal, extra vitamins and stretching exercises throughout his adolescence—all in hope of making him taller. And all had failed. Her question to me was whether my experience indicated she should consult a surgeon about an operation to double the length of his thigh bones.

There is, of course, no such operation. But you can gather some measure of her anguish from the fact that she would even consider such a procedure. And think too of the torment her son must have known.

Would it reassure her, I wondered, to know the story of my experience with a father who was also concerned about his son's seeming lack of size? He knew that, generally speaking, boys are going to be an inch taller than their tallest parent because of better diet, better medical care and a better life. That wasn't good enough for him.

As he talked to me, I estimated his height—five foot three, maybe four. The father, following my eyes, realized what I was doing. He scanned my frame, which is six-foot-five. Interrupting himself, he suddenly said, "You've got to understand something. I was always small. You don't know what it is to be small, the runt at school, in college and at work. Did you ever think what it would be like to have to look up every time you met anyone over fourteen years old? Well, I know about that, and I don't want it for my boy."

Father Thinks Too Big

There was nothing wrong with his son's growth pattern. The problem in that family was the father's attitude. His son was a fine youngster and well put together. We could foretell that he would be a couple of inches taller than his father at maturity. But the father was trying to achieve through his son a life he had wanted for himself and never had—that of a tall, robust man, maybe the star tackle on his college football team. He had to understand that he had a new—and big—job in helping his son grow up. One thing he certainly had to do was stop talking about size as though it were the only requirement for happiness and success.

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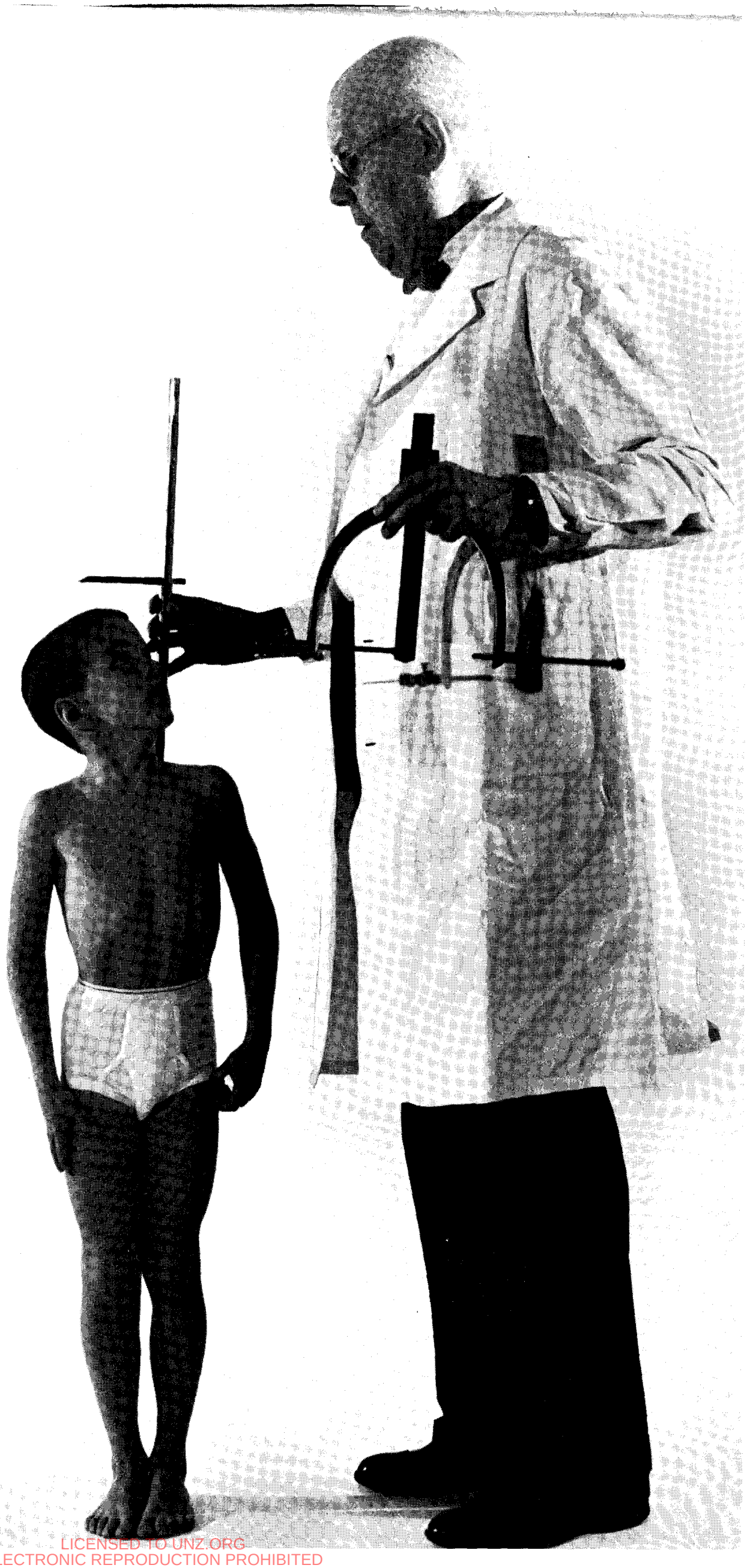

Sizing up a youthful patient, the author examines eight-year-old Peter Hamilton, whose capacity for growth is governed by his "small family line" pattern.

For example, I am what the books call an unusually tall man. But that never helped me pass an examination in college and, just as you do, I know that the achievement of a happy life requires more than height in any man.

In the various studies that have been made, we have learned that there have been some changes in our children's growth pattern since 1900. We know that a boy born in 1950 was the same length at birth as a boy born in 1900. But three-year-old boys measured during the 1950's were two inches taller than those of the early 1900's, and fifteen-year-old boys were four inches taller. Youngsters today, however, slow down in late adolescence—and finally, at full growth, end up about an inch taller. Better environment contributes to this speed-up.

But basically I am not concerned with how tall a boy or girl is—say, on the child's tenth birthday. What I work with is the biological age. Let me illustrate.

A ten-year-old boy was brought to our growth center. He measured a bare four feet—short for his age. His parents were concerned. We X-rayed one of his hands and a knee. There was a time when we X-rayed eleven parts of the skeleton to determine biological age, the scientific term for the level of development. But we now know that the hand, with its fifty telltale points of bone growth, and the knee are the best gauges of bone growth. Our plates on this particular ten-year-old showed us that he had the hand and knee of an eight-year-old. His parents wanted to know if this meant he was dwarfed. Of course it didn't. It simply meant that their fretting about his size had been needless. Instead of having eight or less years of growth left, as some of his bigger ten-year-old classmates had, this youngster had about ten. He'd catch up and probably pass some of the larger boys because of his inherited height potential and a longer biological growth period.

I think birthdays are great and should be celebrated with cakes and candles and presents. But they don't mean much in terms of a child's growth. Just because Johnny had his tenth birthday on November 18, 1961, doesn't mean that his bones are ten on that day, or that his growth is the equivalent of ten full years.

Heredity is the great master in the field of growth. But environment certainly plays a role. The well-fed, the well-cared-for, on the average, will have a better chance to achieve their full-growth potential than those who lack the proper

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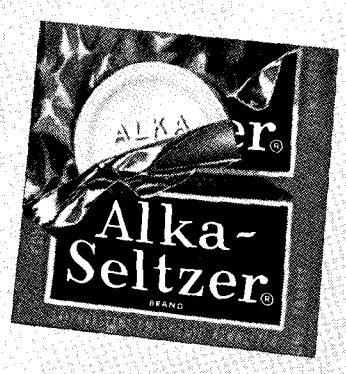


MILES PRODUCTS

Susan Johnston, four, has her jaw measured. Researchers use measurements and X rays to determine the rate of bone growth.

physical and mental environment. However, though a poor environment may prevent a child's reaching his full-growth potential, a proper environment can do nothing to increase that potential—nor can drugs. There are short children by inheritance. There are also children who are short because something has interfered with their growth. If I find from the X rays of a child's hand and knee—and from other linear measurements—that there are disturbances in the bone development, I have a real clue that his shortness is due to something other than his heredity. A health history of the child is compiled. If this child has been chronically or severely ill during the first three years of life, the chances are that illness has stultified growth of the long bones.

Sometimes we come across the problems of nutrition. In either case we refer the youngster to a pediatrician or another medical specialist. As a growth researcher I can tell if bone development is abnormal, but it is the medical men who take over at that point to discover why. Only a qualified medical clinician can prescribe the medication that will enable a child to reach his potential if illness or some glandular deficiency has seriously retarded his growth.

Cutting Texans Down to Size

One of the best features of working in a big city is the variety of people who live in it. And that variety is important in our studies at the growth center. For example, a youngster whose grandparents came from southern Europe may not have inherited the same physical size as a boy whose forebears came from one of the Scandinavian countries. This racial inheritance is the key factor in why men and women seem to be taller in certain parts of the country.

That issue—sectional differences in size—is frequently raised to me by a home-town booster. Have you met the man from Texas who's sure that the men in the Lone Star State are bigger than any others in the world? I have. And I tell him that I know of no climatic factors or regional dietetic balances that might make a difference in size. I speak to him as a physical anthropologist. When I look at a map of our country, I see the cities and the states; but I also see something more. I see the areas of concentration of the Swedes and Norwegians, the Danes and those from northwest Germany. Where they have settled, you can expect the men to be tall. And their grandsons and great-grandsons are the tall men of the West. On an average the men of the North Central states—from Ohio west to the Dakotas—are slightly shorter than those in the Northeast, the band stretching from Pennsylvania to Maine. And where is our man from Texas? A little shorter than the Far Westerner, but taller than the man from the Northeast. And, oh yes, you can put the men of the Southern states with Texans. Differences in average size in various areas of the country are due mainly to the fact that people from the Old World tended to settle with their own kind in the New World.

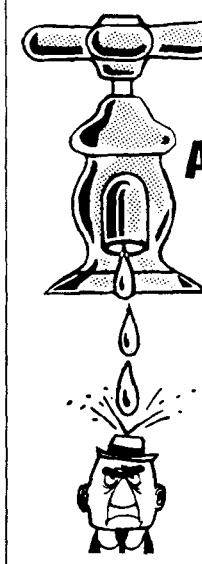
Daughters With Big Feet

And so we try to learn as much as we can—not just about home life and parents, but also the ethnic background. But I've found in Philadelphia—and I'm sure it's true all over the country—that talking about ethnic background won't be much consolation to mothers with a certain type of problem. What they are worried about is the size of their daughter's feet.

One mother recently told me that she was actually ashamed of her daughter's feet. "She's only thirteen," this mother said, "and already my shoes are too small for her." The legendary basis for her concern is part of our folklore. Remember Twinkletoes? Our ideal for women is petite. It's the ugly stepsister who has feet too big for Cinderella's slipper.

The only word for mothers in such a situation is "relax." Our daughters are getting bigger and along with that go bigger feet. There have always been enough big men to go around, and there always will be. And besides, there are few men indeed who won't take a second look at the stately Junoesque woman.

But in all probability most thirteen-year-old daughters won't develop into Junos. And that isn't what concerns them



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"... there is no medicine, no shot, no drug of any kind that will spur growth beyond the limits nature has set for the individual."

anyway. What most of them are bothered about is that they're so much taller than the boys they played with last year. What parent hasn't heard this cry about the boy down the street: "But he's such a child! I don't want anything to do with him!"

It's not hard to understand what the girl means. She's young, she's romantic, she has the picture—the man must be tall, taller than she. And because the girl thinks that way, the thirteen-year-old boy down the street has a future. He's not only going to catch up to the girl, he'll probably pass her in height by the time they're both sixteen. And by then he may well be the man she most wants on the other end of the telephone.

Nature sets no metronome by which every child must grow, in the same way, day by day. There is an "average" rate of growth, but 16 per cent of our normal youngsters will reach their full height and weight sooner than the average; and 16 per cent will reach it later.

Bone Age Is the Clue

I like to think of youngsters as traveling on a broad highway of growth—a highway wide and long enough for each to follow his own way. Let's watch three boys on the road. See how Fred, Jim and Bob grow during a six-year period:

HEIGHT	FRED	JIM	BOB
At age 9	49 in.	54 in.	56 in.
At age 10	51	56	58
At age 11	53	58	60
At age 12	55	60	64
At age 13	57	65	67
At age 14	60	69	69

These ages, however, are in terms of birthdays. They are not the real clue to how tall these boys are going to be at maturity. The telltale eye of the X-ray machine is the real tip-off. So when we X-rayed Fred's hand and knee, we found that his bone age was more than a year less than his chronological age. Significance? He'll be growing for a year past his supposed point of maturity at about the age of eighteen.

Bob is a different story. When he cut the cake for his fourteenth birthday, his bone age was already past fifteen. So we know that he'll probably stop growing around seventeen. The figures show that he stretched most between his birthday ages of eleven and twelve, then he slowed down. What about Jim? He's a tie—his chronological age and his bone age are just about the same. Our studies showed that he'll be the tallest of the three.

Genes Dictate Height

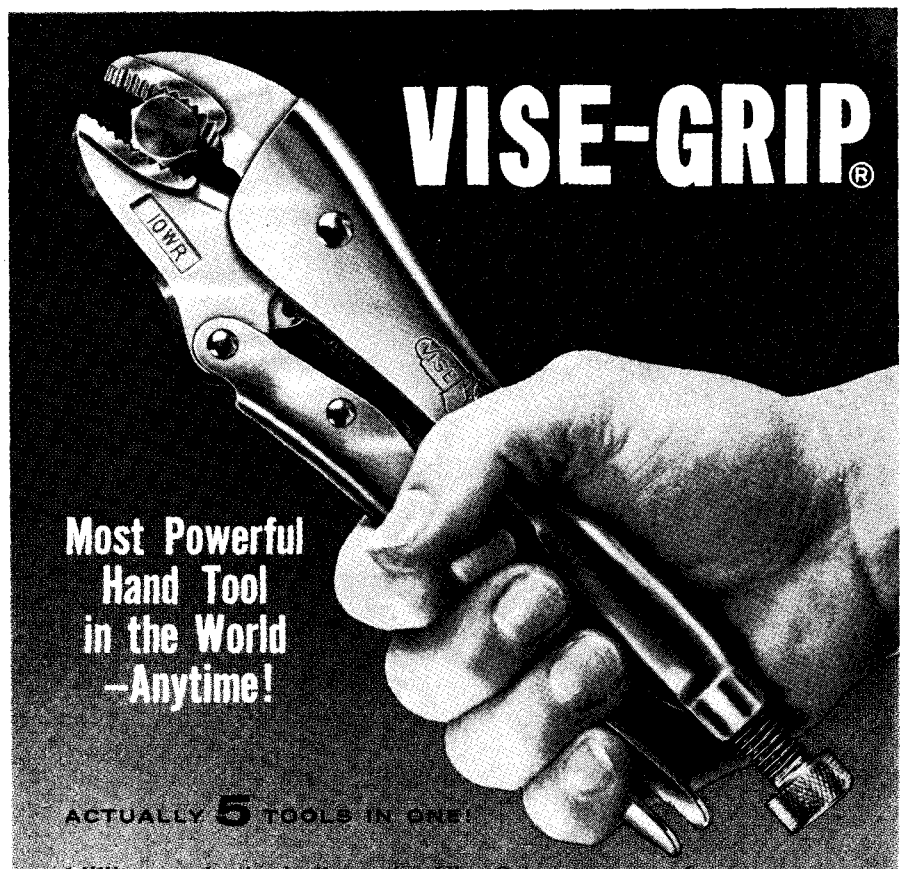
None of us grows in a straight, even line. We stretch, we fill out. And when your son is stretching, his best friend may be filling out. Vice versa too. But if you're one who likes rules of thumb to make predictions, here's an interesting idea that's supported by the statistics. In the years after birth, head and neck double in size from birth to maturity; the trunk triples, the arm length increases by four and the legs by five.

If you ask me why children grow as they do, I could say that their growth is a function of time linking with structural or configurational changes. What that means is, I really don't know. But we do know that each of us has genes for height and shortness. If your father was tall and your mother short, you'll carry genes for each; but it's the inheritance from the taller parent that predominates. That doesn't mean that very tall men will always have very tall children. We humans carry a mixture of contrasting genes for being tall, for being short, for being light—and dark—of complexion. The results of a child's mixture cannot be predicted with certainty. But obviously the chances are that taller parents will have taller children.

No scientist wants to see any child neglected on the road to maturity. But to the healthy normal youngsters whom I have seen, I say, "You will grow—in your own way." And to their parents I put my plea, "Don't judge your son or daughter harshly simply because he does not fit into what you think is a proper growth pattern."

Thoreau, in *Walden*, had one thought I like to remember: "If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

So should it be with our children. Let them grow, each in his own way, in his own sweet time. THE END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Magic's Merry Mecca

Avid conjurers throng to Colon, Michigan, America's capital of magic-making, where legerdemain is everybody's business.

By JOHN KOBLER

Strapped in a straitjacket and suspended upside down by a rope from a fire escape, Doctor Weirdo, an "Illusionist Escapologist," wriggles free and plumps to the sidewalk. Nearby a bonfire roars around a locked metal box. When the flames subside, out pops Marvelo, as cool as if he'd been sitting on ice. Everywhere the air hums with a strange lingo. "Get this switcheroo.... How many rabbits you need?..." Such are the sights and sounds which for one week every August animate the little village of Colon, Michigan (pop. 1055). The occasion is a magicians' convention sponsored by Colon's Abbott Manufacturing Company, biggest in its field.

Last year in front of a barbershop stood a guillotine. The Great Kirkham thrust his head through the lunette. An executioner tripped the wire, down crashed the blade and Kirkham's head vanished. On State Street a delightfully curved creature, wearing diaphanous finery, performed yogi contortions.

Colon's M & M Grill serves as its specialty the Magic Bowl—four scoops of ice cream, four varieties of syrup, whipped cream and nuts. Nearby Angel Island is known as Blackstone Island, after seventy-six-year-old Harry Blackstone, veteran star of the golden age of conjuring.

About 1000 professionals and amateurs flock to the Abbott Get-Together. Their presence attests to the passion magic arouses in its votaries, for Colon—hard to get to and poorly equipped to accommodate visitors—has neither railroad nor bus depot. There is no hotel. The natives lodge as many conventioneers as they have room for in their homes. The rest must put up at some distance, the nearest sizable town being fourteen miles south. Yet these inconveniences have been happily borne not only by ordinary devotees of the black art but by such celebrities as Orson Welles, Edgar Bergen, Jimmy Stewart.

Special Effects Built to Order

The August jamboree revolves around the Abbott plant, a complex of three structures, painted a funereal black with skeletons capering on the façades. Founded twenty-eight years ago by the late Percy Abbott, a conjurer of Australian birth, and Recil Bordner, a younger practitioner from Edon, Ohio, the company produces a range of about 5000 items from Burn-a-Hank ("You actually set fire to a *borrowed* handkerchief," the two-pound catalog explains, "and immediately restore it in full view."), retailing at two dollars, to Abbott's Buzz-Saw Illusion ("Audiences gasp as they see the saw *cut right through the girl.*"), at $750.

In addition to its regular line, which last year grossed close to $100,000, Abbott builds to order superelaborate effects for barnstorming magicians, state fairs, promotional stunts. Its most spectacular creation, costing the carnival impresario who commissioned it $2000, was a gigantic trellis which suddenly sprouted blossoms. Occasionally Bordner, a rangy man with a wide smile, who became sole owner of the company when Abbott died in 1960, receives requests which probity obliges him to decline. Not long ago two sly types from Detroit urged him in vain to meet their specifications for decks of cards marked on the backs with an ink, which would be visible only through specially tinted eyeshades. Last year some Chicago gamblers wanted some "holdouts"—cliplike gadgets that can conceal cards up a coat sleeve. They wanted them so badly they were prepared to fly down in a chartered plane. Bordner advised them to stay put.

When operating full blast, Abbott suggests some Disneyesque goblins' workshop. Little old ladies dye swan feathers for mystifications like the Blooming Rose Bush. An elderly but sprightly craftsman named Marvin Twig Good weaves baskets for Hindu tricks. The big illusions are the special province of Pete Bouton, Harry Blackstone's slightly younger brother (Blackstone is a pseudonym). Abbott normally employs twenty to fifty Colonites, depending on the orders to be filled. But to complete supercolossal marvels by the promised delivery date, it may keep half the population toiling through the night.

Zombies at Bargain Rates

While Abbott is a mail-order house, some of its clients prefer personal demonstrations and when the craving seizes them may drive many miles to Colon, though winter storms be raging. For such zealots the company maintains a tiny theater adjoining its stockroom. The chief demonstrator is Vice President Neil Foster, formerly a journeyman conjurer and still renowned throughout the profession for his specialty, the Zombie, a silvery sphere that floats as he wills all over the stage. Anybody with $12.50 can acquire a Zombie, but the purchase does not necessarily carry with it Foster's dexterity.

Abbott does its biggest business of the year during the August shindig, when Bordner and his cohorts convert the elementary-school gym into a combination salesroom and theater for the visiting talent. Dazzled by the glitter and the tumult—snakes coiling out of baskets to the tootling of a pipe, selected cards caught on the points of flashing rapiers, billiard balls multiplying—eager to mystify the folks back home, the conventioneers spend like kids at Coney Island. Last August the turnover topped $5000.

"The Caliph of Colon," as Percy Abbott, styled himself, organized the first Get-Together in 1935. It was an unpretentious event. Today a fifteen-dollar fee covers admission to five nights of wizardry by a galaxy of magi from all over the globe, such as Canada's elfin Johnny Giordmaine, who whisks enormous fountain pens, alarm clocks and coat hangers out of receptacles plainly too small to contain them and Belgium's platinum-blond Suzy Wandas, one of the few members of her sex to attain the front ranks of card manipulators. By day serious students can listen to experts elucidate the techniques of card sleights, rope cuts, coin tricks. But not the least attractions are impromptu. On Colon's streets, in its two bars, people show off until the small hours what magical skills they command. Whether past master or dub, everybody wears a badge proclaiming him "the World's Greatest Magician."

Few places harbor a heavier concentration of human curios than Colon during convention week. Doctor Weirdo, for example, or to use his real name, Charles Carey, a pear-shaped West Virginian, moustached and goateed in the fashion of the old zoot-suit set, is a neon-light salesman with an enthusiasm for his hobby exceeded only by his lack of talent. As an "escapologist" he sometimes requires the help of spectators to cast off his shackles. His efforts at sleight-of-hand would be unlikely to mystify a retarded child. Weirdo keeps a bird whistle tucked into his cheek and tweets it when introduced to strangers, explaining, "I just et bird's-nest soup."

On the Sunday of the 1961 Get-Together, Colon's First Baptist Church was the stage for Joe White, a midget lay evangelist, who illustrates the lessons of the Bible with magic. To the Sunday-school class he exhibited red and blue silks symbolizing Adam and Eve in a cloth bag symbolizing the Garden of Eden. He turned the bag inside out and, lo, Adam and Eve had been banished. White belongs to a group of some 300 preachers similarly engaged, known as Magi-ministers, and he has published a manual for prospective members, *Magic, for Heaven's Sake!*

Colon was not always quite so isolated. During the early years of the century, trains not only stopped there but brought top-notch theatrical talent to play the Opera House. Even then the villagers proved especially responsive to magicians. Blackstone used to launch his annual tour from Colon, and he liked the place so much he bought Angel Island as a fishing camp.

A Falling Out Over Levitation

While touring Australia, Blackstone met Percy Abbott and urged him, should he ever visit the States, to fish with him on Angel Island. Abbott turned up in 1927 and the friendship deepened. The older man proposed they start a magic business. The resulting Blackstone Magic Company was short-lived. The partners quarreled over title to some levitation apparatus and never spoke again. Blackstone, in fact, remained a stranger to the Colon convention until last year, after Abbott died, when he appeared as guest of honor, magnificent relic in white tie and tails, crowned by an aureole of snow-white hair. Following a standing ovation, he re-created with tremulous fingers one of the illusions that made him famous—a handkerchief dancing out of a box and around the stage. Sentimental tears bedewed

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Hocus-pocus abounds on Colon's State Street during the town's annual August Get-Together for magic folk such as levitationist Jack Gwynne and his contortionist daughter Helen.

many a cheek. The Town Council has since renamed Main Street Blackstone Street.

The first week Abbott spent in Colon he met his future wife. After parting from Blackstone he hit the carnival circuit, taking her along as assistant. Upon the birth of their first child he returned permanently to Colon and magic manufacturing. One day, in a state of excitement such as moved Archimedes to shout "Eureka!" when he discovered a way to assess the purity of gold, Abbott summoned his wife to the kitchen. "Watch!" said he, showing her a small glass full of water. He clapped his hands around the glass and it disappeared. He made a pass and it reappeared. People burning to learn the secret of Abbott's Squash, can do so for $1.50. The company's first big success, it remains the fastest-selling.

Vanishing Milk for $15

Shortly after the invention, Recil Bordner stopped by to purchase equipment for his act. Abbott persuaded him instead to invest $1000 in a 50 percent partnership. Bordner also contributed a trick which came to rank second only to Squash as a moneymaker, the Miracle Pitcher. "Get this: Pour milk into a paper cone, give to spectator to hold. Cover pitcher with a silk and give to second spectator. Open paper cone—milk has vanished. Spectator uncovers pitcher and it is filled with milk. $15."

Fire in one form or other repeatedly set the partners back. In 1938 flames spreading from an unknown source destroyed the plant. Next the metal shop burned down. In 1950 another disaster nearly finished them. A Los Angeles dancing school gave a recital for the pupils' parents. To enhance a ballet, it bought from Abbott a powder called Pufferoo which, when ignited by an electric spark, produces a harmless puff of colored smoke. A thirteen-year-old ballerina was supposed to press the electric switch with her toe as she pirouetted past the footlights. At rehearsal the powder failed to ignite. So a boy stagehand added gasoline. The resulting burst of flame almost burned the girl to death. The family won damages from Abbott of $52,000.

Only recently has the company struggled back into the black. The future beckons fair, however. "There may be no big public left for professional magicians," Bordner observed not long ago, fondly eyeing stocks of Squash and Miracle Pitchers, "but the amateurs show no signs of thinning. Our files list 8000 customers."

Bordner's optimism seemed justified last winter when a bus arrived from Fort Wayne, almost a hundred miles away, during the winter's worst storm, carrying members of that city's "ring," as local magic lodges are called. For hours they blissfully watched Neil Foster demonstrate the latest deceptions. They left loaded with $1000 worth of stuff.

THE END

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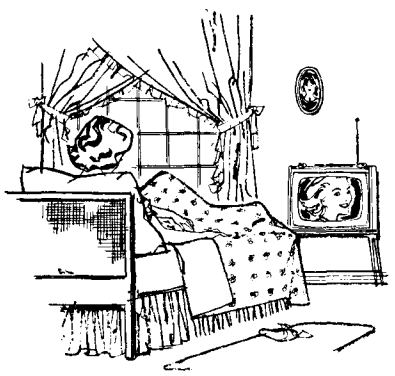

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AN ASSASSIN IN ALGERIA

(*Continued from Page 28*)

about it—that his past was linked with that of the dusty soil of this land which was not yet a nation.

He realized that, in a sense, it was this search for a personal identity, this desire to explore the taproots of his loyalties, which had led him to the F.L.N. There seemed to him to be something intangibly but starkly self-destructive and debasing, almost cowardly, about a Moslem who believed in a French Algeria. Yet he knew that this could not be so: His father, whom he loved and respected above all men, risked death daily precisely because he was a moderate, a conservative in the truest sense of the word, a man who cherished that which was good and great in France while rejecting the false France of self-deception, arrogance and terror.

He did not reject his father's values. It was just that he could no longer see how they were applicable. His father and men like him were good men but men of another generation, which seemed as remote from his own as the Ice Age. Had conviction not led him toward a definition of himself in terms of a larger nationhood, which was what essentially the F.L.N. meant to him, Michel knew that he would have joined the nationalist movement anyway to shield his father from harm, to counterbalance the older man's outdated and treasonous loyalties with his own dedication to the Revolution. *With the throwing of the bomb,* Michel thought, *I buy pardon for my father and a future for myself.*

If everything went according to plan it would all be over in fourteen minutes. Mahmoud had been watching the prefecture for months. The prefect's time of arrival at his office was irregular: Over a thirty-day period it had varied by as much as fifty-five minutes. Nor was his morning route predictable. Sometimes he came directly to his office down the Boulevard République from his home in the Belcourt area. Sometimes he visited the well-guarded offices of the delegate general, the home of a friend, or a police station in a troubled district. Occasionally, presumably when he had quarreled with madame, he left home without breakfast and took a cup of coffee and a croissant on the terrace of the St. George, looking out across the roofs of Algiers to the busy harbor and the false, theatrical blue of the Mediterranean.

But if the prefect's habits were erratic at the beginning and close of each day, they were regular at noontime. Whatever the press of work might be, he always left his office between 12:28 and 12:32. In cold weather he normally went home for lunch, sometimes traveling by way of the Rue Michelet, sometimes by the more circuitous high route along the face of the hills, the Corniche. In hot weather he frequently went for a swim at the beach club out near Le Rocher Noir, where the new offices of the delegate general were under construction. When he went for a swim, the prefect's car always took him by the most direct route: down the Rue des Anglais and left on the Avenue de la Victoire, past the Café Metropole.

Usually he swam at the beginning of the week, before his work load became too great. Frequently it was a Monday but most often it was a Tuesday. Mahmoud's charts showed that if the prefect had not taken his swim by Tuesday, he invariably did so on Wednesday. This was Wednesday. On the two previous mornings Michel, tension knotting his stomach, had waited in the Café Metropole with the bomb between his knees. Each time Mahmoud had called from the telephone box outside the prefecture to say that the prefect's car had not taken the turn toward Le Rocher Noir.

I must be careful not to throw the briefcase too hard, thought Michel. *Mahmoud has told me that if I throw it hard I may miss. All I have to do is to lob it gently through the window, as if I were tossing it on a sofa. I do not need to think about what the bomb will do to the prefect and the chauffeur. In fact, I must not think about that, because I have never killed a man, and I cannot endure or inflict pain, and my hands are shaking now just the slightest bit.* He knew his nerves were nearly gone and that if the prefect did not come today, Mahmoud would have to find someone else to do the job.

To steady his nerves, Michel sipped his *pastis* and thought about his father. He knew that his father, the gentlest and most perceptive of all men, sensed the block which had arisen between them. They had never talked about it, but the Revolution was there between them, like an old wound of which one was conscious only when it ached suddenly in the night. Michel had not told his father that he had thrown in his lot with the F.L.N. It was not something one discussed with a Gaullist. Still, he felt vaguely guilty in having hidden his commitment from his father.

One day it will be right again, he said to himself. When we have won and Algeria is free, there will be a time of reconciliation, not only for us but for the ideal that is France and the reality that is Algeria. There would be an end to killing and a time for honor and confidence and trust. Then they could talk about it and be honest with one another. His father would understand then and be proud of him. His role with the F.L.N. would balance out and complement his father's Gallicism and loyalty to that which was good in France. There would be understanding and peace with honor, and that, basically, was what all Algerians—French and Moslem—wanted.

Still, he very much regretted that he should have to kill the prefect to accomplish this. If it had been Chalvignac, director of the *Sûreté*, or Bourlier, the local O.A.S. leader, he would not have minded so much. Both of them were heartless swine, sadists who had done things to the defenseless bodies of Moslem captives for which they deserved to die. Michel had felt a little sick when Mahmoud had shown him the body of a young Moslem terrorist recovered from a ditch after Chalvignac had devoted some hours personally to his interrogation. Bourlier was just as bad. Those two were an affront to France and the human race. The killing of them, Michel thought, would not only advance the cause of the F.L.N. but make the world a cleaner place. He had told Mahmoud as much.

The Berber terrorist had thrown back his head and roared with laughter. "You are a fool, *mon petit chou*," Mahmoud had gasped when he'd recovered his breath. "Chalvignac and Bourlier are among our greatest assets."

Men like Chalvignac and Bourlier, Mahmoud explained, meant new recruits, money and propaganda for the F.L.N. The great question mark in the whole Algerian situation, he continued, was the

Which of these fishing twins is the little brother?

The one on the left is the Merc 60, a 6 hp motor that only weighs 49½ lbs. It was the remarkable acceptance of this motor last year that gave us the idea that perhaps a little larger brother would appeal to the fishermen who wanted a roomier boat...or the extra power to take along another friend or two, or more gear.

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ASSASSIN

moderate, uncommitted Moslem, men like his father. As long as they held aloof from both the O.A.S. and the F.L.N., the Revolution could not succeed.

Mahmoud added, "But the work of our friend Chalvignac cannot be hidden. Who does not look up and see the lights burning late in the offices of the *Sûreté?* Who has not heard a muffled blow or a faint scream? Every time the mutilated body of a Moslem is found wedged in a Casbah sewer or rotting in the fields of some remote *mechta*, ten more recruits join our forces, our tax collectors find their work more easy, the moderates hesitate and begin to gravitate toward us. If there were not a Chalvignac with his electrodes, his rubber hoses and his tubs of water, it would be up to us to create one. Besides, little one, the world, as you may one day discover, is such that there is always another swine to replace a dead pig: Only good men are in short supply."

It followed from the stocky terrorist's logic that the dangerous men, from the F.L.N.'s point of view, as from that of the O.A.S., were the moderates, Arabs and Frenchmen alike, fighting the lonely, unsung, dangerous struggle to keep the last avenues of friendship and mutual respect open between Moslem and Frenchman, seeking a third solution based on decency and respect for one another.

"Such a man," said Mahmoud, "is the prefect, and so he must die. Such a man, too, little one, is your most distinguished father. We have held our hand against Jacques ben Seddik because of you, but you must soon convince him that ours is the way."

Mahmoud had looked evenly and intently at Michel when he had told him that he had been selected to kill the prefect. Michel had tried—he knew with only limited success—to conceal his sense of shock. He had known that eventually he would have to kill. But he had not expected it so soon. It had not occurred to him that it might be someone he knew, that a man who had eaten at his father's table would die through his actions.

The prefect, Abdul ben Khiari, Michel knew, was popular with neither the Army nor the *colon* extremists, who suspected him of having contacts with the F.L.N., which in fact he had. The prefect had explained his position once to his father:

"The F.L.N. will win in the long run, Jacques, if only because the paras, the Legion, Chalvignac's police, and *colon* extremists have done such an excellent job of alienating the Arab *fellagha*. The only question is this: Who will lead the F.L.N. at the moment of victory and what kind of Algeria will they build from the ashes of the old? It is my job, perhaps yours, to see that the moderate element retains at least some influence within the F.L.N., that the wild men do not have everything their way. Without contact, this cannot be done."

This is the man whom I must kill, thought Michel. Fortunately, although he had known the prefect for many years, he had not been on intimate terms with him. Khiari was a brooding, introverted man not given to casual pleasantries.

Still, thought Michel, *I would have been happier had Mahmoud left me to the business of the pamphlets, or at least let me kill one who was a stranger*. He had a feeling that Mahmoud had chosen him for this job precisely because the prefect was a friend of his father. Mahmoud and the rest of his new companions, he sensed, did not quite trust him. The bombing was to test him. If he were successful, he would be accepted. If he failed . . . he did not know. Michel knew that a nerve in his cheek had begun to twitch.

He lighted a cigarette and inhaled the heavy, black smoke. It would be all right. The prefect would come and he would throw the bomb. In the confusion following the explosion, he would run down the Rue des Anglais to the Avenue Maréchal Foch. There would be other Frenchmen and Moslems, wearing like him the blue denim of the factory workers of Belcourt, who would be running to catch the streetcars. He would mingle with them, board a streetcar and ride it to the intersection of Avenue Robespierre in the Climat de France district. There, at the back of a café run by the Movement, he would change his denims for the tweed suit he had worn when he left the house in the morning. Then a five-minute walk and he would be in time to join his parents for lunch. It was a good plan because it was simple. It would work and everything would be all right. Mahmoud would be pleased with him. Mahmoud might even let him go back to the writing and distribution of pamphlets. But he was sorry about the prefect.

It was getting late. The clock on the wall said 12:31. Suppose the prefect did not come? Suppose he had another engagement or too much work to swim? Michel knew in his heart that this was not so. But he knew equally well that he desperately wanted it to be so. *I am not a murderer*, he said to himself. *I am not a killer. But I want a free Algeria and men must die for this.* Good men must die. Mahmoud had explained it all to him. Yet somehow he thought that if Mahmoud could talk with his father, the professor could show where the terrorist was wrong.

I've got to get hold of myself. There is no turning back now. Unless the window is up, or I have forgotten the pliers with which to crimp the primer and activate the bomb, the prefect will die. He patted the pocket of his blue-denim jacket. The pliers were there. He looked at his watch. It was 12:33. The prefect was late. Any minute now Mahmoud would be telephoning him to give him the exact moment of the departure of the government car. He snuffed out his cigarette and pulled the briefcase up into his lap. It was of cheap imitation leather, much like any of a hundred he had seen carried past the café by pedestrians in the last hour. But could it be that no one else but him realized that this contained not papers, but death?

Michel's wire-taut nerves quivered at the jangle of the telephone on the bar. He turned too quickly in his chair, his fist clenched. The briefcase slipped off his lap and down to the ground. A waiter was answering the phone, talking to the person at the other end. He seemed unsure of whom the caller wanted. It was Mahmoud, Michel knew it was Mahmoud. The prefect had left and was on his way. The waiter had put down the receiver and was walking toward him. Michel started to rise but the waiter walked past him and whispered something to the dark girl in a beret and a leather topcoat sitting two tables away from him. She got up, snuffed out her cigarette, and walked to the phone, picked up the receiver and began to talk. The wall clock said 12:36.

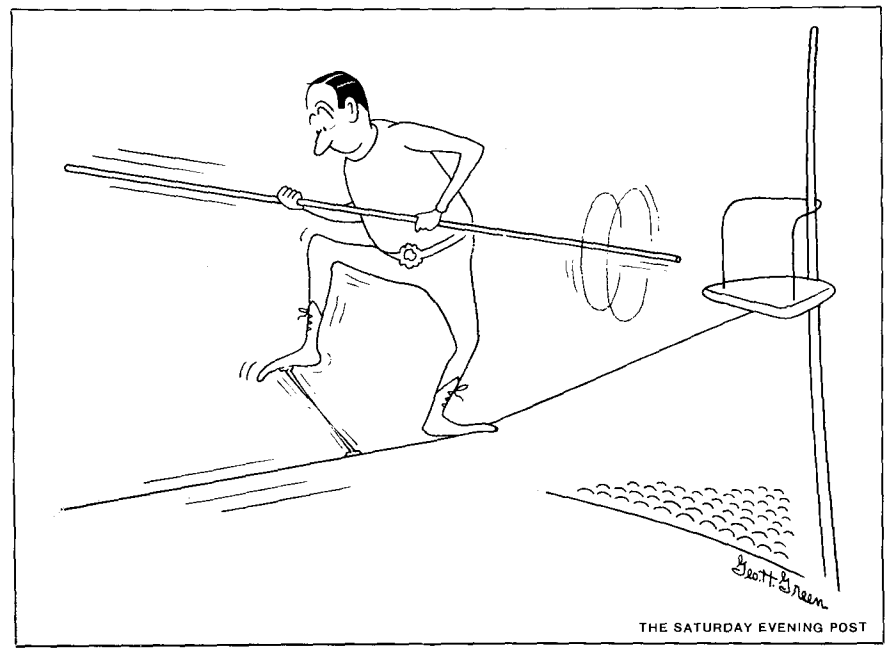
Michel picked up the briefcase with shaking hands and placed it on the table in front of him. *He'll not be able to get me*, he thought. *The line will be busy and Mahmoud will not be able to tell me when the prefect leaves.* The sweat was ice-cold on his forehead, and he was suddenly aware that he was digging his fingernails into the palms of his hands. *I won't be able to kill Khiari unless I go now to the corner and wait there for the car.* But the sidewalks were thick with laborers and clerks returning from work and he would not be able to maintain his position at the curb against the press of the crowd. The whole plan depended on exact timing. He could not carry it through under those circumstances. Mahmoud would not understand that. He knew that Mahmoud would not understand that. He was already under suspicion because of his father and the only way to save himself and his father was to kill the prefect.

He watched the girl. She was in no hurry. She was examining her nails as she talked. Michel groaned and beat his fist in frustration on the table.

The girl hung up the receiver, walked back to the table, paid her bill and left. Michel drained his *pastis*, the licorice-flavored liquid cloying in his throat. He felt vaguely nauseated. The phone was ringing again. The same waiter wiped his hands on his apron and picked up the receiver. He was looking at Michel as he talked. He put down the receiver. He was walking toward Michel.

"Is your name Marc Monot?" he asked. He was a fat man with wrinkles of exhaustion around his rheumy eyes.

"Yes."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Telephone. It's on the bar."

Michel was halfway to the bar before he remembered the briefcase. He whirled and almost collided with the fat waiter.

"You've forgotten this. And a hundred francs for the aperitif. Service is not included."

Michel snatched the briefcase from the waiter's hand and fumbled in his pocket for the money. He pulled out a crumpled 100-franc note and a few coins and handed them hurriedly to the waiter.

"Thanks. The phone's over there."

He put the briefcase down on the bar, placed his left forearm protectively over it and picked up the receiver.

"Marc Monot here," he said.

"Marc, this is Pierre," came the strangely disembodied voice from the other end of the line. It was Mahmoud. "Our guest is late this morning. He had had a visitor. They are leaving together. At this minute they are getting into the black Citroën. The flag is flying so you cannot miss it. They will be at your rendezvous in exactly six minutes."

"What about the other man?"

"Don't worry about him. He is one who would have merited our attentions sooner or later."

"I'm not sure I can do it."

"You can do it and you will do it. The visitor is something extra for you. After this, you will always be one of us to an extent which you cannot appreciate now. And hurry. History will not wait for you."

"But the other man. Who is ——" There was a click and the phone went dead. Michel hung up the receiver. He closed his eyes to ward off a sensation of dizziness. When he opened them he saw that the proprietor's wife behind the bar was looking strangely at him.

"You are well, *monsieur?*" she asked.

"I'm all right. Where is it?"

She pointed to a curtained door at the end of the room. He picked up the briefcase and walked through the curtain. The toilet had a wooden stall around it. He walked in and latched the door.

Michel fumbled with the catches of the briefcase. He had trouble with one but finally got it open. The bomb lay in the bottom of it. Curious, he thought, that this half pound of putty can do such terrible things. He sat down on the toilet and took the pliers out of his coat pocket, got a firm grip on the primer with them and squeezed. The bomb was activated. The slightest jar would set it off. He closed the briefcase carefully and held it in his left hand. Cautiously he climbed up onto the toilet seat and dropped the pliers into the watertank. If he were to be caught with the pliers it would not be good.

He stepped down, flushed the toilet and hurried out through the bar with the briefcase under his arm. Outside the sun was warm in his face. People were brushing by him, hurrying home for their lunch, unaware that he carried death under his arm. He lighted a cigarette and checked his watch. Mahmoud had called at 12:41. It was now 12:45. He had two minutes. He took a deep drag on the cigarette, threw it in the gutter and walked to the corner of the Rue des Anglais. There he would wait until he saw the car.

It would be in the left-hand lane because it would have to turn left on the Avenue de la Victoire, which led out to Le Rocher Noir and the beach. Traffic was heavy, as it always was at this time of the day, and the car would be hugging the curb. He would have only to step to the curb a few seconds before the car pulled up, hesitate for a minute, and pitch the

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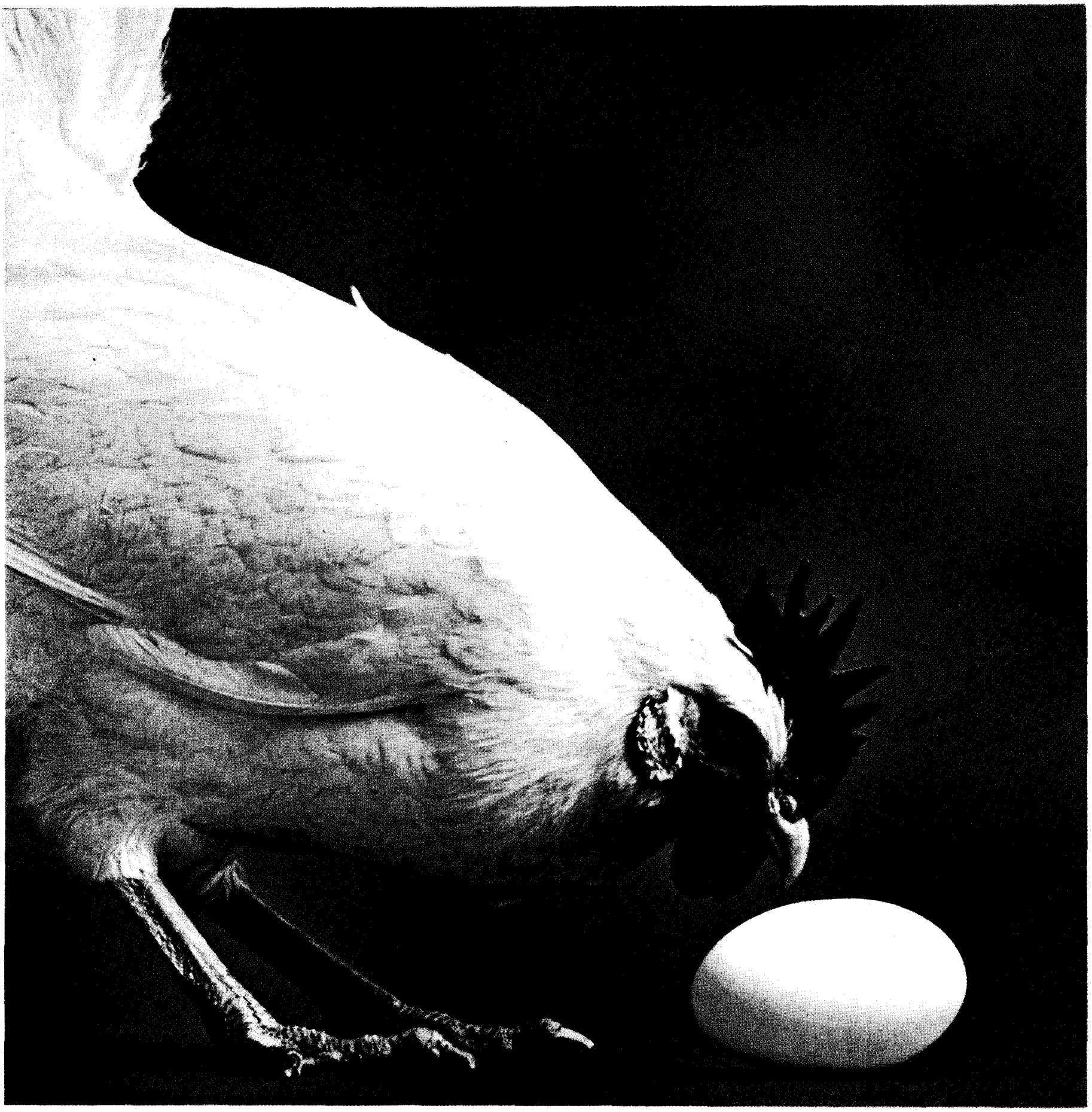
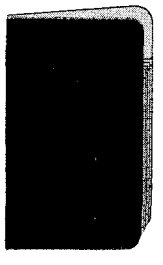


Turkey?

Until it hatches, you can't always tell. But some things you want to be sure of — in advance. For instance, your savings. You want to be sure that they're safe. That they'll grow. That they'll hatch exactly the way you've planned. When it comes to your nest egg, you want just one thing: a bank.



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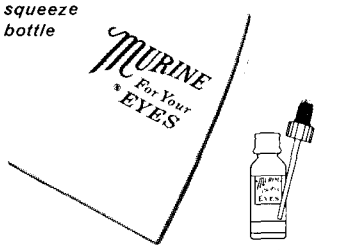
REST YOUR EYES WITH

MURINE

Handy squeeze bottle



Also in glass bottle with dropper

When you leave the expressway to refuel your car and stretch your weary bones, don't forget to refresh your eyes. They've been working, too. Close them for a few seconds, roll, blink—but do not rub! Treat to a few drops of Murine. Murine soothes tired eyes and gently refreshes them.

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ASSASSIN

briefcase into the back seat. He would have about three seconds before the bomb exploded to start down the Rue des Anglais.

He could feel his cheek twitching again and the nausea returned. *My father*, he thought, *never taught me how to throw a bomb.* One did not learn such things at universities. "But they have forced this all upon us," he said. "They have made a world of *plastiques* and grenades and it is we who must live in it." He was not sure who "they" were. He was not even sure who "we" were. He only knew that he was standing on a street corner with a bomb under his arm and that he was going to throw that bomb, with the gentle underhand motion Mahmoud had shown him—for the Citroën was low—and that three men, possibly others including himself, were going to die. He was throwing that bomb, he told himself, so that Algeria might be free.

But I would rather be throwing this thing at Chalvignac than at the prefect, he thought. And what about Mahmoud? Would he be an improvement on Chalvignac? Would all the electrodes, the rubber hoses and the tubs of water disappear when Chalvignac's day was done? Or would the lights still burn late in police headquarters, with the only change being that of Mahmoud's sitting behind Chalvignac's desk? He knew that these were the questions that his father would have asked him. But it was too late for questions. Now it was kill or be killed. He was going to kill the prefect and the others with him. The matter of the electrodes could be dealt with later.

Michel cradled the briefcase in his arms and kept his eyes on the street. His breath was coming quickly, and for a minute he felt faint. But the sight of a small tricolor flapping from the fender of a black car fifty yards down the street brought him back. It was the Citroën. He could see the official license plate. There were many cars, and they were edging out into the main stream of traffic which hurtled down the Avenue de la Victoire.

Now the Citroën was only twenty yards away, and traffic was beginning to move a little faster into the main street. He stepped quickly to the curb. The Citroën was so low that he could see only the legs and hands of the two men in the back seat. Their hands were moving and they were obviously deep in conversation. The chauffeur was an old Moslem in a neat black uniform. His eyes were fixed firmly on the bumper of the car in front of him. The back window was open.

Now I must do it, Michel thought. The action had almost anticipated the thought, and he was aware that he had tossed the briefcase through the window. He turned quickly and had forced his way a step or two through the crowd before he heard the explosion.

At one moment there had been the silence, because they were unheard, of normal city noises—horns blowing, people muttering, paper boys shouting the headlines. In the next there was nothing but a dull roar, the blow of a mass of hot air, a milky white cloud of flying glass, the buzz of bits of metal cutting through the air, and people screaming. It was the blast of hot air and the screaming which seemed to have the most substance. The explosion ended almost before he realized that it had taken place, and the flying glass and bits of metal were gone like a swarm of bees. But the hot air, which had lifted him off his feet and hurled him to the pavement remained, heavy with the smell of gasoline and burning flesh. The screaming seemed to have no source. It was several seconds before he realized that he was one of those screaming.

He became dimly aware that there was pain flitting through his body. He finally, through an effort of will, located it in his left elbow and one knee. His cheek felt wet. He touched it with his shaking hand and his fingers came away with blood on them. His blood. His blood, the blood of the ben Seddiks had been shed in the cause of freedom. He wanted to show that blood to Mahmoud.

He struggled to one knee. Men and women, joined together in that chorus of pain, lay around him on the sidewalk. Some were struggling to their feet, their faces and clothes splattered with blood. The car was a smoking wreck. The entire roof had been torn off by the force of the explosion. The two men in the back seat were linked in an embrace of death, their bodies charred beyond recognition.

Suddenly Michel knew that he was running. He could no longer feel the pain in his knee. His elbow throbbed dully. His face did not hurt at all. He felt only a compelling urge to be gone from that place of charred bodies, screams and twisted metal, to wipe it from his mind.

At the Avenue Maréchal Foch he stopped to catch his breath. He still had enough presence of mind left to dust himself off. There was no blood on his clothes, he noticed thankfully. He wiped his cheek with his handkerchief. It was only several small nicks, such as a careless man might make while shaving, but there was a good deal of blood. He held his handkerchief to his cheek and swung onto a streetcar.

He could no longer hear the screams of the wounded and for that he was most grateful. Now there were the Klaxons of the ambulances and the whistles of the police. The people on the streetcar glanced up with disinterest when he clambered aboard. None seemed to have heard the explosion.

He paid his fare and got off at the intersection of the Avenue Robespierre. It was well into the lunch hour, and there were few people on the street. None seemed to notice him. It had been easy, he thought, this business of killing. He had done the job well. Mahmoud could not have done it better. But he remembered the screams and the odor of charred flesh and singed wool, and for a moment he thought he was going to be sick. He knew he could not do it again. He had paid his debt for his father, and Mahmoud would have to find something else for him to do. He would try to talk about it to his father when he got home, at least in abstract and impersonal terms. His father, he felt, could help him now.

Michel turned into an alley, knocked on the rear door of a café, and was immediately admitted by Abdullahi, a sallow young Arab who had come with Mahmoud from Tlemcen. Michel stepped quickly into the back room and began to strip. Abdullahi closed the door behind him, slipped the bolt, and watched him curiously. "How did it go?" he asked.

"Perfectly."

"All dead?"

"All."

"And no one has followed you?"

"No."

Michel washed quickly in the basin in the corner, tore a piece of tape from a roll on the washstand, and fastened it over the two largest cuts on his cheek. Hurriedly he pulled on his tweed suit.

"The prefect was in the car?" asked Abdullahi.

"Of course." Michel tied his tie and combed his hair.

"Mahmoud will be pleased. Now you are one of us."

"Yes."

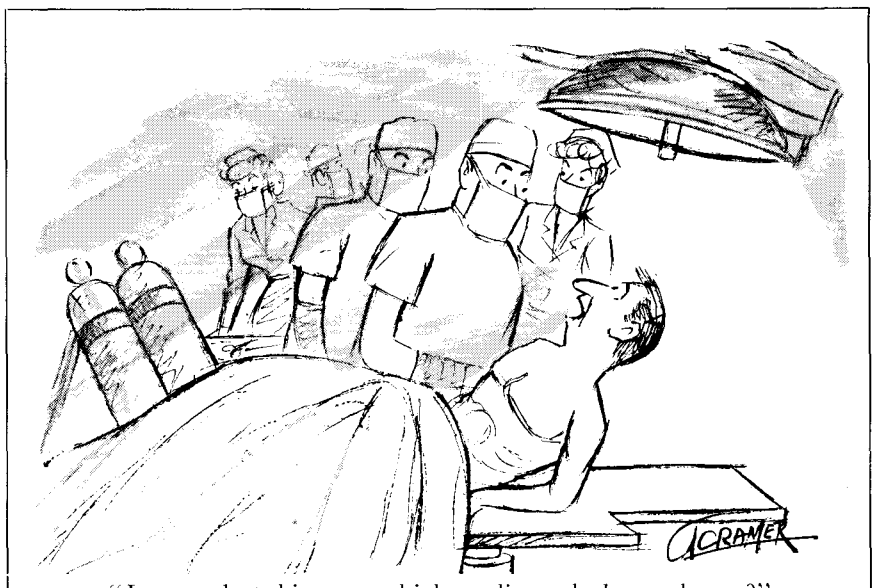
Michel slipped out into the alley and walked to the street, where he paused to light a cigarette. He looked at his watch. It was 1:17. The whole business had taken only half an hour. Suddenly he felt very tired, and by the time he had walked the five blocks to his father's home, his bones were like rubber.

It is the tension catching up with me, he thought as he unlocked the door. His mother was setting the table. She said good afternoon to him as he flopped into a living-room chair. He was not sure enough of his control to risk a reply. He picked up a copy of *Paris Match* and held the magazine in front of his face to hide it from his mother until he was quite certain that he could carry it off.

"Are you ready to eat?" she asked.

"What about father?" He felt a desperate need to be with his father—if not to talk with him, at least to hear his calm and measured voice, which evoked all the lost guidons of their shared past.

"There'll just be the two of us," she said. "He phoned from the prefect's office to say that he was going for a swim with Monsieur Khiari." **THE END**



"Just one last thing . . . which credit cards do you honor?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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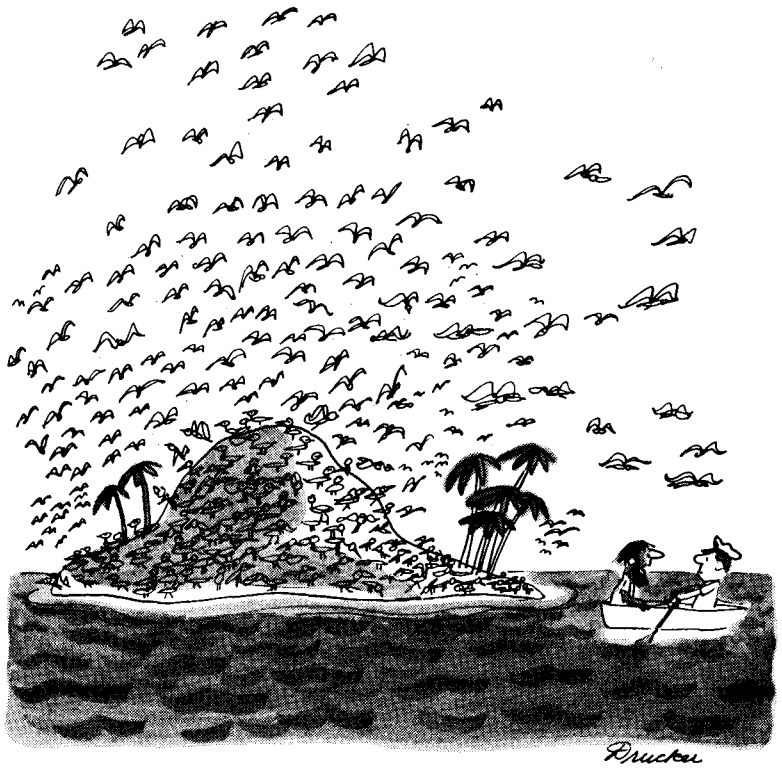
post scripts



"Mostly, I ate eggs!"

The Language of Beauty

I've noticed that the staff of a beauty shop uses a terminology all its own. For instance, no one refers to the man who dresses your hair as a hairdresser. Rather, he is called a stylist, a beauty technician—often contracted to "beautician"—a coiffeur, a hair-fashion consultant or a coiffure designer.

Beauty shops do not have customers. They have clients or patrons. Some even have patients.

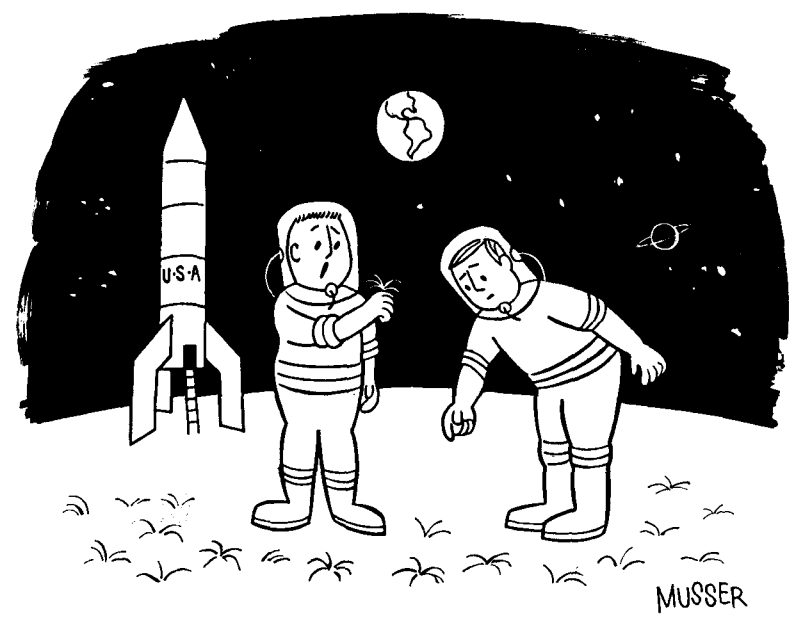
Hairdos are not *done*. First, they are inspired; then they are created, fashioned, designed, conceived or evolved.

Hair is never wiry or stubborn. It is perhaps a wee bit wayward—rather an endearing trait—or recalcitrant, with "a mind of its own" or "ever so much body to it." Neither is hair limp. It is, instead, delicate, baby-fine or cloud-soft. In extreme cases—that is, wild and woolly—it may be described as wispy.

Above all, a patron's hair is never dyed or bleached. It is tinted, rinsed, blended, toned up, toned down, lightened, brightened, heightened, subdued, highlighted or color-bathed.

By the way, the man who designs my coiffures is an absolute marvel. His name is Mike.

KAY NELSON



"I'm afraid you're right. It *is* crabgrass."

there's more

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Has a picture on it—me!
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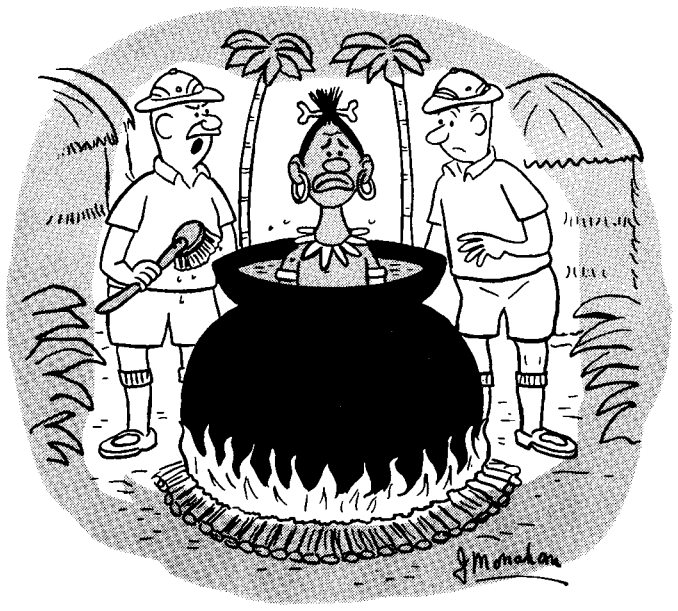
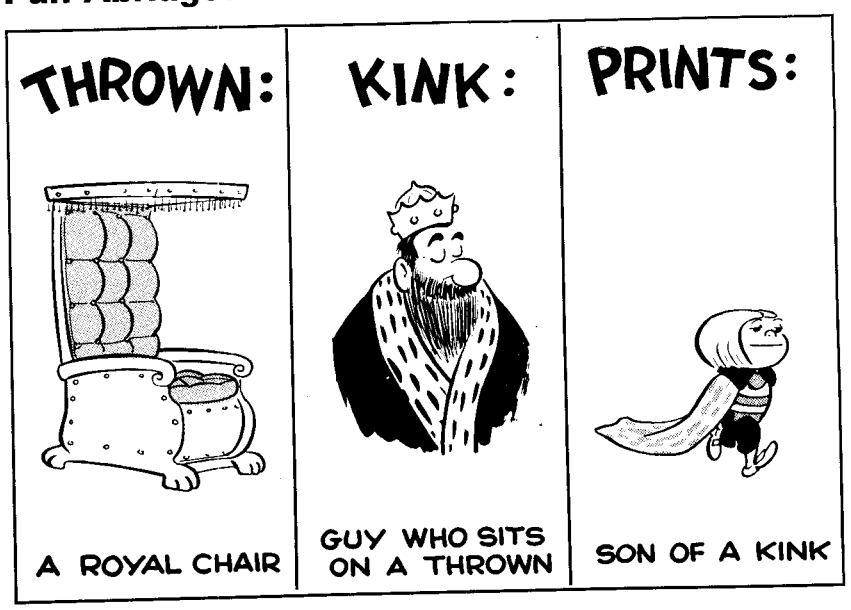


"Don't be ridiculous—I'm giving him a bath."

Pun Abridged Dictionary



"Which way did they go?"

Brew Boy

Don't I adore Café Espresso?
When there's enough to taste, I guess so;
Yes, I'm aware from Rome to Reno
The world cries out for Cappuccino,
And when you Café-Viennese me
You mustn't think it doesn't please me;
But when I've done this silly sipping,
A mug of coffee would be ripping!

LOYD ROSENFIELD

"You said '*Down*'?"

"HELP!"

and more

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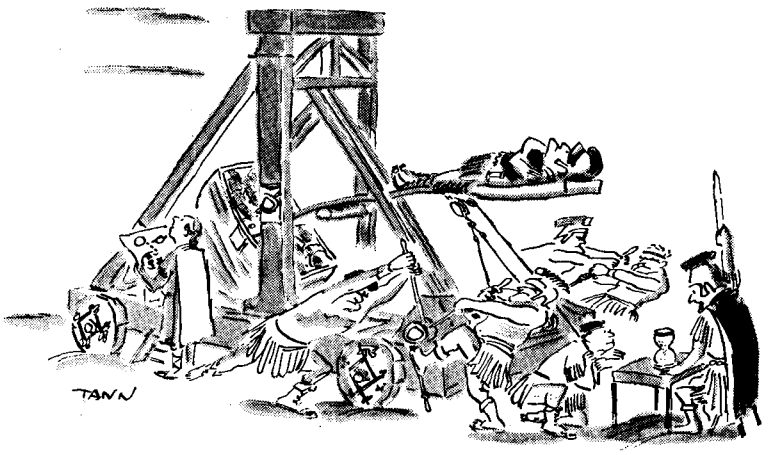
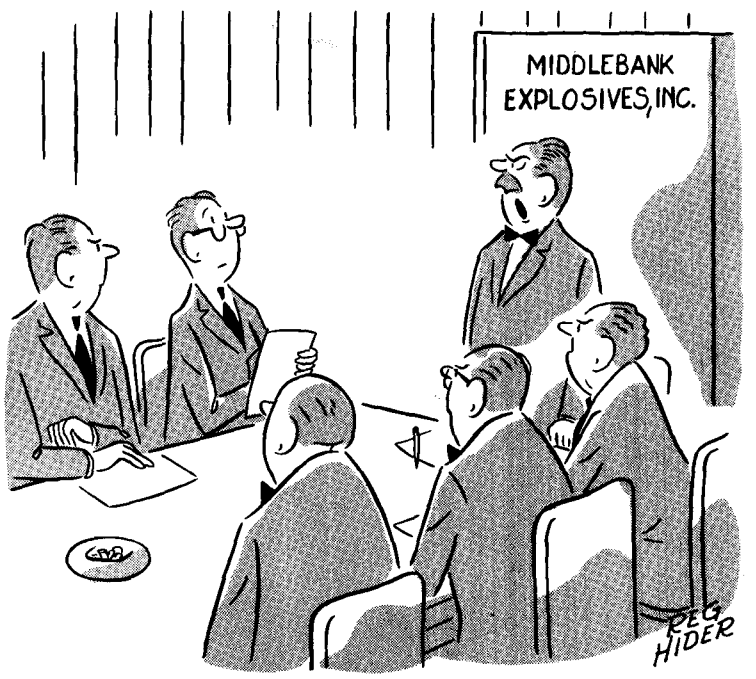


"X . . . IX . . . VIII . . . VII . . . VI . . . V . . . IV . . . III . . . II . . ."

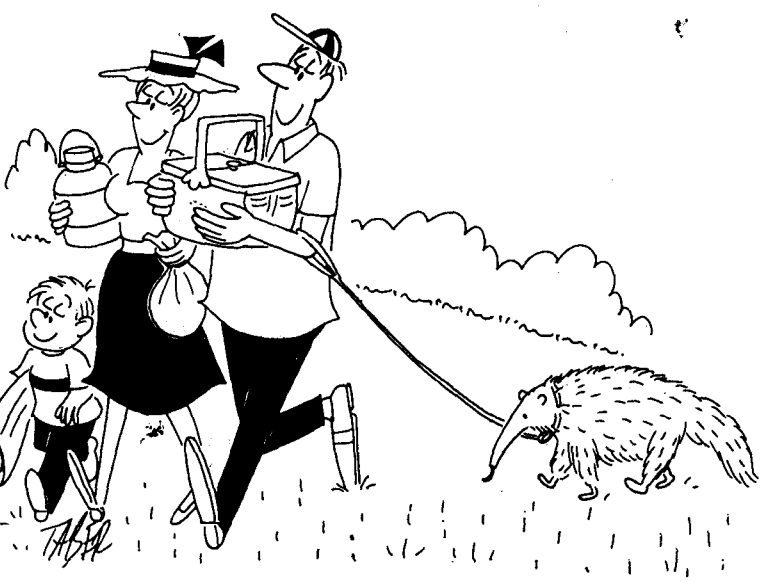
In the Bag

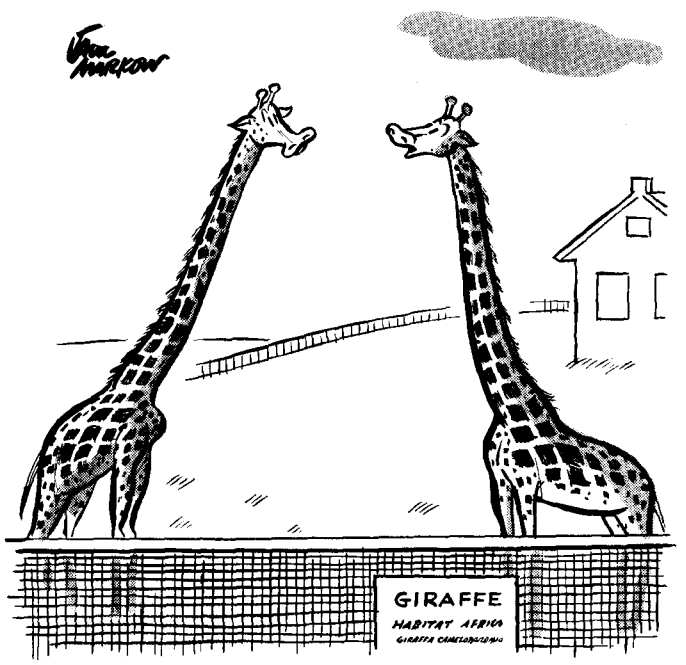
This I must say of ladies' handbags:
They have become such huge and grand bags
That what was once a dainty, cute case
Is now more like a full-sized suitcase.
And in the future, sure as fate,
As handbags grow in size and weight,
So women's muscles will develop
Till men, too late, will cry for helop.

RICHARD ARMOUR

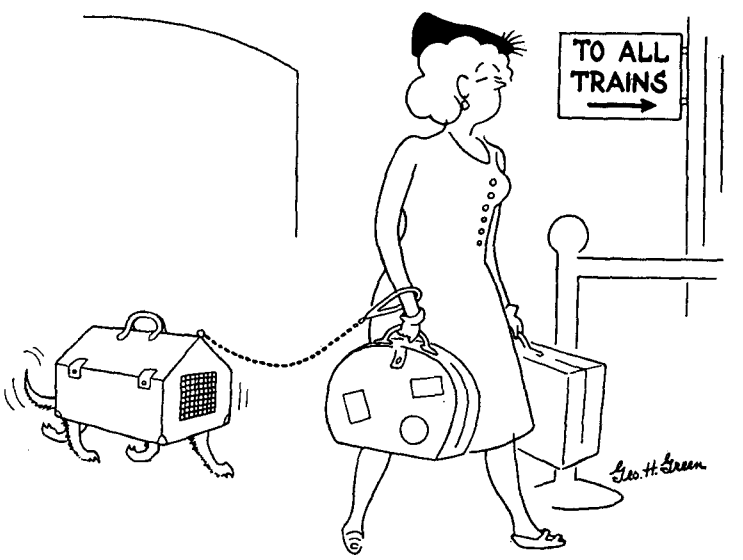


"In this business, Hartley, we never speak of a 'boom.'"





"Sorry to keep you waiting so long for the answer to your question, but I just *had* to clear my throat."



the end

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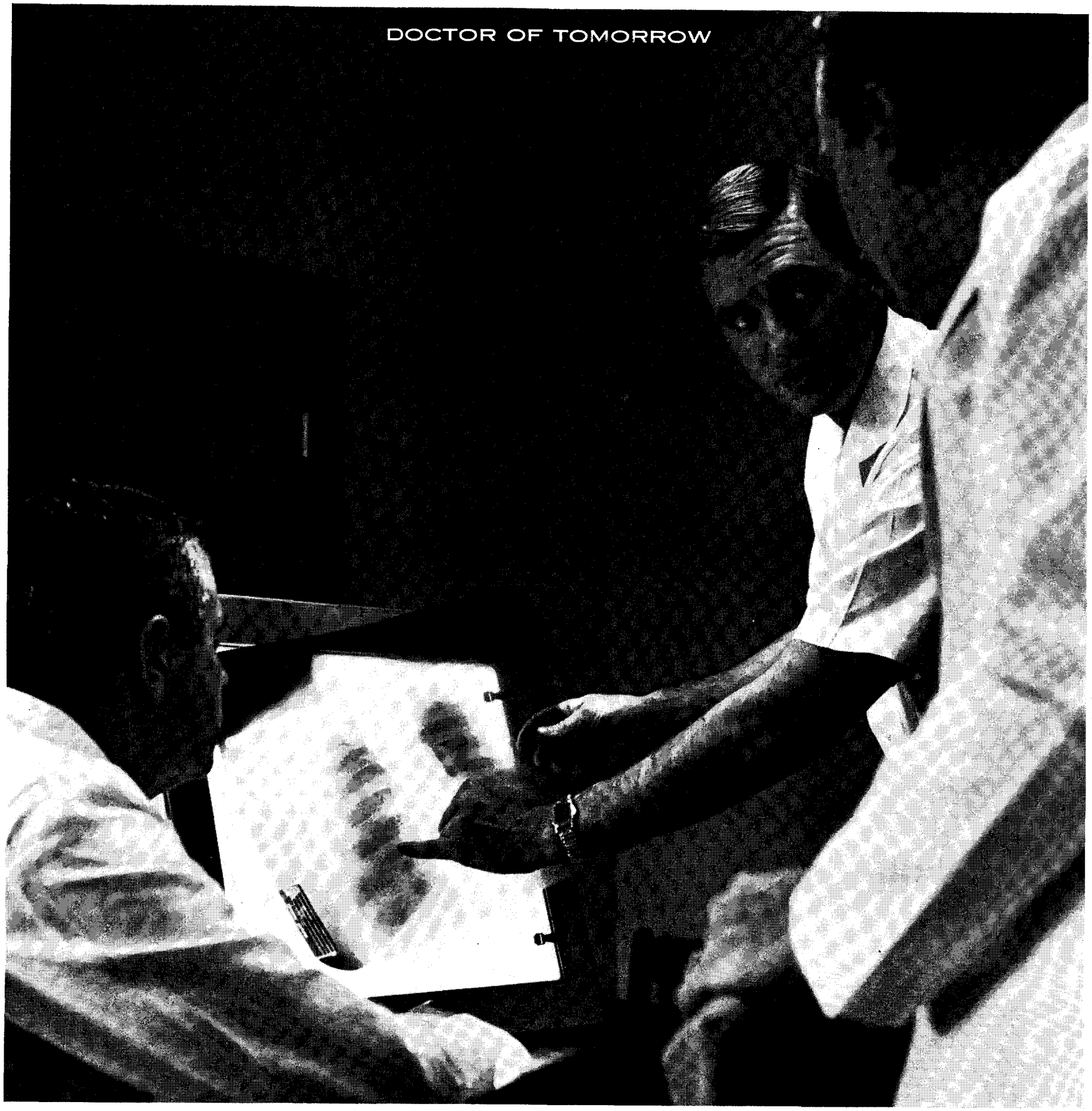

Shadow of doubt?

There's a telltale shadow on the X-ray. And this young student doctor is almost sure he recognizes it. But as he stands before the examiners, he knows "almost" just isn't sure enough.

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Sandy Koufax
The Strikeout King

The Dodgers' southpaw ace cuts down batters at a rate of better than one per inning and this year may make it as a twenty-game winner. By MELVIN DURSLAG

One of baseball's most mysterious performers is Sandy Koufax, the fireballing left-hander of the Los Angeles Dodgers. The ultimate a pitcher can achieve against a hitter is to strike him out, and since coming to the majors in 1955 Koufax has been striking out the hitters at the greatest rate in history—an average of more than one an inning. Twice he has equaled Bob Feller's modern record of eighteen strikeouts in a game. He holds the National League strikeout mark for a season, having fanned 269 last year to surpass Christy Mathewson's old standard of 267, which had stood for fifty-eight years.

For all these glowing accomplishments, however, Koufax—the first syllable rhymes with go—has made surprisingly small progress toward a plaque in the Baseball Hall of Fame. It wasn't until last year, in fact, that he could make a place for himself in the regular Dodger starting rotation and get his lifetime won-lost percentage above .500. This year, enjoying his best start by far, he has a good chance to be a twenty-game winner. But it remains a matter of debate whether this will become a habit.

Thomas Wolfe and Santayana

Baffling as an athlete, Sandy also is enigmatic as a person. A tall, brown-eyed and darkly handsome bachelor of twenty-six, he lives by himself in the tasteful ranch house he owns in a lonely section of the San Fernando Valley near Los Angeles. He reads Thomas Wolfe, George Santayana, Aldous Huxley and other writers of substance. He takes solitary drives in the country, collects symphonic albums and spurns the affections of the Sandy Koufax Fan Club. As for ladies in his life, there are many, none of whom he discusses.

Although Koufax is reserved and generally mild, he isn't without temperament. He once told off the general manager of the Dodgers. Another time, when the manager caught him coming in after curfew, he broke away and ran, causing a comical chase through the team's barracks at the Dodger spring camp in Florida.

Baseball scientists have advanced a number of reasons why Koufax hasn't been winning twenty games a year right along and earning considerably more than the $26,000 Los Angeles is paying him. The first and most obvious explanation is that Sandy has been wild. Not only

A retiring bachelor of 26, Koufax's good looks have gained him the adulation of a large feminine following.

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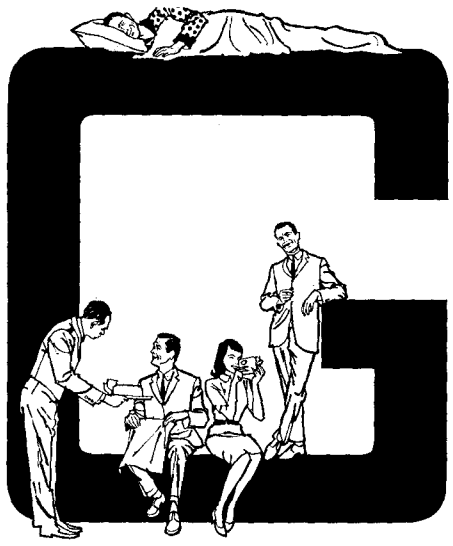

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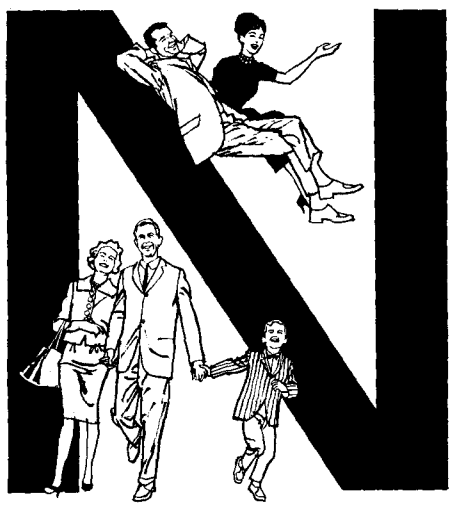

Sandy Koufax

has he walked more batters than most pitchers, but he hasn't always been able, in critical spots, to avoid throwing the ball where a given batter likes it.

Dodger pitching coach Joe Becker thinks that Koufax's control trouble stems from a physical problem. "Sandy has the opposite of a rubber arm," says Becker. "He has a muscular arm that tends to tighten. When it does, his control suffers."

Others analyze the problem in emotional terms. Whereas his teammate, Don Drysdale, gets mad at himself in a game and reacts openly, Koufax grows silently angry and boils inside. As a result of this tenseness, the theory goes, Sandy's arm tightens.

Whatever the cause of his wildness, Sandy may at last have overcome it. During the first two months of this season he had the lowest ratio of walks per innings pitched of any Dodger hurler. In winning his tenth 1962 victory on June eighteenth—a 1–0 squeaker over the St. Louis Cardinals—Sandy for the first time in his career started and finished a game without walking a single batter.

A Backyard Discovery

On Koufax's past vicissitudes, Dodger president Walter O'Malley volunteers the least-complicated theory of all. "Sandy came from the cradle to the major leagues," says O'Malley. "He never had minor-league experience. The boy is now just learning the game."

The Dodgers originally found Sanford (Sandy) Koufax in their old hometown, Brooklyn. He was born there on December 30, 1935, the son of a lawyer, Irving Koufax. Sandy has been a strikeout specialist since he was a boy of fifteen in the neighborhood sandlot leagues. Eventually a Brooklyn sportswriter, Jimmy Murphy, tipped the Dodgers that Koufax was the fastest amateur pitcher he had ever seen. The Dodgers put a scout on Sandy's trail.

The path eventually led to the University of Cincinnati, where Koufax had been given a basketball scholarship. When he turned out in the spring for baseball and struck out thirty-four batters in two consecutive games, the Dodger scout suddenly found that eleven other big-league scouts had joined him.

"The last thing that entered my mind," recalls Sandy, "was becoming a professional athlete. Some kids dream of being a ballplayer. I wanted to be an architect."

When baseball offers started to roll in, however, it turned out that he was willing to change his mind. Al Campanis, chief of the Dodger scouting system, finally convinced Koufax's parents two weeks before Sandy's nineteenth birthday in 1954 that the boy should sign with Brooklyn.

"First," says Campanis, "we agreed to beat all bonus bids tendered to date. We offered fourteen thousand dollars. And second, we told the parents the boy should play in Brooklyn, where he could live with his family. Sandy's father and I closed the deal on a handshake."

As Campanis emerged from the Koufax home, he ran into Ed McCarrick, a scout for Pittsburgh, who just had been authorized by general manager Branch Rickey to top any Dodger bid by $5000. A few days later Milwaukee, unaware of Sandy's agreement with Brooklyn, came forth with a bonus offer of $30,000.

"I've always felt a little guilty about our transaction with the Koufaxes," says Campanis. "Signing with us not only cost them money, but not long afterward we left Brooklyn for Los Angeles, taking Sandy away from home."

Remembering his first spring training in 1955, Koufax admits, "I was so nervous and so tense I couldn't throw the ball for ten days. When I finally started pitching, I felt I should throw as hard as I could. I wound up with an arm so sore that I had to rest it another week."

A rule at the time dictated that a big-league club paying a free agent $6000 or more in bonus must keep him on the parent team for at least two years. The Dodgers pitched Koufax a couple of times in exhibition games, and his strikeout figures were impressive, but it was July sixth before they allowed him to start his first National League game. He lasted four and two thirds innings against Pittsburgh, striking out four but walking eight.

Not until August twenty-seventh did Sandy get another starting chance. He shut out Cincinnati with two hits, striking out fourteen. Next time out, against Milwaukee, Koufax was knocked out of the box in the first inning. Then he came back to beat Pittsburgh on a five-hit shutout, fanning six.

This erratic pattern scarcely changed during Koufax's first six years in the majors. By the end of the 1960 season he was a disillusioned man. He had won only thirty-six games while losing forty.

Teammates were critical. One told a Los Angeles baseball writer, "He has a bad competitive spirit. He never had to ride the bus leagues. He doesn't realize what it means to pitch and win in the majors."

"A Fast Ball You Can't See"

In his frustration, Koufax fought with management, blaming his unsteadiness on the lack of regular starting opportunities. Behind the backstop at Los Angeles Coliseum the night of a Dodger game with San Francisco in 1960, this reporter eavesdropped on a warm argument between Sandy and the team general manager, E. J. (Buzzie) Bavasi.

"I want to pitch," Koufax screamed at Bavasi, "and you guys aren't giving me a chance!"

"How can you pitch," Bavasi answered, "when you can't get the side out?"

"Who the hell can get the side out sitting in the dugout?" snapped Sandy.

Giant players Willie Mays and Sam Jones—the latter now with Detroit—kibitzed the debate. Willie chuckled softly. "Listen to 'em go," he said to Jones. "I hope they trade him to us. He's got a fast ball you can't see."

Against San Francisco the previous year Koufax had first tied Feller's single-game strikeout record. The Giants and the Dodgers at the time were fighting for the National League lead. A crowd of 82,794 poured into the Coliseum.

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Suspense began to grow after Sandy struck out the side in both the fifth and sixth innings, bringing his total for the evening to eleven. By the end of the eighth inning, he had increased it to fifteen. The crowd was tense. Two more, and Koufax would equal Dizzy Dean's National League record of seventeen strikeouts in a game. Three more, and he would equal Feller's major-league record of eighteen.

Ed Bressoud was the first San Francisco batter in the ninth. Koufax fanned him on three pitches. Then came Danny O'Connell. Sandy required but three pitches for him too. Now he had tied Dizzy Dean. Only Jack Sanford, the San Francisco pitcher, stood between Koufax and Feller. Sandy got his man on four pitches. The stadium rocked with cheers.

"Koufax was so fast that night," testifies catcher John Roseboro, "that the Giants didn't know what they were doing. Trying to get their bats out in front to meet the fast ball, they started their swings early. This meant that when Sandy came in with the curve, the hitters couldn't hold back. According to Roseboro, the Koufax curve ball "drops like a chair whose legs collapse."

Fan Blows the Whistle

In a way, Koufax had the record coming to him, because in a previous home game—against Philadelphia—he had lost out under circumstances that were decidedly unusual. By the end of the seventh inning, Sandy had struck out sixteen. As he started to pitch in the eighth, a man escaped from the stands and trotted to the mound. He moved close to the pitcher, then reached in his pocket. Nervously, Sandy drew back. The intruder whipped out a whistle and blew it sharply in Koufax's face.

It turned out that the man had done this to win a $200 bet from a friend, with the money to be donated to an orphanage. While the cause was no doubt worthy, the stunt was less than helpful to Sandy's nerves. He finished the game with no further strikeouts.

Early this season in Chicago Koufax fanned eighteen batters for the second time. This game was played in sunshine, thus quieting critics who had claimed that Sandy, pitching under lights against San Francisco, had a big advantage over Feller, who achieved his eighteen strikeouts in a daytime game.

Koufax has become so closely identified with the strikeout that he receives invitations from all over the country to lecture on the art of making hitters miss. Once he appeared on the Art Linkletter television show to face the challenge of a college batter and his coach, the latter claiming to have a foolproof theory on hitting. The coach defied Koufax to strike out his pupil. It took Sandy just four pitches to do it, one of them a foul tick.

Mere speed, of course, won't always make a man a strikeout artist. "Koufax has more than velocity," says Fresco Thompson, a vice president of the Dodgers. "His fast ball has a fantastic rise. It seems to take off before reaching the plate and is very hard for a hitter to track."

As a general rule, speed pitchers have shorter careers in baseball than finesse pitchers. "There are two things against the pitcher who must overpower batters," explains Thompson. "First, it is tough to throw the ball consistently past big-league hitters. If they know you have only the fast one coming, they will eventually clobber you. And second, most power pitchers have a control problem. Trying to avoid walks, they come in with the fat ones which wind up out of the stadium."

Asked if Koufax is the type of pitcher who someday may make the transition from speed to finesse, Thompson replies, "Offhand, I would doubt it. Sandy strikes me as basically a power fellow. However, he did a remarkable job last year of learning to control his curve. He may now be coming up to his peak."

Dodger coach Leo Durocher doesn't yet discount Koufax's chances of switching from power to niftiness. "I remember when Warren Spahn started in the majors," says Leo. "He was a speed guy too. He got cunning in only the last eight years or so. Koufax may do the same."

Managing this hot-and-cold left-hander has meant special problems for Walter Alston, the Dodger field leader, who has a vast corps of assistants in the grandstand. An athlete whose performance is so inconsistent is a natural for the second-guess. Alston receives more free advice on Koufax than on any other Dodger.

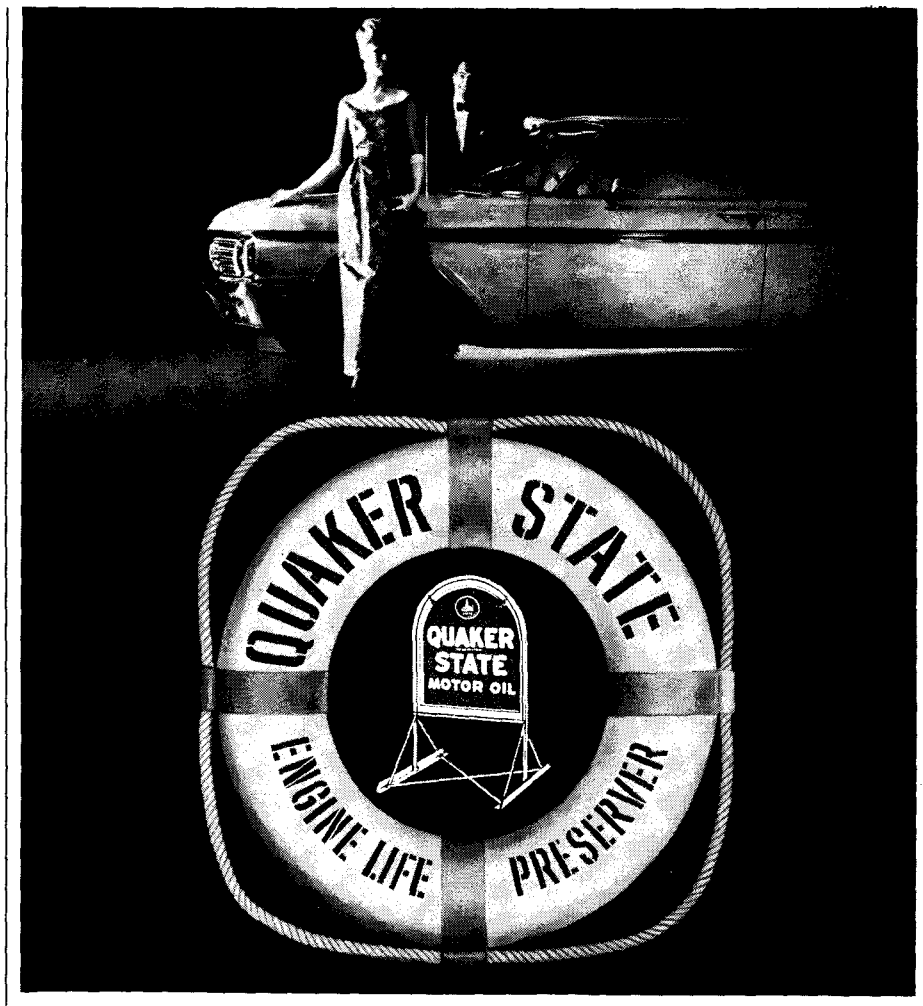
During the successful pennant drive of 1959 the Dodgers were in a 4–4 tie with San Francisco one night at the end of the ninth inning. Alston summoned Koufax, who had been experiencing a shaky season, for relief work. Sandy pitched the tenth, eleventh and twelfth innings, facing but nine men and striking out five. In the bottom of the twelfth the Dodgers had a man on first and one out. Alston removed Koufax for a pinch hitter, who grounded into a double play. Stan Williams replaced Sandy, and the Dodgers were beaten in the next inning, 5–4.

"The same critics who had said previously I should never crowd my luck with the 'unpredictable' Koufax now blasted me for lifting a 'hot' pitcher," says Alston. "Well, the Giants had right-handed hitters coming up in the next inning. I was hoping to steal the game in the twelfth, and if I couldn't, to switch to a right-handed pitcher in the thirteenth."

Excused for Yom Kippur

One day last year when Alston had scheduled Sandy to start, it turned out to be Yom Kippur. Since Koufax is Jewish, he asked to be excused. Williams replaced him—and again the Dodgers were beaten. Alston was criticized sharply for not having planned his rotation to make allowances for Jewish holy days. At the start of the 1962 season, a fan sent him a subtle reminder—a Hebrew calendar. "There'll be no slipups this time," the skipper promised.

If Sandy has created strategic difficulties for his manager, he has seldom been a problem personally. Alston can recall but one disciplinary bout with the pitcher. That occurred in the small hours at the Dodger spring-training base in Vero Beach, Florida. Koufax and roommate



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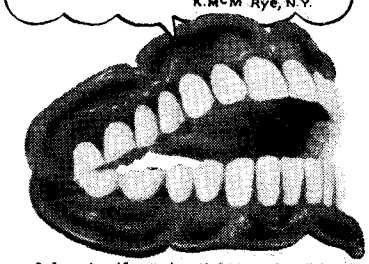

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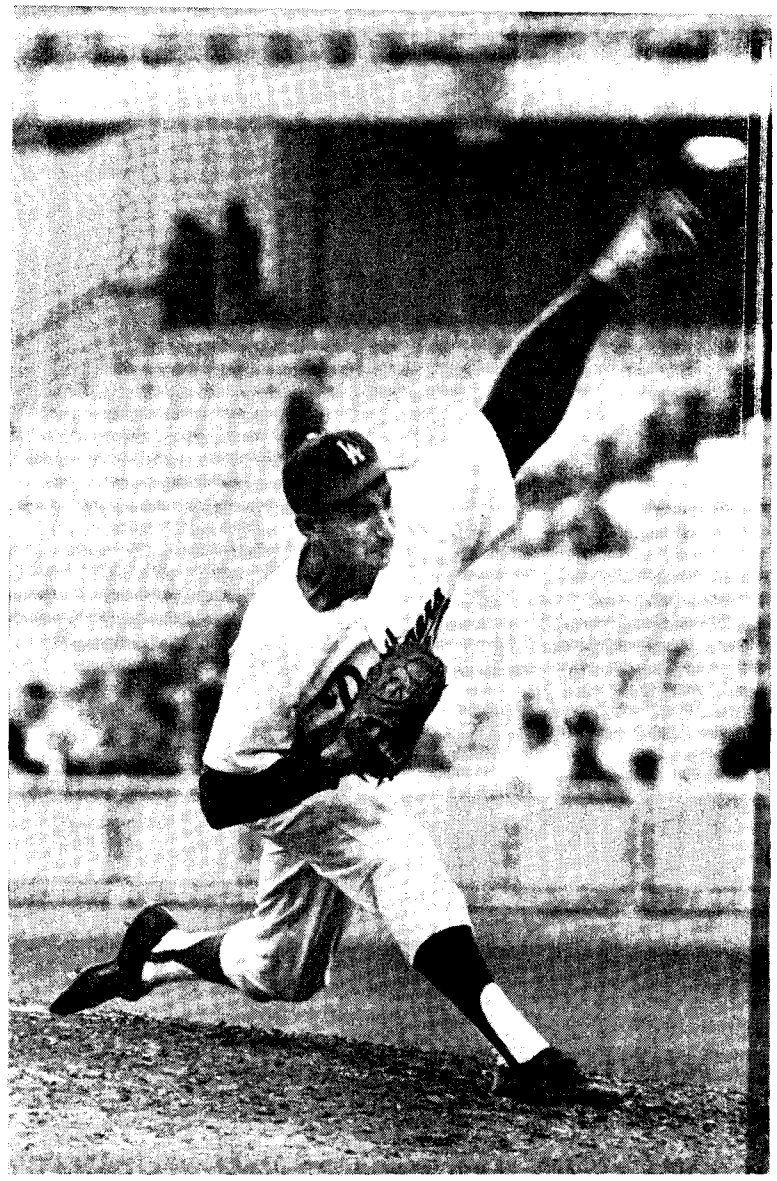


In the new Dodgers' stadium, Koufax hurls against Pittsburgh this year. On the way to a 2–1 victory he registered his 999th strikeout.

"Sandy came from the cradle to the majors. He never had to ride the bus leagues. The boy is just now learning the game."

Sandy Koufax

Larry Sherry had departed camp earlier in the evening to have dinner at a nearby Italian restaurant. As everyone knows, Italian dinners can't be hurried. The two checked back into camp at 1:30 A.M. Alston was waiting up. He called to the truants.

It has never been determined which man yelled "run," but they did. They sprinted down the corridor and ducked into their room just in time to slam the door in the manager's face. Now furious, Alston pounded so vigorously on the door that he broke his World Series ring.

Afterward a sympathetic Koufax inquired of Walter, "Why did you beat on the door with your fist?"

Alston answered plausibly, "Because I wasn't wearing shoes." He assuaged his pain by fining both players.

With the nimbleness with which he evaded his manager, Koufax runs from a large fan club in Southern California which seeks just a crumb or two of recognition from its good-looking hero. The president of the club, a teen-ager named Esther Terrameo, opened her heart to this reporter.

"We have tried so hard to get Sandy to cooperate," she said, "but he gives us little encouragement. I must admit he is sweet. We gave a birthday party in tunnel eleven of the Coliseum last year for our vice president, and he joined us for a piece of cake. Before he left, he wished the girl a very happy birthday. But otherwise he never indicates whether he wants our club to continue. If you find out the mystery of Sandy Koufax, please let us know."

Quietly Koufax confides, "I hope I haven't been mean, but the kids scare the hell out of me. I don't know how to act."

A Loner on the Road

Among his teammates, Sandy is well liked, but he is known as a fellow who moves about mostly by himself. He attends the theater and concerts, and on the road he often eats at his own expense at the better restaurants, passing up the meals that are provided by the club.

Koufax never boasts about lady friends, but one Dodger observes: "The guy has got a pretty good stable."

Another says admiringly of Koufax, "When we're on the road, he never brings a girl around the hotel. He's one of the few bachelors on the team. I get the impression he feels guilty showing off babes in front of the married men. He operates elsewhere. I think the fellow has character."

As this is written, Sandy still has no plans for matrimony. He says, "It takes two, you know. It's really hard for ballplayers to find a wife. If we're not on the road, we're playing night games at home. Most girls won't put up with our crazy schedule."

A Dodger official observes, "He is the intellectual type who is looking for perfection. That kind usually winds up with a lemon."

At least Sandy should have no trouble supporting a wife. His pitching improvement last year brought him a pay raise of $8000. In the early months this season he appeared headed for an even higher income bracket.

Yankees Tried to Get Him

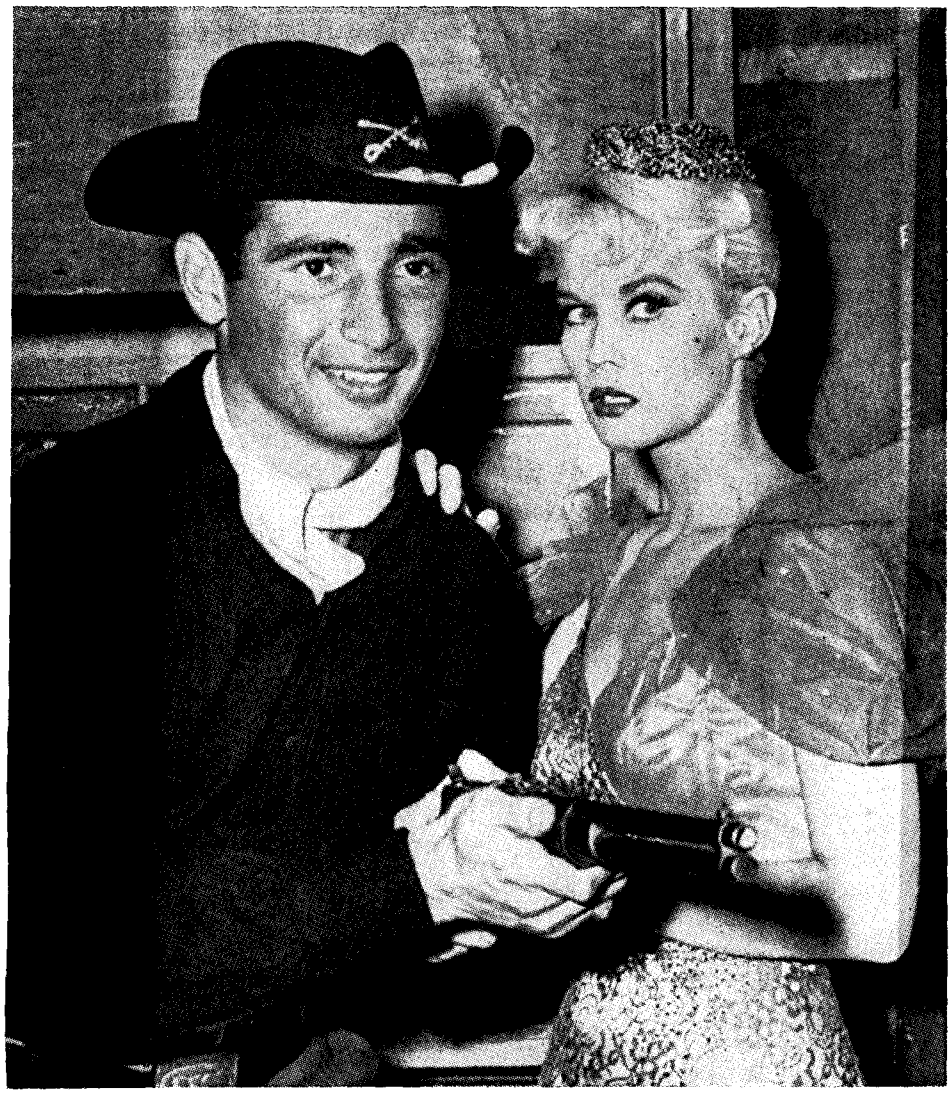
He ascribes his upswing to two factors. "First," he says, "I have stopped trying to throw the ball so hard. I have found that by using an easy rhythm, I can be almost as fast and more effective. And second, I have gained confidence by staying in the rotation. I am no longer made to feel that if I blow a game, I will be out ten days or two weeks."

Where Koufax once issued an average of one walk per 6.5 batters, he reduced this figure last year to one per 11.4 batters. The Dodgers feel that Sandy will prove within the next two seasons whether he is a pitcher of genuine quality, or just another fireballer who launches fast ones and prays.

"We're gambling big on Sandy," says general manager Bavasi. "We have had at least six opportunities to trade him for first-class talent. The last time was in 1960. We were working on a deal with the Yankees for catcher Elston Howard. George Weiss, then general manager of the Yanks, insisted on Koufax as the key Dodger in a multiplayer trade. We said no. We figured that if Weiss wanted someone, he must be good."

Such expressions of confidence and the winning season last year haven't given Koufax exaggerated notions about himself. He says that his prime concern right now is holding his place as a regular Dodger starter.

"My control is still a long way from perfect," declares the new strikeout king. "A sharp guy like Whitey Ford throws for the outside corner of the plate. I'm lucky if I can hit the outside half." But with the kind of blazing stuff that Sandy has, that's often enough. **THE END**



Benefits of the move to Los Angeles were a role as a TV actor (above with Dorothy Provine), and later a place in the Dodgers' starting rotation.

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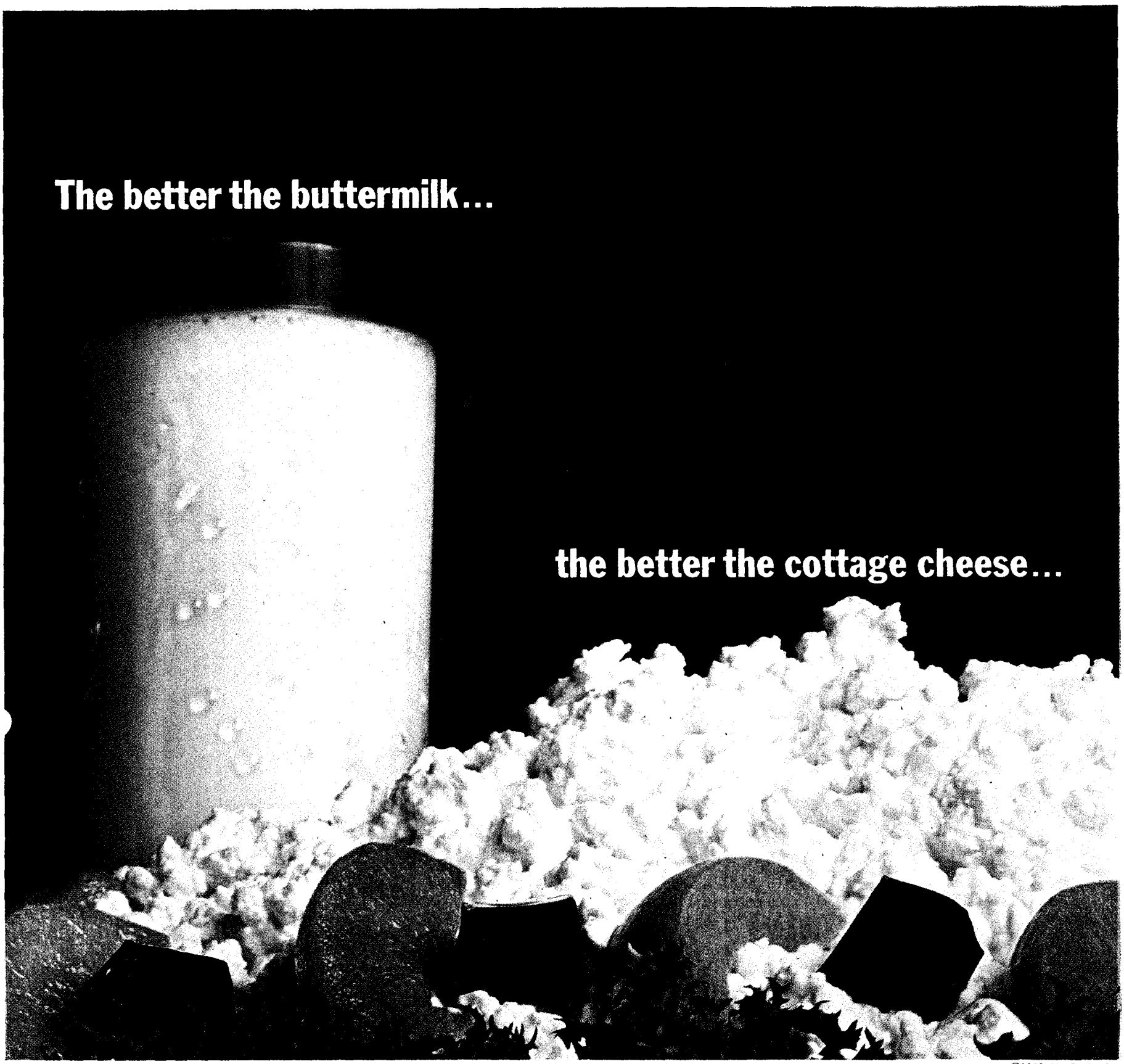

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A love song for the West

SING to the FIDDLER

By Virginia C. Holmgren

Asa Graham hadn't wanted to let Solomon Tandy join his Oregon-bound wagon train in the first place. Tandy was a fiddler, and you could tell just by looking at him that he had been born with a roving eye and a roaming foot and wasn't likely to change now, even though he was a widowed man with a sixteen-year-old daughter to care for.

Handsome, Tandy was, with a thick mane of dark hair streaked with gray and dark eyes that snapped to sparkle a fiddled tune as lively as the music and a voice that rang out like a silver bell calling the dance steps. His dead wife must have been as blond as he was dark, for the lass Camellia had hair the color of yellow primroses and the bluest of wide blue eyes, but she had her father's hands and light step and his gift for music, too, and she would sing or hum as he played, matching note for silver note.

But, as Asa told his wife Sarah, those in the train planned to take up land adjoining. And out in the wild Oregon country you'd need good steady folk for neighbors. Men who would want to put down roots, take a farm and make the land yield, build a home, stay put. No fiddler would ever be a stay-put man.

With the others, now, they could look to having good neighbors all their lives, and their children after them. Take Joe Mercer, with his wife Edie and their three little towhead boys and an equally towhead sister. Joe was a wagonmaker by trade, and only the deep-down hankering for land of his own had set him westering to Oregon, where new land was there for the taking. And there were the young Rankins, Bartholomew and his wife Louella—just newly wed a month ago and already a young one on the way. And Charley Haggensack and his wife Gretchen—already "uncle" and "auntie" to everybody in the company. Charley had a whole wagonload of womenfolk—his wife and his wife's mother and two young orphan nieces, nice little things, but shy. A man with that many petticoats to anchor him wasn't likely to roam much. And there were the two farm boys from Indiana, John and Josh Paley. Farming was all they knew, and they'd likely settle down and be right steady if they could find themselves brides. And the way they were hanging around the Haggensack wagon, grinning and gaping, they'd do just that, too, before the journey was over—if Charley's nieces could ever get up gumption enough to grin back. But whether or not they'd settle down in Oregon, they were needed on the trail to help old Rufe Tyler herd the livestock, the cattle and horses that would be the start of new Oregon herds some day. Tyler was a hard man to get along with, a loner, with grizzle beard and eagle eye, and never said two words when one would do. But he knew the Oregon Trail, every mountain pass, river ford and water hole, and any train was lucky to have him along, even if there was no question of Old Tyler's ever turning settler.

But the fiddler, now. Asa shifted uneasily in the saddle and looked back at the little band that was following him to Oregon. He was their captain because he had gone alone to the Far West country the year before, looked it over carefully and found it good and come back for others to go with him and be his neighbors. Now that he had his wife Sarah and their son Hugh and all their earthly possessions following behind in wagons or ahoof, he hoped never to cross the wild mountains and prairies again. He wanted to stay put.

What did a man like the fiddler want? Asa's lips tightened. He thought he knew the answer. Sol Tandy wanted a quick drink and a gay tune and a chance to call the dance with that ringing silver voice of his—and always over the hill a new town and another set of dancers waiting to welcome him as seven-day wonder. And for all Sol's homesteading talk when he joined the train, it was Asa's guess that what the fiddler wanted in Oregon was not free land—but gold. The gold fever had hit Oregon as bad as it had California. Asa had seen it with his own eyes, and he had learned that men who sought for gold were always moving on, leaving one claim for a newer one, always get-rich hopeful, never satisfied. And that's how the fiddler would be. And that was why, if Asa had had his way, the fiddler would never have added his fancy carriage and bright blue wagon to the homestead train. Imagine, wasting money on blue paint for a wagon when there were so many needed things for a homesteader to buy! But it was Sarah—not Asa—who had said the last word about the blue wagon's owner.

Sol Tandy had charmed that word out of her with his sad talk about needing a new home for his daughter Mellia. He couldn't give her a new mother, he explained gently, for he had loved his wife too dearly to replace her, and there was Mellia in her own image for a living picture. Back in the States there was no way for a man to make a fresh start, but he was pretty good with horses, if he did have to say so himself, and in Oregon with wild horses and free land and a place to settle where Mellia would have good women for neighbors . . .

He had just looked at Sarah then, and Sarah had turned to her husband accusingly. Asa knew what she was thinking. The two little graves left behind in Ohio. Their own two little girls dead of the black croup, and here was pretty, motherless Mellia needing her, ready to be like her own daughter, a sister for their tall, husky, dark-eyed Hugh.

"Let them come," Sarah said so low and pleading that it was almost like a church "amen," and Asa loved her too much to speak out to the contrary.

So Sol drove the blue wagon into line, and yellow-haired Mellia took the reins of the carriage in clever, long-fingered hands so like her father's, and the journey began. After a while Asa had to admit that the fiddler made good company, not only for the gay tunes he played to while away a lonesome night but because the man's long fingers could gentle a horse as masterfully as they twanged a fiddle string. He could even manage the big red stallion that no one but Asa had ever ridden before. But still and all, there was ever that roving look in his eye, and to Asa that was the darkest of danger signs, for it was plain to see that his son Hugh was following Mellia with a love-gone look wherever she went, and Mellia was looking back at him, her face shining with a glow that turned knots in a man's stomach. And what was a father who didn't want a roving fiddler's lass for his home-loving son's wife to do about that?

Let Hugh follow her up hill and down dale, town to town? Go so far he'd never come back again? The boy wasn't one to love lightly. There was no easy come, easy go in Hugh's blood.

Asa did what he could. On the trail, at least, he had kept Hugh too busy and bone tired to think of wandering. And there was small question of leaving the train in Indian country. Mercifully the red men had let them pass unhindered, but the danger was always there to make even a loner like Old Tyler grateful for company. But now that the journey was almost over, now that they were at last in Oregon —— Tomorrow would bring them to the little river settlement called Oak Point and the rolling green valley he had chosen for homesite.

Asa shook his head and then put his own problems aside, for he was still captain of the band, and it was his duty to prepare the others for what lay ahead, explain just how little a town Oak Point was. He hadn't said any more than needed before, for that meant talking about the gold, and gold was a word Asa Graham wouldn't mention till he had to. It was love of good growing land he wanted to get singing in their veins, not gold fever, and so they camped early that night and Asa gathered them round and showed them—as he himself had been shown—how to find the good soil that would stay wet and life-giving, holding to roots deep down even in summer drought.

"Watch where the badgers dig," Asa said. "When they keep throwing back damp earth, you know there's water deep down somewhere near, and you'll never have to worry about wells that run dry or land that blows away in the first big wind."

And he told them plain out that Oak Point wasn't really a town—only two or three houses when he'd passed a year ago, though likely more now. "No church," Asa warned, "but we can build one when we get our land and settle in. Build a school too. But there's no store, and we'll have to send for supplies, to some big place like The Dalles."

"But, Asa," Edie Mercer gasped, drawing the nearest towhead to her with mothering concern, "you just keep saying what there *isn't*. A town's got to have something! What'd folks come here for?"

They looked at Asa, but it was Old Tyler who spoke. "Gold," he said in a raspy, one-word answer.

The voices came at Asa now faster than cackling geese, and he had to tel them. Yes, there had been gold found in the river at Oak Point. Enough to stick under your fingernails, at least. Someone had stumbled on a few little nuggets in the river, and folks had come swarming like crazy. All Oregon had been gold crazy since they'd heard that a passing wagon train somewhere in this eastern Oregon high country had scooped up

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE DE MERS

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FIDDLER

gold by the bucketful—a blue bucket, so the story went. A little girl had picked up the nuggets at some nooning stop and put them in her little blue sand bucket for play-dolly pretties, and by the time grown-ups saw that they were real nuggets, the train had gone so far nobody could find his way back to the right stream. They'd looked plenty times, found a little gold here and there, but no bucketfuls. Farming land was the valley's real treasure—acres of it.

Asa got up, bringing the talk to a close. If they got started by four in the morning, they'd be at the point by noon. What was the use of wasting time talking when soon they could see for themselves?

It was not quite noon as they topped the last rise and looked down at the winding river between high bluffs and the grassland stretching away beyond either bank like rolling sea. Asa Graham's jaw dropped open. Two or three houses, he remembered, among a few trees on the point where the high bluff dipped down for natural river landing. And now there must be a dozen—two dozen—buildings. One with a high front that could be store or saloon. And that meant ——

"Gold!" Sol Tandy whooped, his dance-caller's voice reaching back clear to the last wagon. "They've struck the pay lode! It's boomtown bonanza—get your buckets!"

And down the hill they all went, horses agallop, carriages careening like crazy, and all drew up in a cloud of dust underneath the one big oak tree and the building with the high front.

The dust swirled all around, choking their noses and clouding their eyes, and for a minute or two nobody noticed that the dust was all that was welcoming them.

"Hullo there!" Asa called out and if something like an empty echo seemed to come back at them it was the only answer they got. No voice. Not a footstep.

The men looked at one another and reached for their guns, and Asa ordered the womenfolk to sit tight. With the men behind him Asa went up and kicked open the door, gun ready, but there was no need to aim it. The place had been a store, and likely a saloon too. Whoever had left had left for good.

Asa felt his spirits lift. That meant that there hadn't been enough gold to bother with and the drifters had gone elsewhere.

"Lit out," he summed it up for the women. "Nobody here. Ran out of gold."

The men looked glum enough, but you couldn't expect women who had had to make do with wagons and camp out for weeks and months to sit still, sulking when there were houses in sight, even if those houses were only log-and-sod shacks and empty to boot. Petticoats and sunbonnets flipped over the wheels, and the whole lot of them went running from door to door like children at a circus.

The houses must be as empty as the store, Asa thought, for they came out empty-handed each time, running on to the next faster than ebb tide, while the men just stood watching, thinking what they'd be doing right now if the shelves of that store had been full and a genial welcoming host behind the counter. Then Mellia's frightened voice ripped across the dusty air in a high, thin scream, and the men raced for the last shack.

A humped figure lay on a dirty pallet upon the earth floor, an unspeakably dirty ragbagish thing fouled with vomit and stench, but a man, for all that, and a drink and a washup brought him round so he could talk a little. Ike Kelton, he named himself for them. And he'd come after gold, like everyone else and didn't find much, for the discoverers had skimmed off the cream. Then a rider had come through with good news. Gold, lots of it, over on Powder River, and every man jack had hightailed it out to go and get his share. He'd have gone himself, only his horse came down with the colic, and so did he, or some such ailment, and here he was. The horse was out back, dead likely, and he'd expected to die too.

While the others were tending to Ike, and the womenfolk stirring around to get dinner acooking, Sol Tandy took it on himself to look after the miner's horse. He borrowed Mellia's corner of the cook fire to stir up an herb brew he knew about and dosed the horse with it—sat up half the night with the critter, and in the morning both horse and old Ike were a heap-sight healthier than either had thought to be ever again.

To say his thanks, Ike told them around the campfire that evening that he'd show them the way to the new diggings, since likely they'd planned to follow him anyhow, and they'd all be rich in no time. He'd been mining half a dozen places—among them Blue Canyon and Freezeout Gulch and Two-Mile Creek—and he knew just what to do. Never found more than he needed to keep his whistle wet and his belly full,

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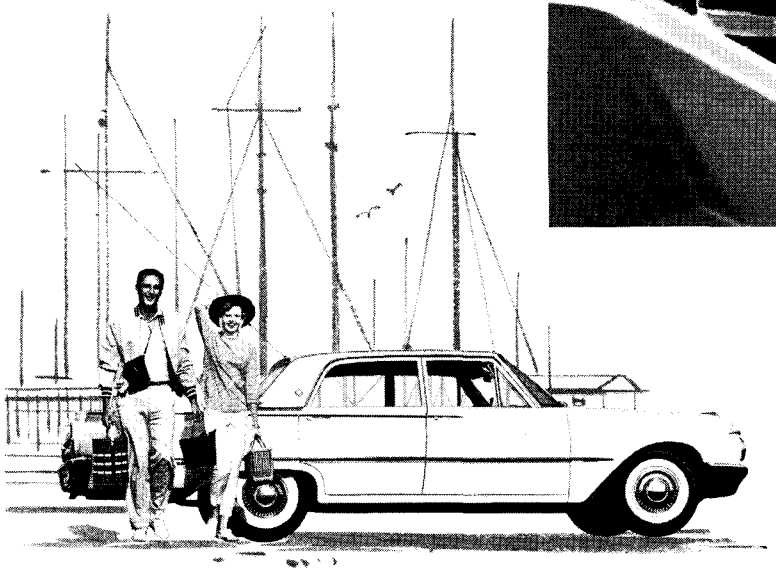

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but the new place would be different.

You could just feel the gold dancing in the air as he talked, snapping and crackling like lightning in everyone's head, and Asa Graham was sick clear down to the pit of his stomach. The sickness got in his throat, and his voice came out strange and hoarse, for he could see the greed licking at their heels, dragging them away from him and the land.

"You're free to go," he said, looking at Joe Mercer and Bart Rankin and Charley Haggensack, the Paley boys and Old Tyler and the fiddler, one by one, and at Hugh, his own son, last of all, counting him a man to say for himself.

"All of you," he said, making it clear that he put Hugh in with the rest. "You've stuck by me and the train and done your bit all along the trail, and you've brought me where I aimed to come. I'm hoping you'll stay with me, but I won't hold you."

The silence was so heavy that it seemed like a dead body swinging from a tree branch overhead, and then the fiddler called out, "Who's fool enough to stay? I'm for gold!"

It was like he'd said, "Swing your partners!" or "Allemande all!"—calling a dance pattern, not changing their whole lives—and they swayed to his words as they'd swayed to his fiddle beneath the moonlight on many a trail night.

Sarah Graham got up and moved across to stand beside her man quietly, with never a word. But they all knew what she meant, and the look she gave Asa was as solemn as any altar troth. They both looked across the firelight, then at Hugh, and you could see the struggle tearing at the boy, for here were his parents biding, and there was the fiddler bound afar to seek for gold and, where the fiddler went, there would his daughter follow. Hugh looked like a man walking in his sleep—or over his own grave—but he got up firmly and stepped across the tramped-down earth to stand beside his folks, while his eyes went reaching back for Mellia with a look hungrier than that of a starved wolf.

Tears flowed down his mother's face as he took his stand beside her, and Asa Graham seemed to grow two inches right before your eyes. Nobody was rightly sure after that whether Gretchen Haggensack did the pushing or whether Charley got up on his own, but in a moment he was there beside the Grahams, casting his vote to stay. Nobody else budged. Asa reached into the wagon and came out holding a wooden box.

He pried the lid back without a word, so slow and careful it seemed like a church ceremony. Wheat seed shone yellow in the firelight within the box's depths, and he took the golden grain and sifted it through his fingers for all to see.

"Here's my gold," he told them. "And here"—he scraped his boot toe at the ground, pointing—"is good earth for me and my son, and for his sons after him, God willing. I know I'll have to work hard, but work's what I'm used to. Any gold you can just find'll be easy come, easy go—with a lot more going than coming, I've a notion. The good Lord meant some men to wander and some to stay home, for how else would the world go round? And we'd never have known of this wonderful western country at all if it hadn't been for the wanderers. But I'm a stay-put man, and I think you are too. So take your time deciding—sleep on it."

"Sleep on it?" cried the fiddler, jumping up. "Who can sleep at a time like this? We'll dance on it."

He swung his hand for invitation at the tramped-down earth round about under the oak, like a dance floor ready-made for their feet. Deer had started that tramping down likely, browsing on the tender young branches, and the vanished miners had added their share of foot trodding too, gathering to guzzle and gab under the lone oak after they had felled the others in the clump to build their shacks and make their sluice boxes.

He called the tune and drew his bow, and they took their partners, laughing. Hugh went to Mellia. "I love you," he whispered in her ear as they bent down together under the arched hands and circled through.

"Stay with me," he whispered as he stepped around her and back for do-si-do. And he squeezed her hand hard with no chance for words as the circle went grand right and left, and she squeezed back, desperation wet between them on clutching fingers.

The fiddler called the finish and reached for the jug.

Mellia and Hugh stepped back, the night shadows falling about them like a curtain. "Stay with me, wed with me," Hugh said. "I'll give you all I can my life long and my whole heart, but I cannot leave my parents here alone. I'm all they'll have to count on when they're old."

Her eyes had never been so big and blue, never so wide with heartache, for she was all in all to her father too, and her dead mother's likeness besides, the

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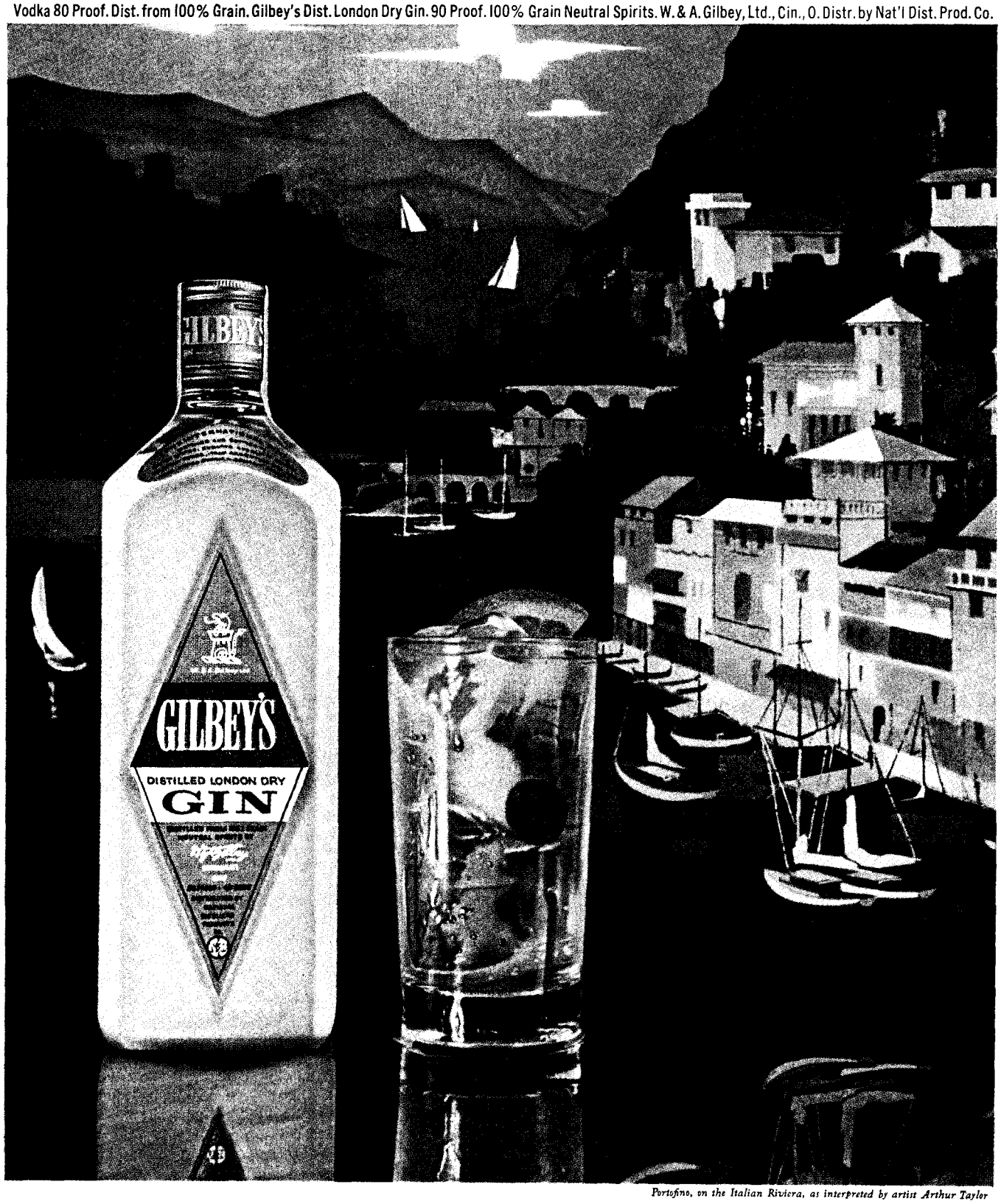

Portofino, on the Italian Riviera, as interpreted by artist Arthur Taylor

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FIDDLER

living picture he cherished, and if he went, she had to follow. So there they stood looking at each other, not even touching, but his eyes took her and held her and told of his love, and her eyes loved him back, with the world wide like a canyon between them. And they were so wrapped up in looking at each other that neither saw the fiddler's eyes across the firelight watching them both.

It was the fiddler's music that called Mellia back. She heard it all of a sudden, her heart leaping up in gulping, unaskable question, for her father was not playing one of his gay dance tunes to set feet apatting. A home-going song it was, a little sad and dreamy, the one her mother had loved best to sing long ago at twilight, and there was even a hint of hymn tune woven in as the fiddle slipped from one note to another on gliding bow.

The last note silvered away into silence.

"Joe," Edie Mercer whispered, her voice near choking, "oh, Joe."

"Yes, Edie," he said. "We'll stay. Good neighbors are gold enough." And they moved across the circle to stand by Asa and Sarah.

They all looked at Bart Rankin then, but the young jaw was out hard and square. "I'll take gold I can spend," he blurted, and then seemed to remember his manners with a bob at Asa. "No offense meant, sir."

"None taken," Asa said grimly.

It was like a line drawn down the center—the Rankins and Ike and the single men on one side, and the Grahams and Mercers and Haggensacks on the other, with only Fiddler Tandy and Mellia in the middle. He picked up the bow and touched the strings, just a little running trill so you couldn't tell whether he meant to call them a gold-dust dance or go on with the home song, but Mellia must have known what he meant, for her voice came in softly with the words, skipping along the trill, then rising above it like a lark above the meadow grass on a spring day, caroling her mother's loved tune.

The fiddler broke off on a sob note, his bow crying across the strings, and his voice, when he spoke, might have had a sob in it too.

"I'm not one for farming," he told them. "There's things a man can't make himself do, even when he knows he ought to. But there's more'n one kind of neighbor. Give me leave to claim this oak tree and riverbank and the store to boot, and I'll keep a tavern for you, tend to mail and ordering plows and seed and books and all else you'll need from the world outside. Tame a few horses for trade to travelers and slake my wander thirst on their tales instead of my own. That is, if you think a man like me would be welcome."

Asa's shout rang out like laughter. "Welcome and more!" he cried and shook hands to seal the bargain.

The others began turning away, bedding down, exhaustion suddenly taking over now that there was no fiddled tune to keep them stirring, but Solomon Tandy stood with his hands jammed in his pockets, staring at the fire hard so that he wouldn't see Hugh Graham's arms go around Mellia, and her lips sweet and eager reaching up to his.

Then Hugh was gone, and Mellia came to the fiddler's side alone. "Father," she said. "Oh, father. How did you know? I wanted it so much, but I couldn't ask."

"Your mother asked for you, lass," he said with careful lightness. "Didn't you hear her?" His fingers touched the violin's curves gently, caressing the polished wood, and the bow touched the strings for a ghost-whisper love note. "She'd never asked me for herself in all the years I led her up hill and down dale, and I never knew how much she wanted a biding place till she asked for your sake."

And that's how Fiddler's Oak got its name. Many's the time I've stepped to Sol Tandy's music beneath its shade. Aye, and taken an acorn home to plant for luck too. White oak, they call it in the school books. But Fiddler's Oak is what they say hereabouts, for no man ever planted more oak trees than he did, not only on his own land but all over the open country where no tall tree had grown before, making welcome shelter for man from here to yonder.

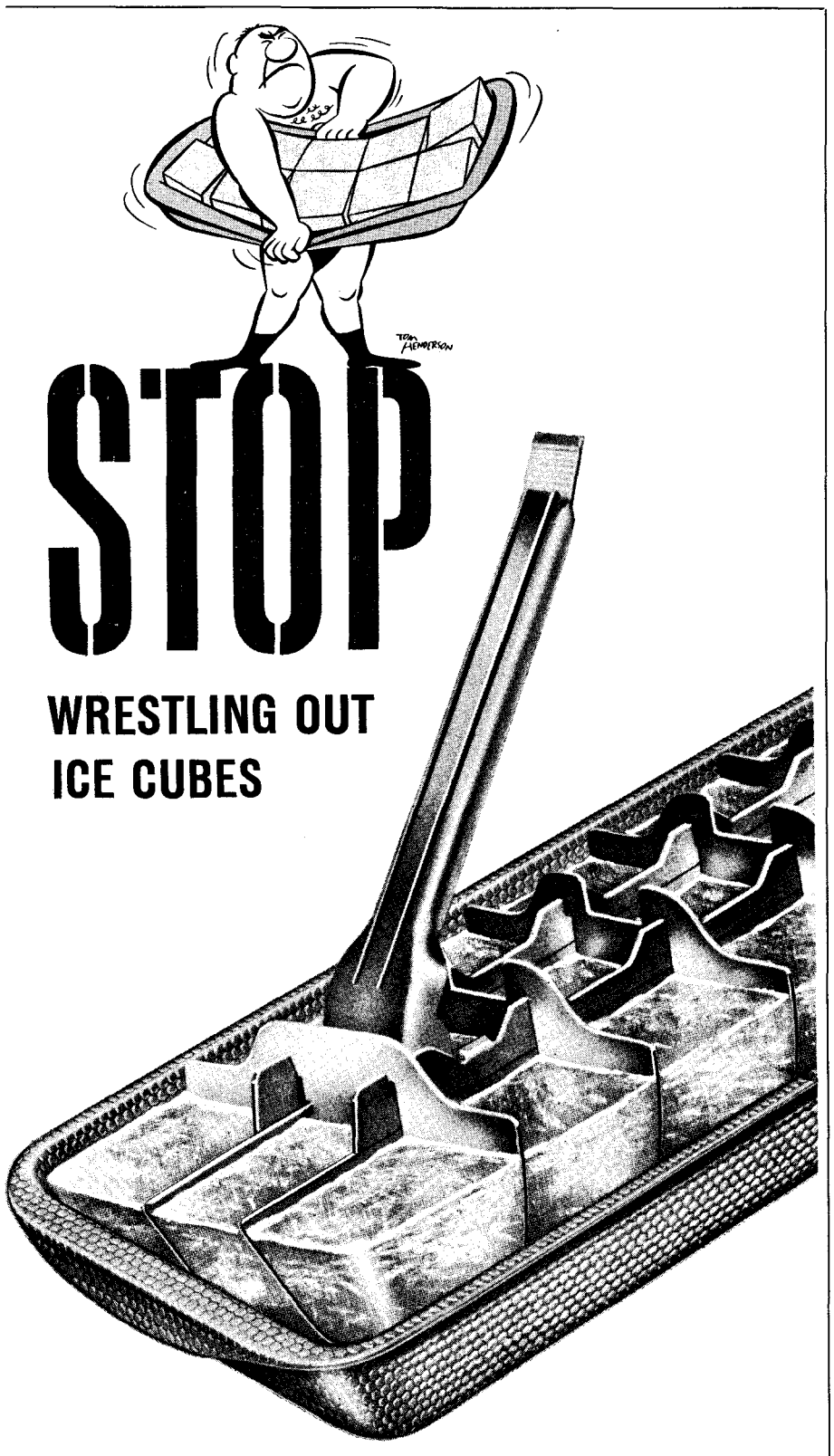
They say in the valley that you'll always have happiness at your fireside if there's a fiddler's oak beside your door, and the first thing a valley girl does when she gets her man is to stop by the fiddler's to ask for one of the saplings he keeps for brides' good-luck gifts. There's a secret he gives away with each sapling: Be sure to let your man do the planting himself, for trees are a good long while agrowing and, when a man sets a tree's roots into the ground, he plants a bit of himself in with it, and he can't help wanting to stay around and see how it comes along. Men who wait and watch for trees to grow aren't like to wander far. And what better good-luck secret for happiness can a girl have than that?

THE END

HAZEL *by* Ted Key

"Not according to the League of Women Voters."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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Farmer Khrushchev: He Has His Troubles

While Mr. K. rants and raves, ideology and climate snarl Russia's farm program.

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

In the old days in Russia, when drought threatened the potatoes and the wheat, hungry peasants climbed to the tops of tall fir trees, where they beat drums, brandished torches and sprinkled water on the ground in emulation of thunder, lightning and the falling rain.

Today, when the Russian earth fails to produce the high yields of foods and fibers that the Kremlin demands of it, Mr. Khrushchev puts on an equally spectacular performance. He climbs into a jet plane and goes thundering about the country, loosing the lightnings of his anger against his agricultural ministers, whom he accuses of mismanagement, and raining maledictions on his farm managers, whom he charges with being ignorant and slothful.

One method of stimulating production may prove about as effective as the other. The wind and the rain, the frost and the snow and the black dust storms are no more mindful of Mr. Khrushchev's wishes than they were of the incantations of the czars' tree-climbing *muzhiks.* In good crop years the rich Russian earth produces bountiful harvests; in bad years, when spring comes late and summer brings scorching winds, and snow flies in early autumn, production plummets, and there is little Mr. Khrushchev can do to cushion the drop.

Farmers all over the world, of course, are subject to the vagaries of the weather, but Mr. Khrushchev's peasants are more vulnerable than most. The greater part of the Soviet Union's 504,000,000 acres of tilled land lies farther north than Nova Scotia. In those high latitudes the weather is hostile to all but the hardiest crops. In areas where moisture is sufficient, the growing season is short. In lands where the growing season is long, there is a lack of rainfall. Caught in this climatic squeeze, the Russian farmer is lucky to get two bumper crops out of five plantings.

Geared to a Ponderous Bureaucracy

In sophisticated agricultural economies such as ours, technology can sometimes outwit the weather. On American farms, which are relatively small, nimble machinery can quickly reseed fields that have failed to germinate; heavy fertilization can push crops to early maturity, and highly efficient mechanization can save a harvest threatened by autumn rains and snows. The huge Soviet farms, geared to a ponderous bureaucracy, cannot move with this speed to save crops from disaster.

That does not mean that Russia's 220,000,000 people periodically face famine or even debilitating hunger, or that agriculture is the Achilles' heel which in time will bring the Communist system crashing down. The Russian has long since accepted a bread-and-potatoes diet whose caloric

Two Reds in a field of green corn: Khrushchev and Poland's Gomulka at a state farm.

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Backaching small tasks are still done by horses or humans. Near Minsk a farmer trudges along the road with his broken-down rig.

intake is high enough to keep him vigorous and healthy. The failure of the Soviet farm program lies in its inability to provide the richer fare of eggs, milk, poultry, meat and green vegetables which Mr. Khrushchev has promised in abundance. Missiles and guns still outrank omelets and filets mignons, and agriculture remains the stepchild of the Soviet economy. Mr. Khrushchev's recent decision to raise the prices paid farmers for meat and butter appears to be a purely capitalistic move to stimulate the farmer to greater efforts. Actually it is a brutal form of rationing, as it cuts consumption by pricing scarce foods out of the workers' reach.

Padded Farm Production Figures

For many years U.S. Department of Agriculture experts have studied Soviet farm production as assiduously as other agencies have studied Russia's output of bombers, rockets and submarines. Their task was complicated by having only Soviet production figures to analyze. It often proved impossible to relate these statistics to any known base, or to our own methods of record-keeping. Their reports of milk production, for example, include the milk of goats, sheep, mares and camels; and they list offal and fat as meats.

Firsthand information, however, has been gleaned since 1958 under an interchange of visitors in the cultural, technical and educational fields by agreement of President Eisenhower and Mr. Khrushchev. Hundreds of American agricultural experts and working farmers have seen Soviet farming for themselves and have returned with conclusions that may be briefly summed up:

The Russian land is good, fertile and flat or gently rolling—admirably adapted to mechanized farming; but production is limited by the unfriendly climate and some odd views on plant genetics, held by Soviet scientists, which lead to unwise planting in areas unsuited to certain crops.

The Russian farmers are friendly, hospitable and intelligent, but they are restricted by dictatorial government edicts which do not encourage them to get the most out of the land. Farmers on the enormous state farms are hired hands, drawing factory wages. Those on the collectives are sharecroppers, sharing what profits remain after the government buys crops at a fixed price, deducts costs and tucks away a sum for capital improvements.

Only on the little "quarter acre and a cow" private plots allotted to these once-independent farmers can individual enterprise and ingenuity be exercised. And here the Russian farmers rebuke the whole system of socialized agriculture by making the land yield prodigiously. These little gardens, which make up only 4 percent of the tilled land, produce half of the milk, meat and vegetables, 80 percent of the eggs and more than 60 percent of the potatoes that the Russian people consume.

In studying Soviet farms, visiting Americans have been thwarted mostly by the vigorous hospitality extended them. Each delegation, arriving in Moscow by Russian jet, is given a tour of Lenin's tomb, the GUM department store, the ballet, and the huge 500-acre agricultural exhibition. The delegates are then hauled into the hinterland to inspect the mammoth state and collective farms.

From the Ukraine to Siberia, the procedure is the same. The Americans climb down from their bus, draped with cameras, their pockets bulging with small gifts. The village children in holiday dress thrust bouquets of flowers at them. The Americans respond with new pennies, chewing gum, ball-point pens and Smokey Bear badges. Sometimes there will be a growl of protest from a Russian adult, and the children drop their heads and turn away. Invariably an old man or old woman will ask, not belligerently but earnestly, "Why do the Americans want war? We do not want war."

U.S. Farmers Break the Ice

The farm manager, in his best suit, hurries the party to farm headquarters, a handsome building contrasting with the small, shabby houses of the villages. There is a feast of cold meats, vegetables, vodka, wine and brandy. The farm manager welcomes the delegation, and the delegation leaders reply. The atmosphere is stiff and formal. The Americans rather expect to hear themselves denounced as capitalistic warmongers in the Khrushchev style.

At least one group of Americans, however, found a way to dispel the icy distrust. Glenn Segars, head of a delegation of Georgia farmers who visited the U.S.S.R. last spring, would stand up and pass out colored postcards of Stone Mountain. He then explained that Stone Mountain was the biggest piece of rock on the face of the globe, and had been standing there for 200,000,000 years. Next he gave each woman earrings and each man cuff links, made of Stone Mountain granite, polished and set in silver, as "symbols of our hope that there will be peace and friendship between our two countries as long as this mountain stands."

As Segars recounted it, "They'd be sitting there frozen until I said this. Then they'd jump up and kick and holler and hug us and start pouring vodka and drinking toasts, and sometimes it would be ten minutes before things settled down. We got the same response everywhere we went."

The American delegates usually brought out photographs of their farms and families to show the Russians; there would be singing and dancing by amateur entertainers, and then a question-and-answer session. Because they spoke through interpreters, some confusion was inevitable. An American hog farmer expressed a desire to see the pigs. "Unfortunately," the reply came back, "all the pigs are at summer camp"—an answer that still puzzles him.

Afterward, the Russians would proudly show off their central farm buildings. Instead of being scattered, as in America, their homes and barns are clustered in villages as they have been since the days when the peasants were serfs bound to a princely landowner. The Americans found the buildings clean and well maintained. Dairy barns were especially elegant, with potted geraniums in the windows. In each was a little library of books and magazines where the milkmaids, heroines of the drive to beat America in farm production, could relax. At each farm a huge bulletin board flaunted the slogan, BEAT AMERICA. One American reported that the bulletin boards were "the best-built structures on the farms." Bedecking them were pictures of workers who exceeded their production quotas. Most field and barnyard work, the Americans observed, was done with diligence by women. The men usually were specialists, tractor drivers or machinery repairmen.

Their quick closeups left American visitors with several distinct impressions:

Soviet agriculture is about where American farming was forty years or more ago. Its progress is reflected in an incongruous mixture of highly mechanized equipment and primitive farm practices. Slow-moving, crawler-type tractors and antiquated combines, apparently copied from long-obsolete American models, do the big jobs of breaking soil, sowing and harvesting the grain crops. But the backaching small tasks of cultivating row crops, spreading manure, haying and barnyard chores are still done by horses or people. The small specialized machines which relieve Americans of much of this drudgery have yet to make their appearance.

Thirty-Five Years Behind the Times

"I kept feeling that I was back on my granddaddy's farm," said Joe Shropshire, a Cartersville, Georgia, dairyman. "They were doing things about the way he did them—by main strength and awkwardness. Even their dairy cattle didn't look much better than the old piney-woods cows he used to raise. They were horned and bony and had funnel-shaped udders, and some didn't look like they'd give much more milk than a goat. The Russians were dairying about like I did when I started out thirty-five years ago—raising feed and hauling it to the cows in the barn instead of putting them out to pasture; separating cream at the farm and

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feeding the skim milk to the pigs, a practice we stopped years ago."

American foresters noted that the great Soviet timber resources were being slaughtered with little attention to forest conservation, as we once slaughtered our own forests. Entomologists observed that, though the Soviet farmer used pesticides in quantity, he had a massive tolerance for the common housefly and the cockroach. Cotton men noticed that much cotton was still picked by hand and laid out on the roads to dry and that gins were operated at too high a speed to turn out clean lint cotton. Hog men found that most Russians still favor the heavy lard hog which was grown in this country around the turn of the century, before the public taste turned toward leaner pork. Poultry men observed that chickens were being kept in "broiler batteries," a practice long since abandoned in the United States, and that baby chickens were raised under the same tin brooders that American chicken farmers found inefficient years ago.

Horse-Drawn Carts and Outdoor Privies

Certain marketing practices were also reminiscent of an earlier day in America—goods piled helter-skelter in the state stores, the lack of packaging and refrigeration, the scarcity of canned or processed or frozen foods. And after a day of bone-cracking travel over rutted dirt roads, where horse-drawn carts were far more numerous than trucks and automobiles, the Americans felt that they had been transported back in time to their own country around the turn of the century. The unpaved streets, deep in mud or dust, the little houses behind leaning fences, the outdoor privies and the women drawing water from wells or a communal pump gave the Russian farm villages the look of a country town in America long ago.

The Russians sensed that the Americans were not deeply impressed by what they saw. Over and over they told their visitors through the interpreters, "We know that what we are showing you is not as good as you have in America. But it is so much better than we have ever had before. We have a hospital now, and a clinic, and nurseries for the children and schools and a community house. We have electric lights in our houses, instead of kerosine lamps. Sure, our streets are still unpaved. But now we walk through the mud in rubber boots. And things get better every year."

"They showed us the best they had," one American observer said. "And to be honest about it, their best, by our standards, is pretty pathetic. But the important thing is the direction in which they are moving. They are moving up. Their two main handicaps are the weather and the socialist system. They probably will never abandon their socialist system, but they can modify it to give the

A hay cutter pauses in the fields outside Brody. Most field and barnyard work is done by women.

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A wayside sign between Kharkov and Kursk exhorts farm workers to increase their output: "Let's sell to the state 113,000 tons of meat in 1960."

farmer more incentive to produce. Their lesser handicaps—lack of transportation, lack of good fertilizer, lack of irrigation in the dry areas, lack of the equipment and knowledge that enables an American farmer to produce food for himself and twenty-six others, while the Russian farmer is hard put to feed himself and four others—can be overcome. All it will take is time, money, education and intelligent leadership."

In all fairness, whatever Soviet agriculture has accomplished since the war is due in the main to Khrushchev. When Stalin died, Russian agriculture was in a state of stagnation, for Stalin lacked Khrushchev's feel for the soil. His interest was in huge steel plants and hydroelectric systems. Agriculture was starved to subsidize the great factory-building drive that turned an agrarian country into the second-largest industrial nation in the world. The farmer, under Stalin, was so poorly remunerated for his labors that he paid little attention to his government's demand for higher production; the giant gains reported each year were largely fabrications. Most were based on "biological yields"—estimates of crops still standing in the field.

To Mr. Khrushchev, biological-yield reporting was "*ochkovtiratel'stvo*"—eyewash. He demanded crop-in-the-barn reporting, threatening with his wrath any manager who lied about his production. Farm managers still falsify their reports, the Soviet press complains, but probably not as flagrantly as before, and Soviet statistics are now considered more reliable than in Stalin's day.

Visions of Apartments in the Fields

Mr. Khrushchev's most important move, when he came to power, was to use a simple capitalistic device to stimulate the peasant to produce. He gave him more money. The average income of the Russian farm family jumped from $60 a year under Stalin to $200. However, the increase in income did not necessarily mean more kopecks in the peasant's pocket. Mr. K. suggested that the peasants should not spend their new wealth on themselves, but on communal things—schools, hospitals, old-folks' homes, nurseries for children, libraries and community houses. This plan served his purpose in two ways. Creation of those projects would move the farmsteads one more step in the direction of his dream—the creation of agro-towns, great cities in the fields, in which farmers would live in high-rise apartment houses, surrounded by the amenities of urban life. So far as the apartment houses are concerned, the cottage-dwelling peasants are still firmly resisting Khrushchev's proposal. Mr. K. is philosophical. "We will start them off in two-family houses," he says. Spending for public buildings would also drain off the cash the farmers might want to spend for radios, television sets, phonographs, electric appliances and other items which the Soviet industrial system could not provide in quantity. Thus inflation would be avoided.

Bumper Crops or Gigantic Dust Bowl

Mr. Khrushchev's main problem, inherited from Stalin, is how to feed an increasingly urban population which grows by nearly 4,000,000 a year and clamors for a varied diet to escape from bread and potatoes. The two leaders tried different methods. Stalin pushed a grandiose plan to increase yields from existing farmlands by enriching the soil, checking wind erosion by planting tree belts, and irrigating 15,000,000 dry acres in European Russia. Mr. Khrushchev abandoned that expensive plan. Instead, he put 90,000,000 acres of virgin "New Land" in Asia into wheat in 1954–56. That amazing project added to Soviet farm acreage an area equal to more than all the arable land of France, West Germany and the United Kingdom. The land is rich, and capable of producing heavy yields of spring wheat in good years. But it lies in areas plagued by severe winters, short growing seasons and droughts. Only time can tell whether Khrushchev has created there an abundant source of extra wheat—which he can dump to disrupt world markets—or the world's biggest dust bowl. So far "New Land" production has been erratic.

Khrushchev, meanwhile, reared back to pass another miracle which has not materialized. After a U.S. visit in which he toured Iowa, he extolled corn as "queen of the fields" and ordered Soviet farmers, who had grown only 8,000,000 to 12,000,000 acres of corn until 1955, to put in corn on 70,000,000 acres. Obeying, the state and collective farm managers planted much corn in areas either too cold or too dry for it. Of course, it did not mature. Two thirds of it had to be fed to cattle as green fodder—"A euphemism for the failure of the corn crop!" roared Mr. K.—or cut in the milk-wax stage for silage. "More weeds than corn!" he bellowed.

Although that disappointment has not shaken Mr. K's faith in corn as a source of proteins for Soviet livestock, he lately has turned to sugar beets to supplement cattle feed. He ordered them planted on the grasslands that protected and restored the soil under Stalin's plan. One acre of beets, Mr. Khrushchev assured the peasants, will grow more feed than ten acres of grassland. But that project, too, may backfire, for beets debilitate the soil and do not avert wind erosion.

Two of Khrushchev's massive shakeups have aided Soviet agriculture in some measure. Under Stalin all farm machinery was centered at "Machine-Tractor Stations" whose task forces did all the plowing, planting, cultivating and mechanical harvesting for collectives, taking their pay in farm products. The two managements, M.T.S. and collective, bickered constantly. Mr. K. ended the two-boss system by transferring the machinery to the collectives and retaining the M.T.S. only as repair depots. Another change made collectives, instead of Moscow, responsible for quotas, prices and detailed crop decisions. Actually this order merely transferred control from central to local Communists.

To most foreign observers it is clear what Khrushchev must do if he ever is to realize his dream of surpassing the U.S. in per capita production. It would be helpful if he would fire some of his scientists, beginning with Trofim Lysenko, who insists on planting potatoes at Murmansk—where it takes forty tons of hauled-in fertilizer to grow fourteen tons of potatoes—merely to prove that food can be wrested from the Arctic. He must also spend a great deal of money. Even at the sacrifice of a few moon rockets, or a battery of gigantic missile boosters, Khrushchev must vastly increase his capital outlay for agriculture.

Vast American Statistical Edge

In the United States a farm force of 7,400,000 utilizes 4,770,000 tractors to cultivate 329,000,000 acres, and can move produce to market over paved roads in 3,110,000 trucks. In the U.S.S.R., 48,000,000 farmers must cultivate 500,000,000 acres with little more than 1,000,000 tractors, and their 776,000 trucks often bog in muddy roads at harvest time. American farmers use annually more than 26,000,000,000 kilowatts of electricity and nearly 7,500,000 tons of fertilizer—measured in terms of plant nutrients. The Soviets use less than 8,500,000,000 kilowatts and about 2,500,000 tons of fertilizer. Much of their fertilizer, moreover, is dumped in bulk, unmixed and unbagged, at railroad sidings where it hardens like rock before use.

The discrepancy in capital outlay for machinery, transport, fertilizer and electricity is reflected in the production figures. The American farmer, on a smaller acreage, with far less labor, produces roughly 60 percent more food and fiber than his Soviet counterpart. The American is ahead by the following production per acre: Corn, fifty-four bushels to twenty-one; wheat, twenty-six to eleven and a half; oats, forty-three to twenty-three; potatoes, 184 hundredweight to eighty-two for Russia. Only in cotton and butter production, the former with far more irrigation than in the U.S., does the Soviet excel.

If Khrushchev is to catch up with us in the production of milk, meat, chickens and eggs, he must also spend millions of rubles to diversify his herds

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"If Khrushchev ever freed his farmers, their farm products would soon be competing with ours in all the markets of the world."

and poultry flocks. The American farmer long ago learned that the same cattle cannot economically produce both milk and meat, and that good egg-layers are scrawny birds for the table. Mr. Khrushchev keeps 15,000,000 more cows than we do, but his dual-purpose herds produce only a third the amount of meat and 10,000,000 pounds less milk. His 14,000,000 more chickens yield only about a quarter of the meat and less than half of the eggs that American broiler and layer industries provide.

Farms as Big as U.S. Counties

Heavy capital investment alone, however, cannot account for the wide discrepancies in production nor solve Mr. Khrushchev's farm problem. The size and efficiency of farms are important factors. There are 3,700,000 American farms, averaging 302 acres, with only eighty-nine acres actually planted. They are mainly small, family enterprises operated for profit. The U.S. Government's primary role is to protect them, through controls and subsidies, from overproduction. Soviet farms, by contrast, are often unmanageable sprawls as big as an American county. The 44,000 collectives average 6785 acres in crops. The gigantic state farms actually average 23,000 acres and some run to 55,000. They are operated socialistically for yield, without regard to the cost, under constant pressure from the government to produce more.

Buried amid vast acreages lies the clue—and answer—to Mr. Khrushchev's problem. On the tiny family plots on which the peasant can raise what he pleases and sell it for a high price on the free market, yields per acre are perhaps as high as they are in America. Here are the last remnants of free enterprise in Soviet Russia, a mute rebuke to the entire system of state controls. They are a rock in Mr. Khrushchev's shoe. He can't get rid of them—for they still produce too much that the country needs. He can't afford to expand them, for to do so would be an offense to the ghosts of Marx and Lenin. Their message to him is clear—as clear as the message he reads in the statistics of production on the American family farm: There is no ideological substitute for the profit motive; there is no incentive like "that magic of ownership which turns sand into gold."

It is a lucky thing for us that Mr. Khrushchev, as a good Communist, cannot afford to recognize these truths. For if he ever freed his farmers of controls and gave them nothing beyond technical help, then, despite their handicap of weather, their farm products would soon be competing with ours in all the markets of the world. And in Mr. Khrushchev's hands that competition would be a deadly political weapon. **THE END**

A Ukrainian peasant woman pedals her privately raised crops to the market in Poltava.

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EDITORIALS

"Moral Decay" in America

Scarcely a day goes by that somebody doesn't bring up the subject of "moral decay" in America. Things are bad, they say and are steadily getting worse. Billy Graham held a big revival in Chicago recently, and what he had to say there was enough to scare the daylights out of every member of the human race. Thoughtful men, he said, are becoming frightened by the "overwhelming evidence that the world is in its last days. . . . We cheat, we lie, we steal, we engage in character assassination, we manifest an alarming degree of social irresponsibility in political and economic affairs, yet many find it hard to believe that the judgment of God is at hand."

Doctor Graham cites all sorts of authority to support him. In a letter to the New York *Herald Tribune* before the Chicago rally started, he quoted a psychology professor at one of our leading Eastern universities as saying, "There is a moral rot in America." Walter Lippmann was cited as saying that "America is beginning to accept a new code of ethics that allows for chiseling and lying," and Dr. Nathan M. Pusey, president of Harvard, was the author of a statement that "American youth are searching for a creed to believe and a song to sing."

Former President Eisenhower, in a speech at Abilene, Kansas, not long ago asked the question, "What has happened to our concept of beauty and decency and morality?" He wondered what the pioneers would think if they saw us "doing the twist instead of the minuet. . . ."

We have no doubt that many of the complaints about contemporary American society are true. In the past decade we have surely had more than our share of TV quiz scandals, payola, and crooks and chiselers like Bernard Goldfine and Billie Sol Estes. But we wonder whether American society is as rotten as Billy Graham says it is. Is it worse now than in any other era?

We think that even the most cursory reading of history shows that we are living in an era that is respectable by comparison with that of President Grant. In his time, according to Samuel Eliot Morison and Henry Steele Commager, in *The Growth of the American Republic* (Oxford University Press), "The Navy Department sold business to contractors. The Department of the Interior was working hand in glove with land speculators. The Treasury Department farmed out uncollected taxes to one J. D. Sanborn, who promptly proceeded to hijack some $425,000 out of railroad companies and other corporations, one half of which he took for himself. . . . Corruption was by no means confined to the national Government. It could be found in state and municipal governments, in business and finance and transportation, and even in the professions. There was everywhere a breakdown of old moral standards, and to many it seemed that integrity had departed from public life." Is it that bad now? If the end of the world is related to the evil that men do, how has the world lasted this long? How, for example, did it survive what the Germans did to the Jews? Can anything be worse than the wanton, systematic extermination of 6,000,000 people?

The Roaring Twenties are remembered as one of the fastest and loosest periods of our history. Yet Prof. John W. Dodds of Stanford University in *American Memoir* says even the Twenties were overrated for moral decay. "Certainly the Twenties were a disturbing decade for many young people and for their responsible elders," Professor Dodds says. "Undoubtedly the minds and morals recorded by the Hemingway-Fitzgerald-John Held Jr. axis did exist. But they have been overinterpreted. The exceptional has been allowed to stand for the representative; the spectacular is generalized as the universal."

We suspect that it is much the same way in our time, that the "exceptional has been allowed to stand for the representative," and the "spectacular . . . generalized as the universal."

We do not know how anyone would begin to measure the morality of 185,000,000 people, but the fact is that the scandals and lurid episodes of our era involve only a tiny fraction of the population. The glare of publicity on television and in the press exaggerates out of all proportion.

There is no way of proving it, bu we doubt that human nature or human morality varies greatly from one generation to the next. Temptations differ. It may be an apple or it may be the fast and easy money dispensed by the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Whatever it is, somebody is always there to take it. It has been that way ever since Eve, and we suspect it will still be that way a hundred years from now.

A Brave Man

Henry A. Barnes is one of the bravest, if not the wisest, men we know. Mr. Barnes is a traffic expert, the most celebrated one in the country, no doubt. He tackled the traffic in Flint, Michigan, in Denver and in Baltimore, and then he moved up to New York to try to unsnarl Manhattan's chronically congested streets.

Mr. Barnes went about his job as New York City Traffic Commissioner with relish, encountering all sorts of difficulties along the way. Nothing seemed to faze him, not even a phenomenon that has caused many a male motorist to throw up his hands in despair: the woman driver. In the midst of all his woes Mr. Barnes took to the radio in New York and unburdened himself of some sentiments that are widely shared among the male population. "I love them all, but . . ." he said of women drivers, and he added that they are "cautious, too cautious." A slow driver, he explained, can often be a greater peril than a fast one. "When a woman puts out her hand, you never know whether she is feeling to see if the window is open, drying her nail polish or making a turn."

What about Mrs. Barnes? he later was asked. What did she think of such an unchivalrous attitude? It turned out that he had been talking about other people's wives. "She hardly ever has anything to say about my comments," he said. And he added diplomatically, "She's a very good driver."

A Slipping Mickey

Our faith in the human race, as expressed above, is not without its reservations, and we would be the first to admit that each generation includes its disappointments. Just the other day we read that after earning $12,000,000 during his thirty-year show-business career, Mickey Rooney had filed a bankruptcy petition, claiming debts of $484,914 and assets of only $500.

According to a newspaper account, Mickey owes Uncle Sam $106,686, and is behind $9826 in state income taxes. He owes his fourth wife $19,500, his second $3000, and his third $450. Wife No. 1, Ava Gardner, was not listed. Mickey, who is 41, now lives with Barbara Thomason, wife No. 5, in Encino, California.

Among his many obligations was an item of nearly $1900 due on a leopard coat, purchased for $4300 from a Beverly Hills fur shop in 1959. Last year he lost about $2000 at the racetrack.

Nothing in this sad story surprises us, Hollywood being the way it is, but we remember Andy Hardy. He was as good as gold at heart, but his boyish exuberance caused him to get out of hand once in a while. When that happened, stern old Judge Hardy gav him a talking-to, dispensing some of the sagest advice we have ever heard.

We would have thought a boy with this kind of background couldn't miss. We would have bet, by George, that a young fellow like that would be heard from one day—and he has.

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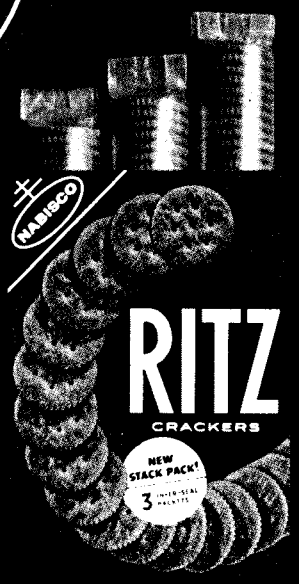

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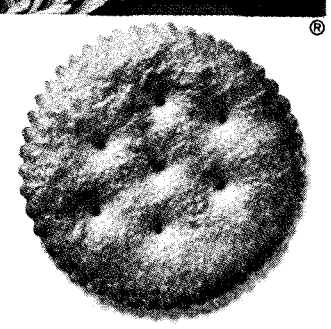

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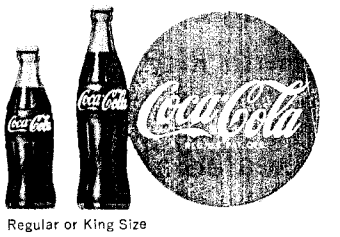

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